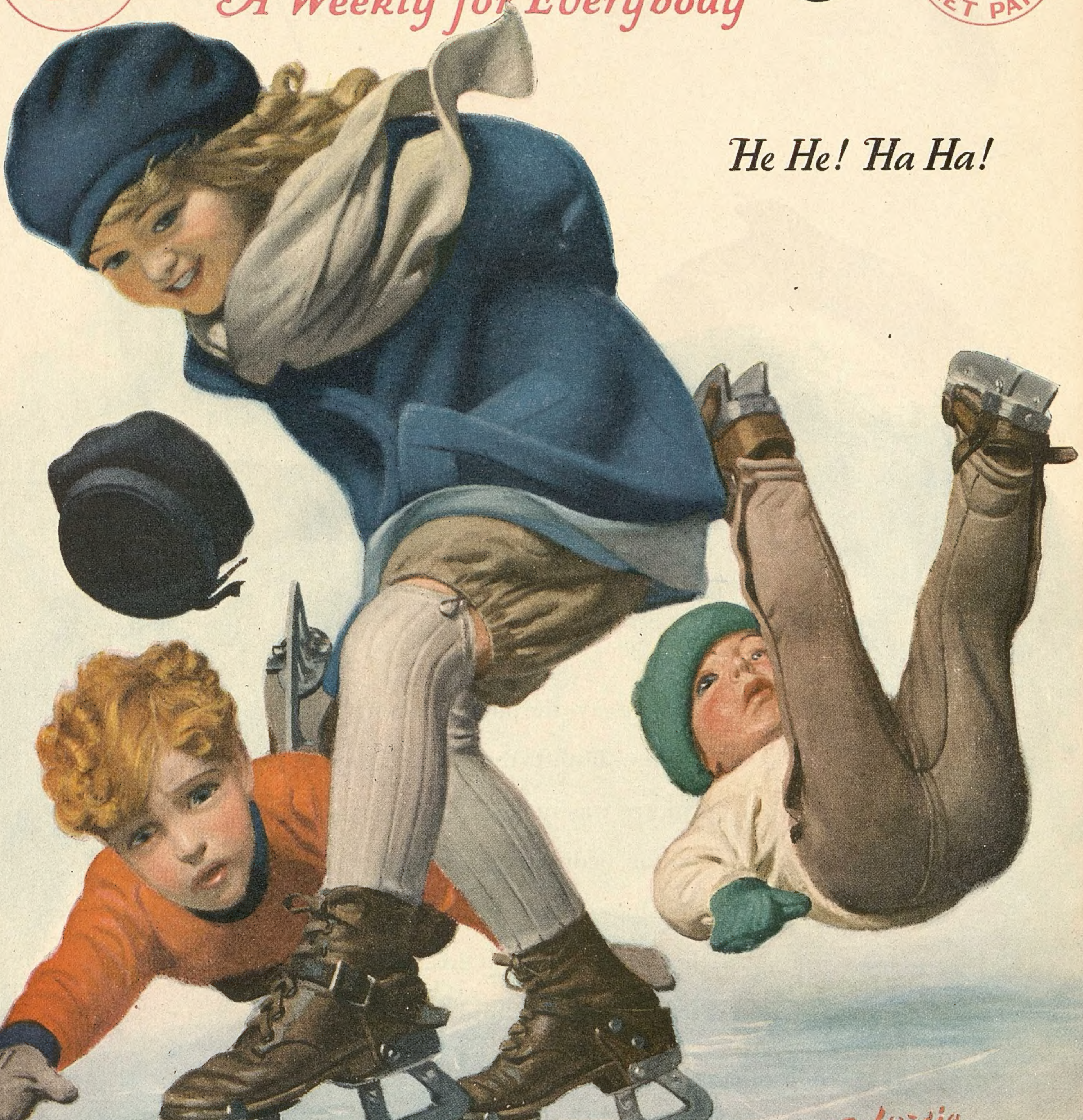
WEEK
ENDING
JAN. 17, 1931

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

OVER
2,500,000
AVERAGE
NET PAID



He He! Ha Ha!

ADELA ROGERS
ST. JOHNS ~ BOBBY
JONES ~ ROBERT W.
CHAMBERS ~ AND A NEW
$25,000 CONTEST

Merrily they roll along

Nature gave the porpoise ability to keep abreast of the fastest liner with playful ease. But Nature was not so kind to gasoline. In your motor, ordinary gasoline explodes unevenly, causing power-waste, "knocking" and over-heating. To prevent this, 95 leading oil refiners today add Ethyl fluid to good gasoline to form Ethyl Gasoline. It develops the best performance your motor was designed to give. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

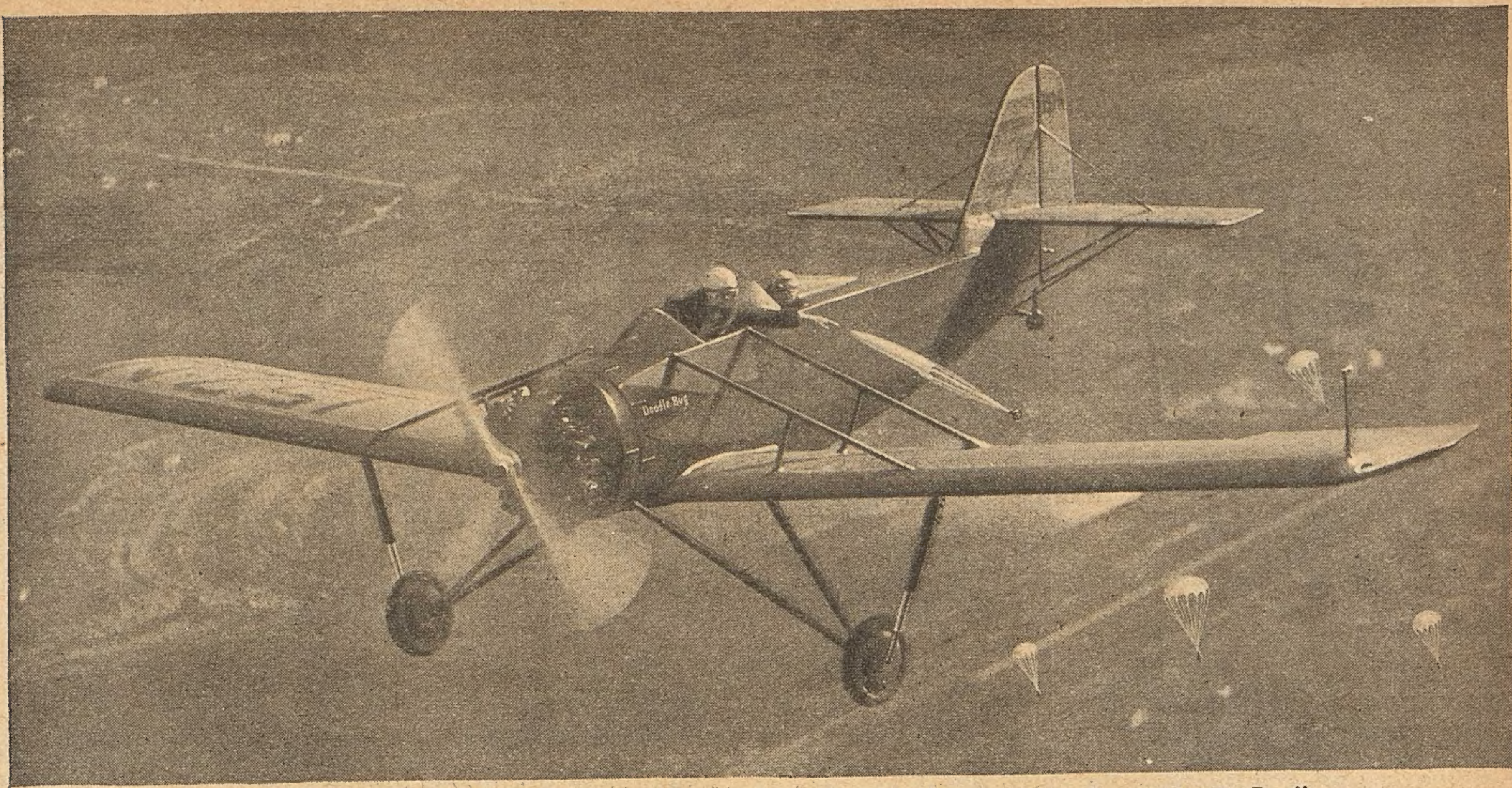
GOOD GASOLINE
+
ETHYL FLUID
=
ETHYL GASOLINE

WITH
ETHYL
(TRADE MARK) REG. U.S. PATENT OFF.
BRAND OF
ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
NEW YORK, U.S.A.
Knocks out that "knock"

The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead.

© E. G. C. 1931

ETHYL GASOLINE



There they go! Six Pocket Bens leap with parachutes from the famous monoplane "Doodle-Bug"

SIX POCKET BENS LEAP WITH PARACHUTES

and still keep accurate time!

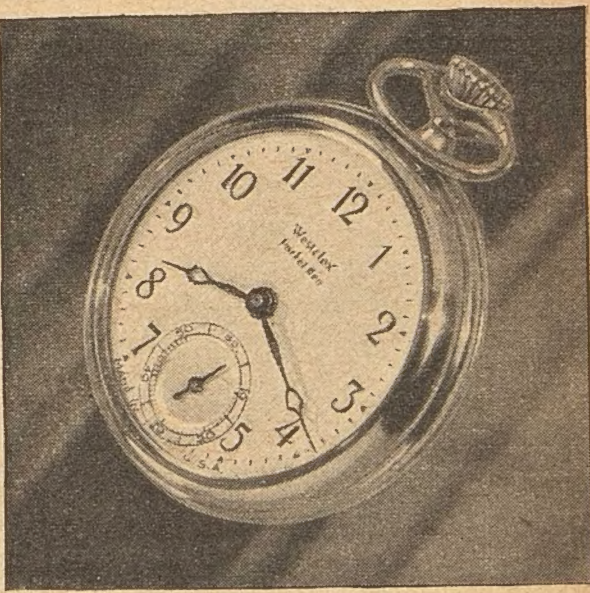
POCKET BEN is an adventure-loving watch. Even the most trying stunts never phase him. For example . . .

Six Pocket Bens recently took up parachute jumping. J. S. McDonnell, Jr., piloting his "Doodle-Bug" safety plane, took them up 1200 feet over Chicago's Curtiss Field. And with all hands pointing to 4:02 P. M., over they were tossed.

For a few breathless seconds they swung wildly in the wind. Then, as Pilot McDonnell brought his plane in wide spirals around them, they settled quickly toward the field. Four landed with no more than a mild jolt—which, of course, no Pocket Ben minds in the least. Two were dragged by their 'chutes more than a hundred yards across rough ground. . . . Yet when all six were brought together to compare notes, they were ticking away in their usual healthy manner, and all hands pointed to 4:09 on the dot!

J. S. McDonnell, Jr., designer and owner of the new safety plane, "Doodle-Bug" who piloted the Pocket Bens for their "stunt."

Pocket Ben is called "shock-proof" . . . and it's only natural so many are proud to own a Pocket Ben, no matter how many other watches they may have. They take him on hunting and camping trips, for he's as much at home when "roughing it" as in polite drawing rooms. Any time, any place, you'll find him accurate and dependable.



Pocket Ben, $1.50

Pocket Ben is a handsome fellow, too. Sturdy, yet no other low-priced watch is smaller or thinner than he. He comes in lustrous nickel, with silvered metal dial, attractive pierced hands, antique bow and crown, convenient pull-out set. He's fully guaranteed, and he comes, by the way, from a very distinguished family—the Westclox family of LaSalle, Illinois, makers of the famous Big Ben.

POCKET BEN

Westclox . . . POCKET WATCHES . . . ALARMS . . . AUTO CLOCKS

JAN. 17, 1931

Liberty

VOL. 8
NO. 3

A Weekly for Everybody

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices:
220 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. Telephone: Vanderbilt 3-6900.
Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower. Boston: Rice Building.
Detroit: General Motors Building. San Francisco: Kohl Building.

Entered as second class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1931, by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, in the United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved. No manuscript received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Published weekly by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; J. M. Patterson, President; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager; James O'Shaughnessy, Business Manager; S. W. Stubbings, Secretary; Sheppard Butler, Executive Editor.

Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions less than one year. Allow four weeks for change of address.

☞ **Address all communications to 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.**

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

SELF-DESTRUCTION

On the day these lines were written, the morning papers recorded the case of a man who went for a stroll on his 5,000-acre estate, and didn't come back.

When he was found there was a bullet wound in his heart, and a hunting rifle, with one shell discharged, lay beside him. A few hours later the police announced: "It has been definitely established that the death was accidental."

There seems to be a universal tendency, when there is a shooting of this character and there is any possible doubt in the circumstances, to use whatever influence may be brought to bear to have an accident announced, rather than a suicide.

Now, this is sort of a fugitive editorial—not important or conclusive: just a reflection on what seems to us one of our stranger folk-ways.

There is a tradition that suicide is a disgrace. Well, a case can be made out also to show that it is more disgraceful in some ways—more ignominious and more a confession of failure in life—to shoot one's self accidentally than it is to do it deliberately.

That many persons, according to the papers, go out in the woods and are thereafter found shot (disregarding the fact that it isn't so simple to shoot one's self with a rifle accidentally, though practical enough if you do it deliberately) is a reflection on human character, care, and common sense.

It is not difficult to imagine that a man might think life not worth living because of some overburdening care, financial trouble, or state of health, and might therefore decide that he wanted to die. We know this is properly considered a sin, yet isn't there something finer in having such a purpose and achieving it than in going for a stroll and shooting one's self accidentally in the heart?

The latter, we think, *is* shameful.

This problem of conduct, if you could call it that, reflects the two codes of laws man has almost always had—the civil and the military. There are military crimes of the greatest importance—often punished by death—which are not crimes in civil life at all.

Take punctuality. If a soldier, a company, or an army is not on time when expected, disaster is very apt to result.

Take changing sides. A salesman can and does, in business, frequently transfer his allegiance from one employer to another. If he becomes a soldier and transfers his allegiance in wartime, they shoot him for it.

Take wakefulness. Death as a penalty for going to sleep would be absurd in civil life. But the sentry who goes to sleep on duty faces exactly that prospect.

Take neatness, starting with one's own person and extending particularly to the implements and machinery intrusted to one's care. If a rifle isn't neat—if it gets dirt in the muzzle—it may explode and kill you. And, worse than that, it may not kill the enemy.

And of course being a coward, which is reprehensible but not criminal in civil life, is, next to being a traitor, the worst of military crimes.

On the other hand, things frowned upon in civil life are frequently not such great offenses in the army. A man may lie, steal, drink, and cavort with the fair sex and still be a good soldier. So these misdemeanors are regarded with greater leniency than in civil life.

Those who saw the talkie called "The Cock-Eyed World" have a kind of impression of what in military life is a crime or an offense, and what is a virtue. Bravery and success in action are the best things; cowardice and failure are the worst.

But either way you judge him, by civil or military standards, we maintain that the man who shoots himself accidentally is a failure.

Carelessness generally, from that which permits one to be hit by a train to that which makes you late for dinner, is penalized far too little in our society. It might be a very good thing if some of our military laws were carried over into civil life.

As for suicide, it shows, if not a nobler at any rate a more positive and determined character than mooning around with a gun which you don't know how to hold.

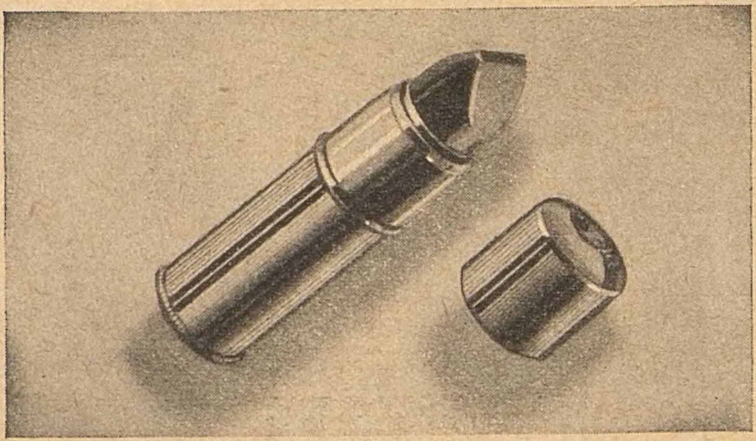
IN THIS ISSUE

Show Me My Rival—*A story* . . . ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS 7
Liberty's Patriotic Game of States—*A $25,000 contest* 15
Good-by to Golf . . . . BOBBY JONES 18
Beginning the champion's own story of his greatest years
Two Talkie Débuts—*Movie reviews* . . . . KATE CAMERON 28
Silver Knees—*Part II* . . . . ROBERT W. CHAMBERS 30
To the Ladies! . . . . ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 46
Live Dangerously? Well, Why Not? . . . . HARPER LEECH 50
A philosophical look at American manners and morals
The Great What-Is-It?—*Announcing the week's prize awards* . . 52
Problems of Conduct—*A meeting of minds* 53
Good Samaritan—*A short short story* . . . . . . CYRIL B. EGAN 55
Flying Birds—*A story* . . . . EDWARD L. MCKENNA 58
"Greetings From—" . . . . ROBERT BENCHLEY 64
The Episode of the Happy Ending—*A story* . . . . JOHN MONK SAUNDERS 66
Editorial (p. 4); News of the World (14); Twenty Questions (27); Bright Sayings of Children (44); For the Love o' Lil (45); Vox Pop (48-49); Cross Word Puzzles (56-57)
Cover by Leslie Thrasher

It just must be perfect

—when women themselves proclaim it. The FACE POWDER to which millions of these fastidious beings entrust their precious beauty, year in and year out, must be perfection itself. By continuous experience, they know it gives the greatest loveliness to their complexion—and speaking of perfection—COTY LIPSTICK (*permanent*). It goes on exquisitely—stays on persistently through all lip adventures—and the colours are utterly devastating in their radiant chic. Light, Medium, Dark—in a smart platinum-tone sheath. $1.00. "Lip Secrets"—a booklet on how to have more beautiful lips, will be sent on request. Coty, 714 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Twelve individualized shades in all Coty fragrances. $1.00



Coty

FACE POWDER
and Lipstick

she never misses
a date with
the friend
who has
"a·a·"

Ladies and Gentlemen, meet Margie Jones. Pretty, vivacious—and the keenest secretary in town. Early every morning Margie has a date with a dish of Grape-Nuts. And would Margie break that date? No siree-e! For Grape-Nuts has "A.A."! (Margie's shorthand for *Appetite Appeal.*)

There's goodness in every plump, golden-brown kernel. Rich, crunchy goodness that comes from a special double baking. Breakfast foods may come and breakfast foods may go, but Grape-Nuts keeps right on gaining and keeping good friends, year after year. That's because Grape-Nuts has a flavor that can't be copied!

Treat yourself to it. Borrow Margie's memorandum on Grape-Nuts . . . Buy a package from your grocer to-day for breakfast to-morrow.

Grape-Nuts *has Appetite Appeal. And it's full of good, hearty, substantial nourishment. (We've cooked it for you.)*

Grape-Nuts is a product of General Foods Corporation.

SEND FOR A FREE SAMPLE

GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich. L.1-31

I'd like more Appetite Appeal in my breakfast. Please send me free sample of Grape-Nuts, and the booklet, "Happier Days from Better Breakfasts."

*Name*________________________

*Street*________________________

*Town*________________________

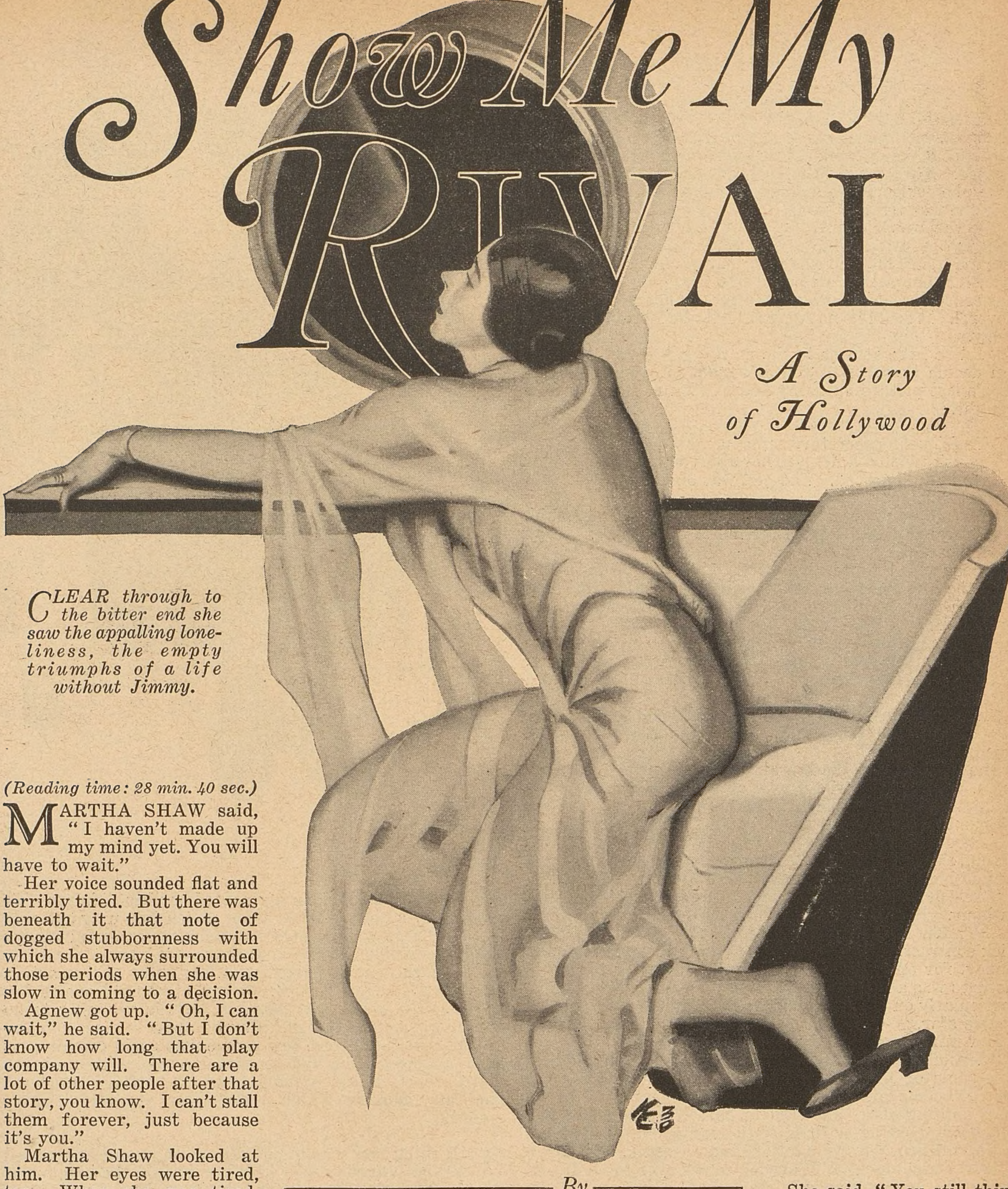
*State*________________________

If you live in Canada, address GENERAL FOODS, LIMITED Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

© 1931, G. F. CORP.

Show Me My RIVAL

A Story of Hollywood



CLEAR through to the bitter end she saw the appalling loneliness, the empty triumphs of a life without Jimmy.

(Reading time: 28 min. 40 sec.)

MARTHA SHAW said, "I haven't made up my mind yet. You will have to wait."

Her voice sounded flat and terribly tired. But there was beneath it that note of dogged stubbornness with which she always surrounded those periods when she was slow in coming to a decision.

Agnew got up. "Oh, I can wait," he said. "But I don't know how long that play company will. There are a lot of other people after that story, you know. I can't stall them forever, just because it's you."

Martha Shaw looked at him. Her eyes were tired, too. When she was tired, they were gray instead of violet blue. Agnew, who knew her better than anyone else on earth, wondered suddenly if she knew about Jimmy. Everyone else did and Martha had a strange, clairvoyant quality. Looking into her tired eyes, speculating on her unusual delay about the story, he decided that she did know. But he was wrong. Until the arrival of the letter, she never even suspected. It was only a let-down in her terrific vitality.

By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

who was born in Los Angeles and literally grew up with the movies. Much of her career has been devoted to writing for them and about them, in plays, articles, and fiction.

Pictures by KENNETH FULLER CAMP

She said, "You still think it's a great story for me, don't you, Aggie?"

"Yes," said Agnew.

He tried to put enthusiasm into the word. But he had been plugging that story for weeks. His enthusiasm was wearing thin. Still, they had to have a story. The starting date for the next picture was only three weeks away.

"I've been telling you it's great until I'm limp," he said. "I don't understand why you can't see it. You're

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SHOW ME MY RIVAL
Continued from page seven

usually sure enough. I'd like to see von Rothberg direct it, too. He knows that locale."

Martha stood up. When he had been talking to her for a long time, watching the keen eyes, the strong mouth, Agnew was always surprised to see how little she was. Her smooth, dark hair didn't come to his shoulder. Her littleness was the smoke screen behind which she hid the batteries of her tenacious and passionately intense intelligence. Always she had taken advantage of it. Otherwise, she dealt man to man and could afford to, since as a rule she was the best man.

Martha was difficult, but she was Martha. It wasn't only the great prestige of her name and position. She was arrogant, but she was just; her ambition was insatiable, but her attitude toward life was gallant. Agnew was conscious of a flaming inability to understand Jimmy Feverel. It could be no small thing to be loved by Martha Shaw.

"I'll be here at nine in the morning," she said. "We can decide then. Will you ask them to send von Rothberg's last picture up to my house? I'll run it sometime tonight."

A TALL young secretary came in, very quietly. Agnew's mouth twisted a little at her approach. Martha knew how to be well served. The girl was obviously awed into perfect efficiency.

"Mr. Jepson wants to see you very much," she said. "He's waiting in his office for me to call him. He says it's important."

Jepson was the president of Amalgamated Films, Inc.

At the sound of his name, Agnew saw a little flame pass through Martha Shaw's body. He knew. Signal for battle. Martha Shaw was a fighter, loved a fight. Single-handed and alone she had fought her way up, too stubborn to admit defeat, too arrogant to accept humiliation. Neither weariness nor injustice could shake her from a purpose.

She gave him a swift smile, friendly and half shy.

"'By, Aggie," she said. The dismissal was final. Agnew went out.

She went across the big sitting room to the dressing room. At the end was a wall of mirror surrounded by brilliant lights. She looked at herself. A little flush of excitement burned on her cheek bones. With a small comb she smoothed her dark hair until it lay sleek, outlining the round, childlike head. There were brackets of fatigue around her mouth. She smoothed them with powder.

"Tell Jepson to come over," she said. "I'll be half an hour. Have the car at the door then, please."

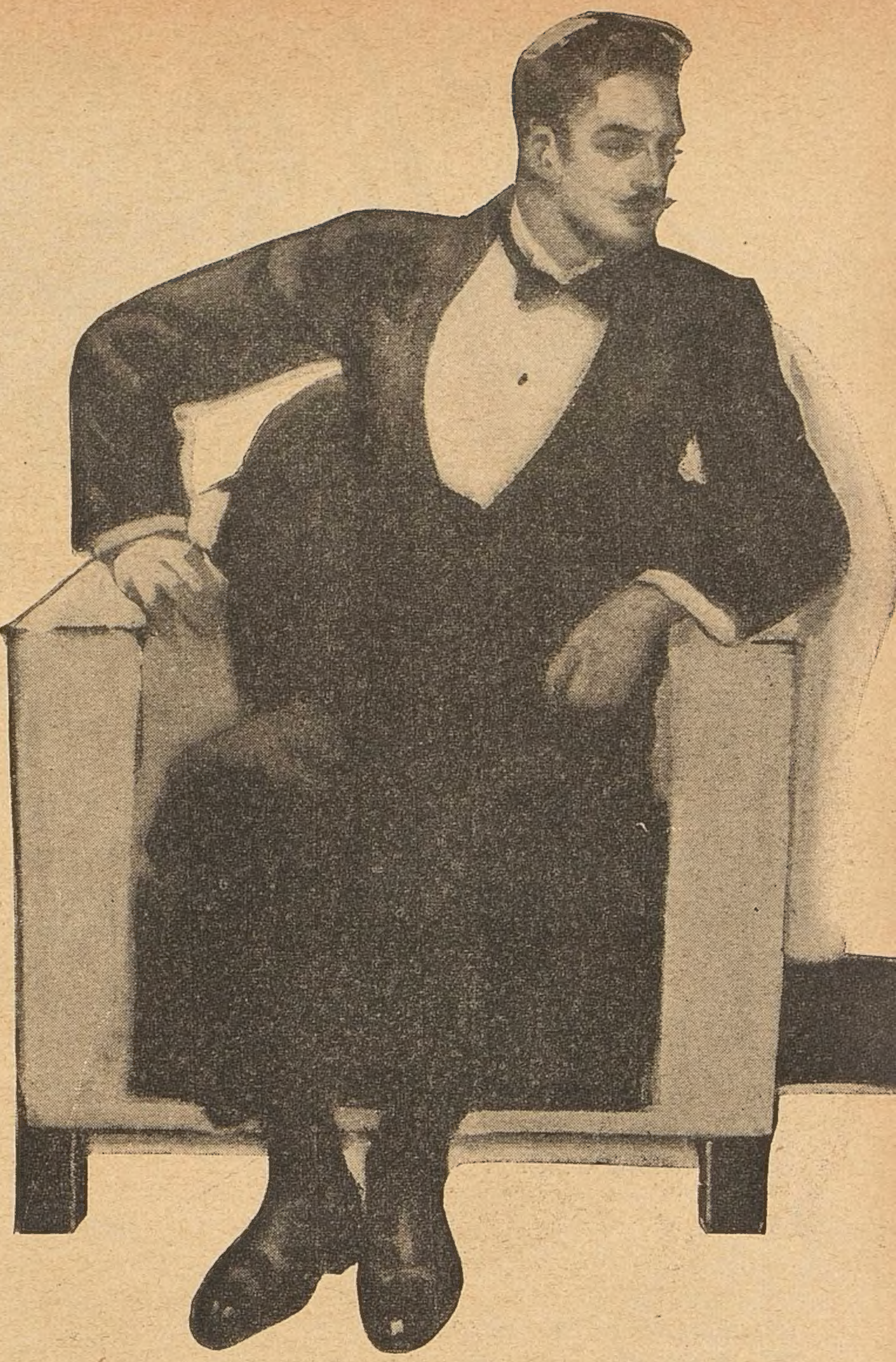
She knew what Jepson wanted. It was about the Warwick contract. He didn't want to offer Warwick all that money, for one thing. Half a million a year for three pictures was a lot of money. But Warwick was worth it, particularly on the Amalgamated program. They needed a male star.

Her mind went swiftly over the facts.

"Jepson doesn't want Warwick because he's afraid he'll take some of Rhoda's best spots. He won't be able to force Rhoda's pictures into the big houses because we have nothing else," she said to herself. She could feel her heart beating a little with exultation. "Besides, he and his brother own a lot of Panacre stock. It's down to thirty-nine now. If Warwick comes over to us, it will go lower. Jepson stands to make more money out of his Panacre stock than he does out of his job with Amalgamated Films."

That didn't affect her. She wanted Warwick. Probably she would have to overrule Jepson. He was wrong. He might be nasty about it, however, and she didn't want that. They were just getting things in perfect shape and internal intrigue and friction would upset the balance. Jepson was a great showman. They needed him. There must be some way to meet the thing.

Warwick might take less if she talked to him herself and explained what they could do for him in the matter of stories and directors. Martha Shaw knew how to handle men. Without losing her essential idealism, she had learned that every man had his price—except Jimmy, of course. She had long ago ceased handling Jimmy. He was hers, a fact, a rock, upon which her universe was built. There was no need to waste her essential energy and her precious honey on Jimmy. He knew.



Warwick, she was sure, was still an actor, still an artist, had not yet begun to work solely that he might some day retire. His weak spot was his artistic yearning to do better work, finer things. Martha Shaw realized complacently that there were few people who could combine art and business. She had reached that point through the hard school of life, by single-handed battle with an art and an industry which these later stars had never known.

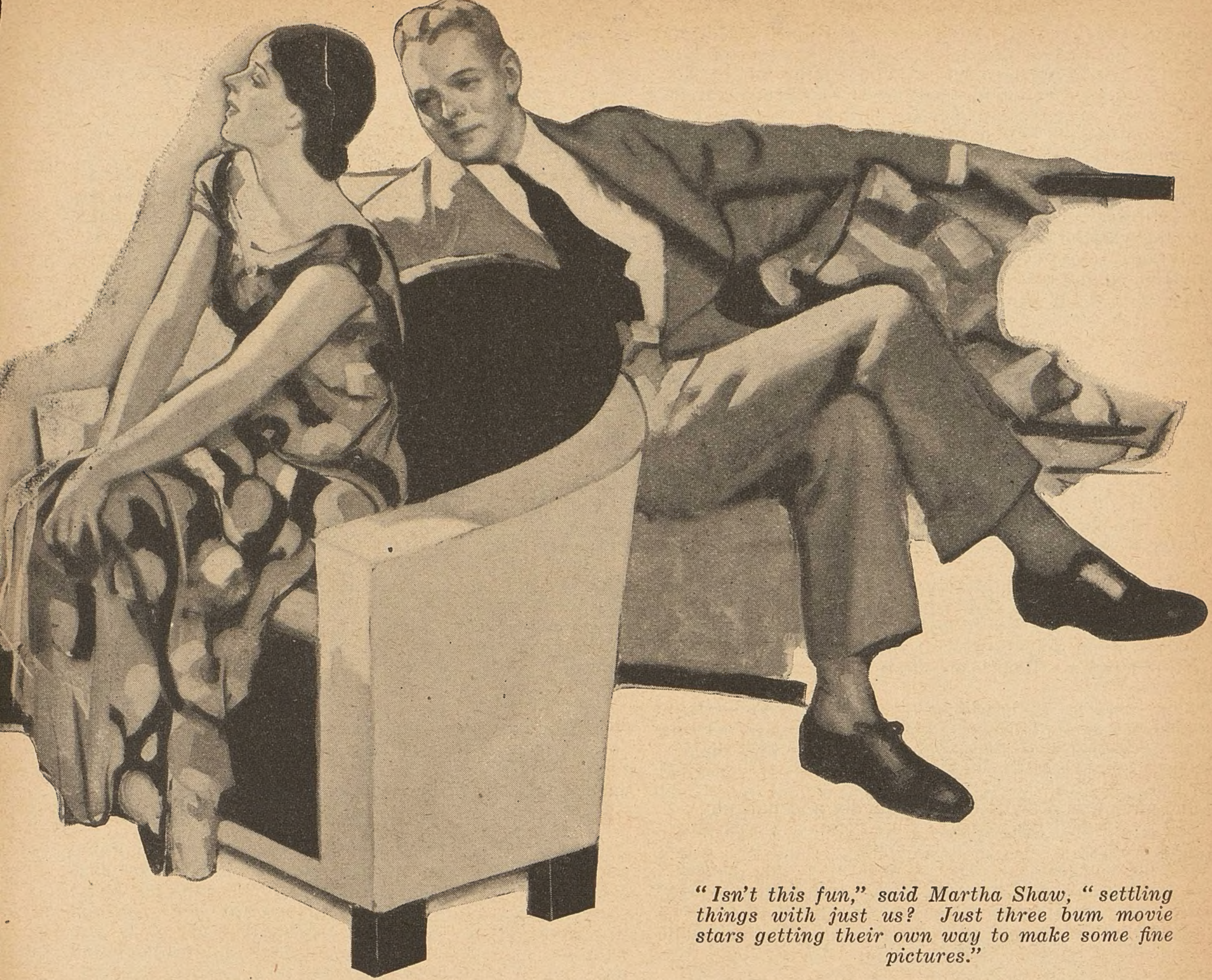
THE thing now was to put Jepson on record as opposed to the Warwick deal only because of the amount of money Warwick demanded. That was, as a matter of fact, his only possible, legitimate objection. Then, if she got Warwick for less, he couldn't possibly stand against her.

Jepson came in. A thin, nervous German with a splendid brow and a bitter mouth.

Martha Shaw was sitting in a Louis XIV chair. Her powder-blue dress hid her ankles. Only the toes of her white sandals showed, just touching the Aubusson carpet. Her hands rested quietly on the arms of her chair. Jepson had been a German peasant before the steerage brought him to America. He was impressed, as Martha Shaw well knew, by the simple majesty she had acquired and which fitted her like a shining garment.

"Come in, Emil," she said. "Sit down."

The manner of saying it conveyed quite clearly that the



"Isn't this fun," said Martha Shaw, "settling things with just us? Just three bum movie stars getting their own way to make some fine pictures."

privilege of sitting down in her presence was a favor which could not be taken but must be accorded. There was a time when Jimmy, at least, could have seen a twinkle in her eye during a scene like this. Now Martha Shaw had no time to twinkle. The battle had grown too hot.

But her eyes were shining, violet blue, and her voice was clear and cool. . . .

When she got home, she was so tired she wondered how she could get up the eight white steps from her limousine to the door. No shopgirl had ever been so exhausted. The muscles in her legs ached. Her mind was suspended in a vast sea of fatigue. She had been at the studio from eight until six thirty. Had shot five hours of retakes under the strong lights in a hot, breathless, inclosed stage.

Usually she insisted on her lunch hour for relaxation. Today she'd had to take that little New York stage star and show her how to handle herself for the camera while she put over a jazz song. It had been a mistake to make that revue and they'd have to do everything they could to save it. Revues were flopping everywhere.

"Is Mr. Feverel at home yet?" she said to the butler who opened the door.

"Not yet, Mrs. Feverel," he said.

Martha Shaw went up to her own rooms. She motioned away the waiting maid. Her blue frock was crumpled and her face felt dirty. Her eyelids were gritty. But she was too tired to care. Jimmy came in while she was sitting on the edge of the bed, holding her head in her hands and inwardly damning her woman's nerves that betrayed her enormous vitality.

He was big, blond, with quick, laughing eyes. Martha clung to him as he kissed her. But she was too tired to kiss him back. Jimmy smelled so refreshing. Of salt water and sun and tobacco and some clean, man's perfume. Men used perfume now, even enormous, strong men like Jimmy.

IT never occurred to her to ask him where he had been or what he had done with his day. Her thoughts were completely absorbed in her interview with Jepson.

They went down to dinner. When they were alone, which was seldom, that dinner hour could always be used to some advantage. It was served in the breakfast room. The windows opened on the sweep of garden, drowsing in the late sunshine. A great bed of zinnias under the scrub oaks looked like a Persian carpet.

Martha shook her head when the butler offered wine. A glass of wine would be wonderful, but she never allowed herself to drink it when she was tired. Too many people came to depend on its uplift. Martha Shaw depended only on herself.

With an effort, she said, "I've told Jepson we must try to go ahead on the Warwick contract," she said. "I thought we'd see him tonight ourselves. If he thought you would direct his first picture, he might sign for less. He's never had a really big director. It would mean a lot to him to have you do it. You have more prestige than any other director today."

Jimmy Feverel looked at her over his wineglass. His blond, curly hair was plastered close to his head, still

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SHOW ME MY RIVAL
Continued from page nine]

damp from salt water. He didn't look forty. He hardly looked thirty. The lines around his eyes were outdoor lines, from looking into the sun, facing the wind. The two sharp lines from his nostrils to the upturned corners of his mouth were prints of past laughter.

There were no lines in Martha's face. It was smooth and pearly white. On the screen it had a luminous quality which no one had ever been able to explain.

He didn't answer her and Martha said, with a little gasp, "Oh, I'm so tired."

"You'd better come away with me on the boat for a week," said Jimmy. "I'd like to get some fishing off Santa Cruz. You haven't had a vacation in months. We could go alone. Without even a camera."

Martha Shaw became blindly conscious of something new, some menace in the room. It struck against her and she did not know what it was. It was as though someone else had spoken to her with Jimmy's voice. Her tired mind attempted to give a name to the quality of those last words. They were edged with something—with contempt. She dismissed that as absurd. She dismissed the whole thing as absurd. Her nerves were on edge. She pulled herself together and faced Jimmy, just too late to see the expression that had hardened his bronze face.

"I couldn't go," said Martha. "I have to decide about my story. Aggie thinks I should buy Radiance. It's a good story, but a hundred and ten thousand is too much. I offered them seventy-five. I think Wolfe wants it for Anne Sheridan. Don't you think a hundred and ten is too much?"

"Good stories are hard to get," said Jimmy Feverel.

His eyes were out the window. Darkness was settling over the garden, but above the swaying tree tops the distant Pacific lay shimmering in the last light. If you sailed on and on across that sea of blue and copper you would find the open doors to strange lands, strange peoples.

He said, "If it's the story for you right now I certainly wouldn't let thirty-five thousand dollars stand in my way."

Jimmy was like that. He gambled big for big stakes.

"It's not only that," said Martha. "I'm a little afraid of it. I've never done anything like that before. The Italian scenes are very *risqué*. I'm not sure the public would like me in that kind of a story. I wish you'd read it over with me in the morning."

Jimmy nodded. She had a ridiculous feeling that he wasn't listening. The butler brought coffee.

Martha Shaw said, "Ask Miss Holden to get Mr. Warwick on the telephone for me, please."

The butler brought the phone to the table and connected it by a wall plug.

Martha Shaw said, "Hello, Martin," in a very gay voice. "Will you come up tonight, please?" The request was actually a command. "Jimmy and I want to talk to you. I thought it might be better to talk here. Good-by."

In the silence she sat very still, thinking, planning. When she was so still she looked like an exquisite figure in porcelain. Only no one would have molded that slashing jaw in porcelain.

"IF I could get him to take a hundred thousand a picture," said the even voice, "Emil couldn't say a word. Jimmy, we might offer him The Queen's Lover. I've always said it was a man's story."

"Rhoda wouldn't like that much," said Jimmy, with a grin.

The firm little mouth tightened. "Rhoda will have to get over thinking she can have everything she wants on our lot," said Martha Shaw. "Emil makes a fool of her and of himself at times. If The Queen's Lover is a better starring vehicle for a man than for a woman, a man shall do it. That's right. If you directed Warwick in it, it would be a sensation."

"When do you want to do it?"

"Right away. We'd have to have it for holiday release."

"I wanted to go into that boat race," said Jimmy suddenly, loudly. "I don't want to do another picture until fall. I want this summer to play in. I've worked every summer for eleven years."

"I know," said Martha Shaw. "I wouldn't ask you only we may have to do it to get Warwick at that price. These," she smiled, "are ticklish times in pictures."

The butler announced Mr. Warwick.

Martha Shaw went down the little flight of steps into the very formal drawing-room. She was femininely quite adorable and altogether queenly. When you considered that she had never seen a drawing-room until after she was twenty, the sincerity of her regal manner was astounding.

A light fire burned in the marble grate. Martin Warwick sat on one side of it. His black restless eyes swept the delicate room. He was as bright and restless as the flame. There was a defiant, wary look about his handsome mouth. Jimmy Feverel lounged on the brocaded davenport, which was too small for him. He looked enormous, powerful, indifferent. Martha Shaw sat between them.

"This isn't going to be easy," said Jimmy Feverel to himself, watching Warwick. He knew that Martha sensed it, too.

Suddenly she tucked her little feet under her in the chair. Her arms went around her knees. She laughed, the clear, spontaneous laugh of a happy child.

"Isn't this fun," said Martha Shaw, "settling things with just us? No big financiers, no big, smart producers. Just three bum movie stars getting their own way to make some fine pictures. I love it."

Jimmy Feverel saw the wary look leave Warwick's mouth.

. . . . .

THE letter was on the dressing table, propped against a Venetian glass bottle. Afterward no one was able to say how it got there. It was simply there—a white envelope with a typewritten salutation:

MISS MARTHA SHAW

Martha picked it up absently. Since it bore no stamp and was in her dressing room, it was probably some office communication or a plea for help from someone in the studio. Martha Shaw was famous for her sane and practical charity. She stood holding it in her hand, as a man sits unknowing upon a keg of dynamite, her mind absorbed in her coming interview with Agnew. She had decided to buy Radiance.

This coming picture was terribly important to her. The advent of talking pictures had created new problems with which she must cope, not only for herself but for the whole industry. She had no fear as far as her voice was concerned. But with the introduction of spoken lines, the entire story technique and the directorial art had changed. Allowing twenty-five hundred to three thousand feet for dialogue instead of seven hundred to a thousand for titles meant a new basis of footage. It almost meant a change of dramatic sequence. There was a decided tendency to depend on music, on dialogue, on the novelty of sound effects.

"After all," Martha Shaw had said only a few evenings before at an important dinner party, "it is well to remember that, talkies or no talkies, we are still making motion pictures."

That would now be quoted everywhere, with all the tremendous weight of Martha Shaw's name behind it. She never feared to say obvious things if they were true.

While she ripped open the envelope she was thinking of von Rothberg. A great director. The picture they had seen last night had moments of sheer genius. Jimmy had gone to sleep halfway through it, but that didn't mean anything. Of late Jimmy had gone to sleep in the middle of the picture every night.

She had read the first line before she realized that the letter was not signed. Then it was too late.

The first line said: "Your husband is having an affair with Alix Peterson."

In one flash, like a magician's trick, Martha Shaw disappeared.

A woman stood before the glaring mirror, stripped of all that life had given her. Her face was a dreadful scarlet, as though in one great leap all the blood in her body had settled there. The small hand holding the sheet of paper showed white, glittering knuckles.

"Martha," said Agnew, from the sitting room.

"Yes," said Martha Shaw. "In just a moment, Aggie."

She finished the letter. It was not long:

> We think you should know and we are telling you because we love you. He goes to her house all the time and she goes out on his boat with him. You can easily find out. People are talking about it. You have been so kind to us we thought you should know and maybe you can stop it.

A plain white envelope. A sheet of plain white paper. Anyone might have written it. Oh, what did it matter who had written it?

Within the aching emptiness of her body that intuition which had guided her all her years tolled a knell. Always Martha Shaw knew the true from the false. That one quality had made her great. It had given a clean power to her pictures, her acting.

This was true.

It was a long time since she had thought about Jimmy, about their love. Thinking about him now, she remembered a thousand things that confirmed this horror. It explained why, for a long time, she had always felt unsatisfied when Jimmy kissed her. For days she had left his arms aching with an indefinable loneliness.

She went into the sitting room. Agnew was standing by the window, staring out into the paved studio street, where trucks and people went up and down. When he saw her face he said, "Martha!" and started toward her.

She said, "Aggie, I've decided to buy the story. We'll get von Rothberg to direct it."

He halted. They sat down. Her eyes were gray, flat surfaces.

He said, "I'm glad. Do you want me to start on the script right away?"

Alix Peterson. Why Alix Peterson? Why? Why?

Girls. Sometimes she had worried vaguely about girls. They were so beautiful. Slim, slender legs. Soft throats. Firm breasts. Youth was a force with a man like Jimmy, who loved physical perfection.

"Do you want me to start on the script right away?"

The words came through from a great distance. Aggie had said them. The script of Radiance.

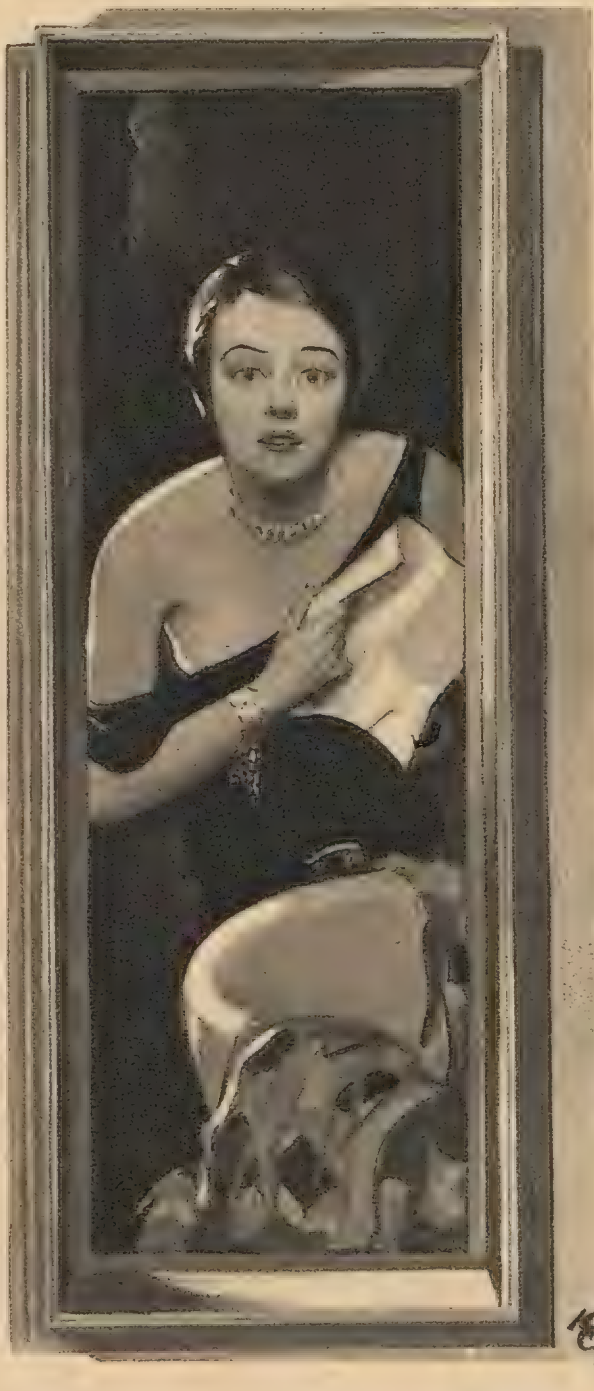
She said, "I'd like to talk it all out with you first, Aggie. I think we can tone down the Italian sequence."

"Don't start whitewashing it, for heaven's sake," said Aggie, in an ugly voice. "You'll ruin the whole damn' thing if you do."

BUT Alix Peterson was older than she was. Alix Peterson had never been beautiful. Now she must be thirty-seven or -eight. She had been a grown woman when she came from New York, and that was in 1915, the year Jack Peterson directed Martha Shaw's first starring picture. Jack Peterson was dead.

"I'm not going to ruin it," said Martha Shaw tartly. "I know what I'm doing. We can—"

Something had happened to her throat. Alix Peterson and Jimmy. But Jimmy was hers, *hers!* James Feverel and Martha Shaw.



A woman stood before the glaring mirror, stripped of all that life had given her.

A great romance. The world had acclaimed it as perfect when Martha Shaw married the big, handsome director who had made all her greatest pictures. Alix Peterson was just a woman, not young, not beautiful, nobody. At dinner parties, when she was invited at all, Alix Peterson sat down at the end with the scenario writers. Martha Shaw always had the seat of honor.

"We can—" she said.

She handed the letter to Aggie. Fifteen years she and Aggie had been friends. He knew how hard she had tried to be a good woman, to do fine work. Once he had loved her. In his way, he loved her still.

Very carefully Aggie tore the letter into small pieces.

"Is it true?" said Martha Shaw.

Jimmy kissing some other woman. Caressing her with that passionate tenderness of his. The picture burned into her brain until she felt a little dizzy.

"I don't know," said Aggie.

"I must find out," said Martha Shaw.

"Why don't you ask Jimmy?" said Aggie.

On Martha Shaw's face was a look of burning pain and desire. A gallant look. She faced the thing. Whatever it was she faced it squarely.

"Why don't you ask Jimmy?" Aggie said again.

"He couldn't tell me what I want to know," said Martha Shaw.

. . . . .

THE room was big and deep and brown. In a copper bowl by the old-fashioned bay window a great mass of acacia made a yellow pool. The chintz curtains were gay. The chairs were ugly—big, deep, and brown like the room.

Jimmy Feverel sprawled in one of them. His blond head shone in the brown room. His socks tumbled about his ankles. He looked as comfortable as any man may look—relaxed, sure, at ease.

"Allie," he called.

"Yes, dear." A woman's voice. Pleasant. Not young.

She came in. She wasn't young, but it didn't matter because she knew the compensations of life at each stage. Her figure was tall and strong. She wore a pair of yellow linen pyjamas, fresh and simple. Nor did it matter that she had never been beautiful, because of her eyes. They were so sweet and kind and thoughtful, with a merry twinkle in their depths. They rested on the big man in the chair.

"Listen to this, Allie," he said. "It says here, 'The Dyak knows that misfortune, injury, disease, or death may confront him at almost any moment. Nature may defeat his efforts in growing paddy, the rushing rapids of the river are treacherous as he fares forth in his canoe, dangerous beasts haunt the jungle where he must gather food and fuel.' And there's a swell description here of the jungles—wait a minute."

He read aloud for half an hour.

"That's marvelous," said the woman. She sat comfortably on a low leather cushion at his feet. "I got Arabia Deserta for you today. I didn't cheat. I just peeked in. It looks grand."

She went over to a small table and carefully mixed him a highball, putting in a slice of lemon peel and one piece of ice. Her hands were big and the nails were colorless. That dated her. He patted her hand as she set the glass beside him.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SHOW ME MY RIVAL
Continued from page eleven

"God!" he said. "How I'd like to see all those places!"

"You will," said the woman.

But he sat staring into the fire until she brought a bunch of magazines. They were gay in color—orange and blue and scarlet. On the top one was a picture of a beautiful yacht in full sail. He looked at them, but his mouth still had a stern, bitter, hopeless expression.

"Let's play Russian bank," said Alix Peterson.

"I can lick the pants off you," said Jimmy Feverel with a grin. "You've got more luck than is healthy, but I can lick you anyway."

"Not if you don't cheat," said Alix placidly. "You do cheat, my angel. You look at the cards that are coming; you know you do."

"Says who?"

"Me." Her eyes wrinkled at the corners when she smiled.

"Why, you big Swede—"

It seemed ridiculous that two grown people could play like that. She was a big woman and very strong. Not graceful, but amazingly quick, like a boy. It wasn't a bad wrestling match.

"I always get the worst of it," the man grumbled, between laughs.

"Promise not to cheat," said the woman. Her face was scarlet. A film of sweat stood out on her forehead.

They were quiet for a long time, intent on the cards. Peace filled the room.

"Oh, it's your game," she said.

"I told you I could lick you," said Jimmy complacently. "Come on, let's icebox. As a consolation, you can make me one of those tomato rarebits."

When the room was quiet, Martha Shaw unlocked the closet door. She walked steadily through the big brown room and opened the street door very quietly. She got into a small Ford parked around the corner and drove away.

. . . . .

"THE beast—the beast! How could he? Oh, how could he? Please, God, don't let me suffer like this! Oh, please! I can't bear it! It hurts me so! My Jimmy—Jimmy, Jimmy! I haven't done anything. I've tried to be good. I've always tried to do what was right. Please, I can't stand this! How could he, when we've been so happy? Oh, God, give him back to me!"

The thing rocked her back and forth. A knife urged her heart back and forth with a sharp point. Her breath hurt in the empty ache of her body. Somewhere her soul shrieked in fear and loneliness, yet only commonplace words came to her: "Please, God, please! I can't stand this!"

Like a tide it had engulfed her, this raw, human, unreasoning suffering. She was like any other woman in the world. Tears washed all charm from her face and left only a bare dignity, stark and bitter.

Then the tide spent itself and left her brain stranded, ticking off unwelcome, devastating thoughts. Fear pulsed every tick.

If it had only been some young girl, with a soft throat and firm breasts. If it had been some gorgeous, sexy beauty, in a voluptuous room. Then she would have been hurt, but she would not have been afraid. For she understood mere sex disloyalty and could put it in its proper place. But he had betrayed the finer loyalty of affection and friendship.

It wasn't another woman's body he had sought, but her affection, her companionship.

She wished that the tide of anguish would cover her brain once more. It was more bearable than this clear barrage of facts that was beating her down, down, to explore the shadows and the dust of her own failure.

Her rival was the things she had failed to give her husband.

"That," she said aloud, in a cold, dead voice, "is probably every woman's most deadly rival."

Jimmy was tired of motion pictures, fed up with them. Fed up with work and with the things surrounding their work. Her memory turned on a disk and she heard his voice. Her memory was like that.

"Let's not work any more, dearest." Jimmy's voice, strong and masculine. "Let's play. We've worked so damn' hard for twenty years. Pretty soon we'll be old and we'll have missed the good things. Life's so short. We've got all the money we need. Let's see the great big world. Look how lucky we are to have earned all this money and done all we have while we're still so young. I never had a chance to play and you never did either. We've done our part. We started working when we were kids. I'm sick of working, sick of pictures. Why should we? Hell, you've had all the glory there is in it! What's the use, slaving and working and worrying, when we could enjoy life? Let's quit."

IN that long evening in the big brown room, not once had those two mentioned motion pictures.

Motion pictures were Martha Shaw's life.

"I must be just," she said aloud. It helped her to speak aloud. The nameless terror receded.

It wasn't Jimmy's fault. It was Alix Peterson's fault. In the cold ache of her body, that seemed to have no insides at all, Martha Shaw felt a spark come to life and burn with terrible beauty. The memory of the love she and Jimmy had known. She had forced him to take second best, had driven him away to seek mere comfort, peace, mere kindliness.

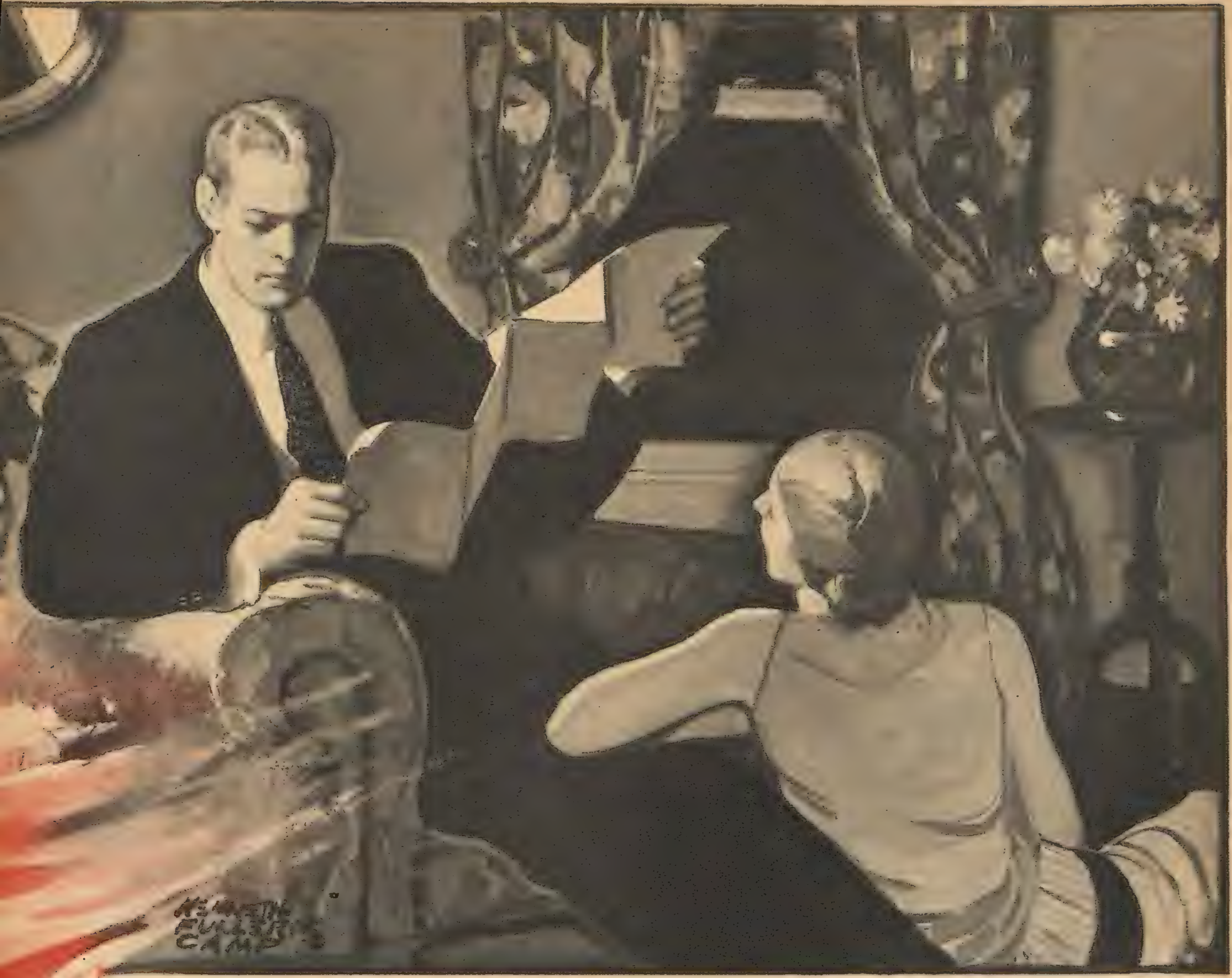
She faced it. They had come to the crossroads.

Suddenly she was terribly angry. Why should she give up her work, her life's work? Her work was as much to her as any man's could ever be to him. A man would never be torn as she was now between her work and her love, her ambition and her man. A fierce rebellion against the inherited burden of womanhood shook her. Was this the nameless weapon that defeated woman always and drove her back into the cave?

A flaming justification welled up and glowed in her face. No one knew better than Martha Shaw what she had meant to her art and her people. No one knew how many times she had been called upon to steer the ship through rough waters, nor how hard she had fought the ugly and evil things that came to the surface.

But she loved it. Passionately, with all the iron force of her soul, she loved this thing which she saw as a great art, bringing joy and beauty and forgetfulness to millions.

She couldn't give it up. The thought of giving it up



"There's a swell description here of the jungles." He read aloud for half an hour. "That's marvelous," said the woman. She sat comfortably on a low leather cushion at his feet.

crushed her back into her chair, pinched and gray and very, very old. Not the money, not even the glory, but her work. The best fifteen years of her life had been poured into it. Her brain was keyed to it. Her passion belonged to it.

The love of power gripped her—benevolent, unselfish power, but power nevertheless.

She was shaking now with the force of her pent emotion. The battle was joined. No compromise. Compromise sickened her and she pushed it away disdainfully. She wouldn't have half of Jimmy nor half of her work.

HER lips parted on a little cry. She didn't know how to play. She'd been a fighter, a worker, always. What she was she had created.

The great Martha Shaw was that new thing under the sun, a self-made woman. She had builded her throne and set herself upon it. The thought of abdication turned her sick and hot with anger.

"Being a woman is what hurts!" she cried aloud, and began to pace up and down the cold room.

Being a woman, being a woman. Well, she was a woman.

She loved Jimmy now with an aching, yearning passion such as she had never dreamed. It was a long time since she had thought of her love for Jimmy; it was simply part of her, like breathing.

But you couldn't do that to love. She had promised to cherish him, and she had neglected him always, consistently. She had promised to honor him, and she had ignored him. Cherish him—cherish him. She'd never had time to cherish him.

Clear through to the bitter end she saw the appalling loneliness, the empty triumphs, the useless achievements, of a life without Jimmy.

Little things. Not to go to sleep at night knowing he was beside her. Not to awaken with the thought of his nearness. Big things. Not to feel their love, like some beautiful, sure roadway beneath her climbing feet. Never again to hear him say "I love you." To be no longer a beloved wife.

To give away his love, fling him away— No!

Jimmy was worth everything. There was no other way of loving Jimmy. Being a woman, the sacrifice lay with her. So creation had ordained.

The great Martha Shaw must go. Her rival had defeated her. The victory was to Jimmy Feverel's wife, who sat stunned and white beneath the decision. . . .

The papers carried the story:

"Martha Shaw has postponed her picture, Radiance, and is going on a trip around the world with her husband, James Feverel."

No one recognized it as a declaration of abdication.

Jimmy Feverel said, "Sweet, this is going to be such fun. I'm so damn' happy I could yell!"

Martha Shaw smiled. "Yes," she said. She did not mention Alix Peterson.

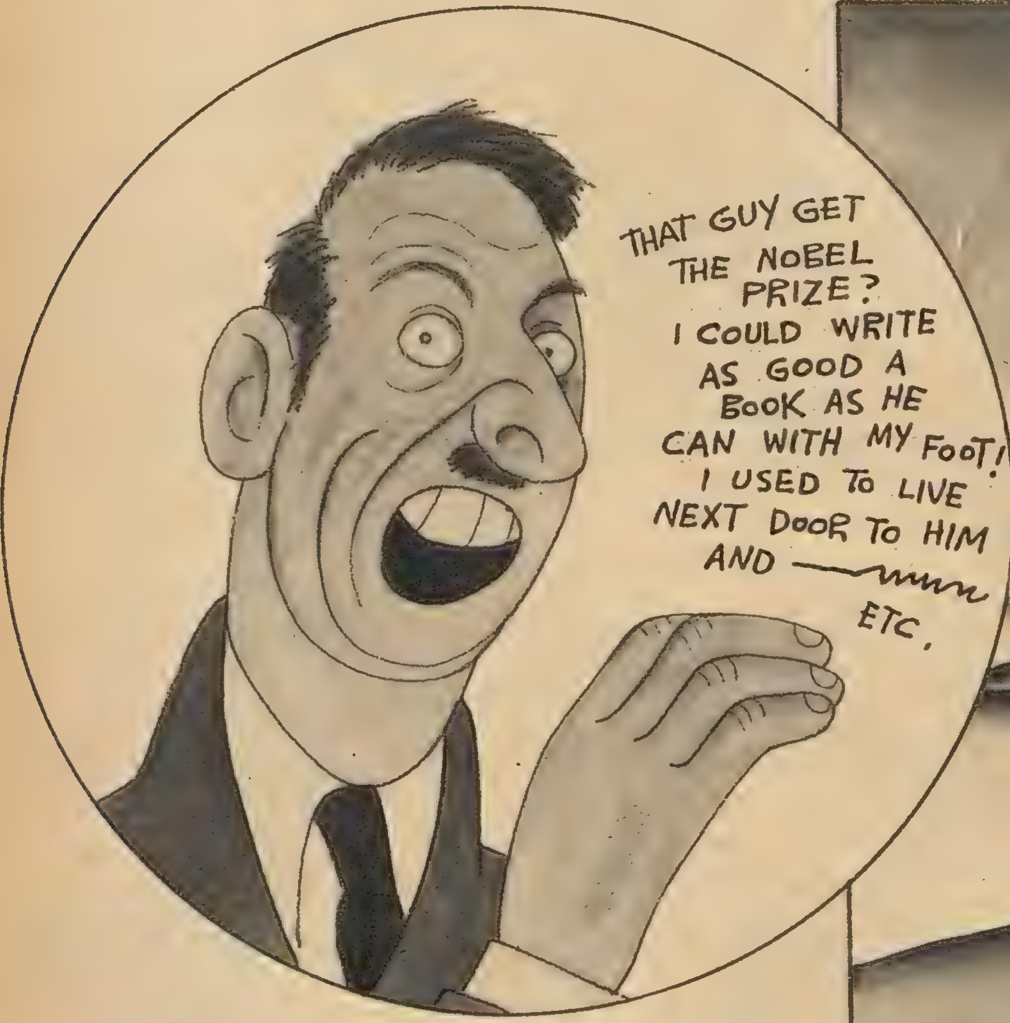
Her nails bit into her palms. She wondered if she would ever learn to play.

THE END

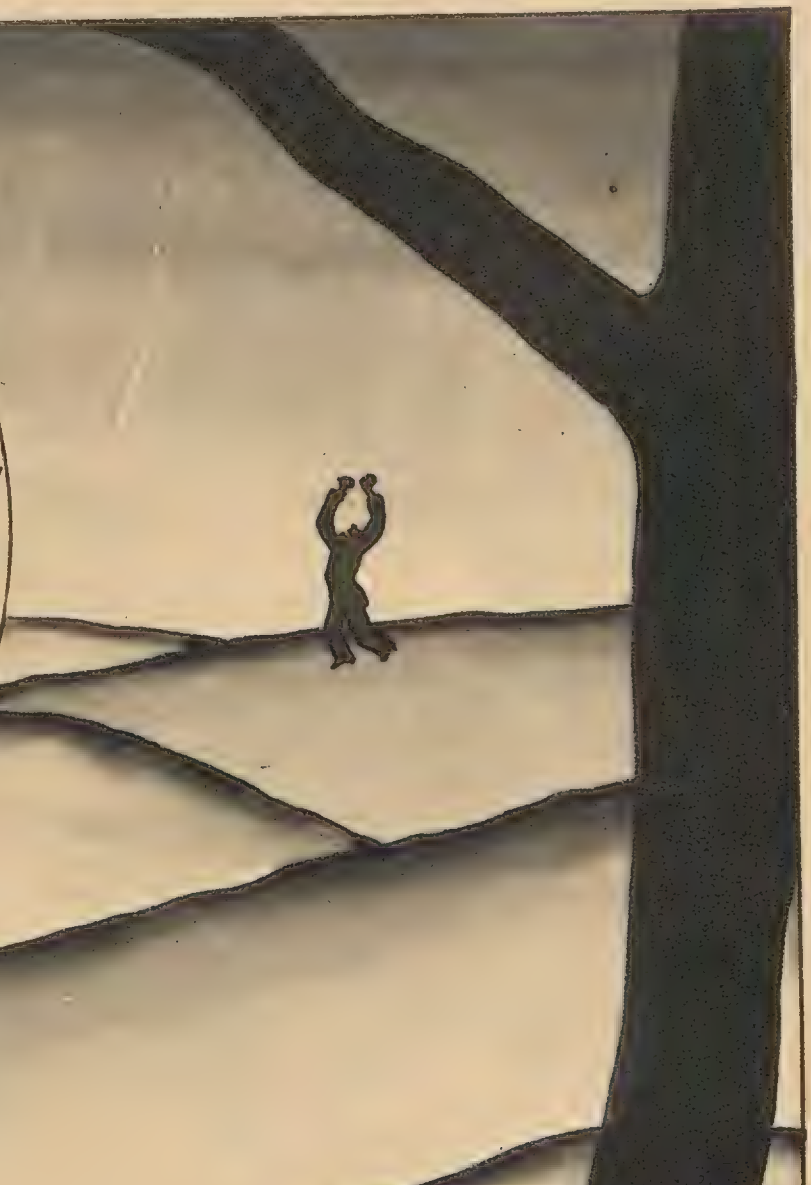
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

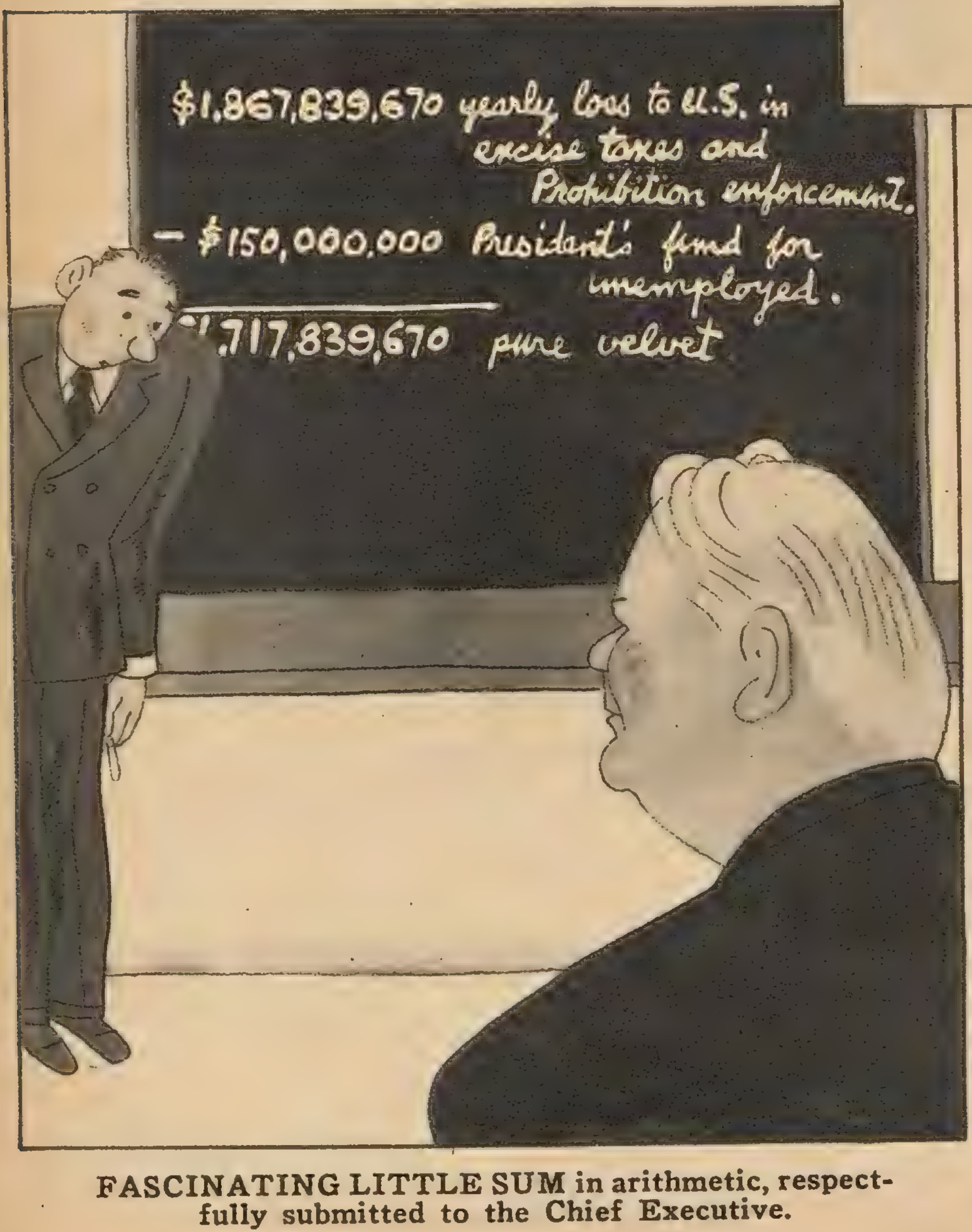
By RALPH BARTON


THAT GUY GET THE NOBEL PRIZE? I COULD WRITE AS GOOD A BOOK AS HE CAN WITH MY FOOT! I USED TO LIVE NEXT DOOR TO HIM AND —— ETC.

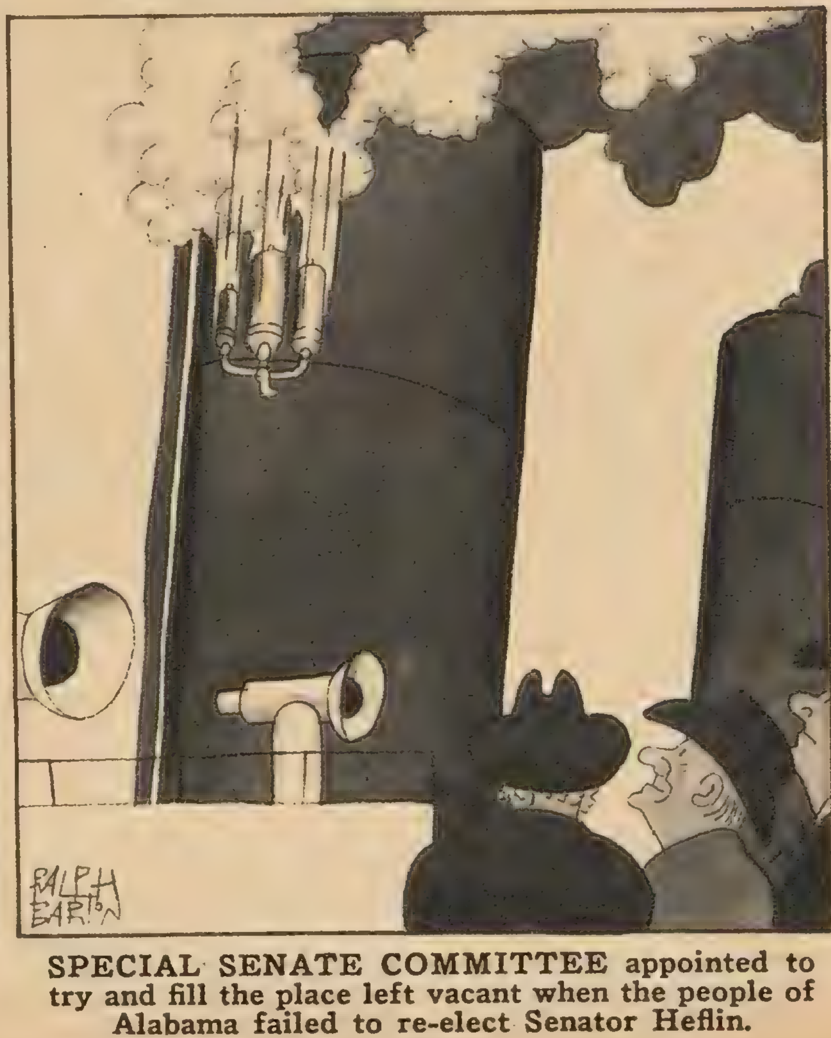
HOW THE POPULATION IS DIVIDED. Our private census enumerator reports that for every Nobel Prize winner there are 2,389,954 of these.



STUDY OF A MAN who has received thirteen bottles in a case from his bootlegger trying to make it all right with his conscience.


$1,867,839,670 yearly loss to U.S. in excise taxes and Prohibition enforcement.
- $150,000,000 President's fund for unemployed.
1,717,839,670 pure velvet

FASCINATING LITTLE SUM in arithmetic, respectfully submitted to the Chief Executive.


RALPH BARTON

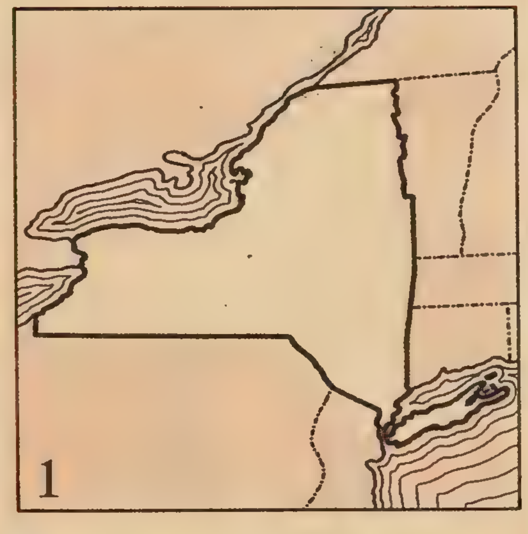
SPECIAL SENATE COMMITTEE appointed to try and fill the place left vacant when the people of Alabama failed to re-elect Senator Heflin.

Liberty's Patriotic GAME of STATES

$25,000 IN CASH PRIZES

will be divided as follows:

First prize	$5,000
Second prize	1,000
Third prize	500
Fourth prize	250
Fifth prize	200
Next 180 prizes, $25 each	4,500
Next 1,355 prizes, $10 each	13,550
TOTAL (1,540 prizes)	$25,000



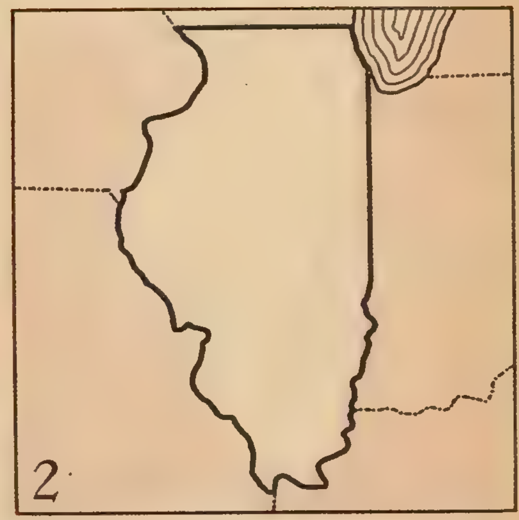
This state, though mostly inland, has a highly important outlet to the sea. To the east lies a group of states famous for its historical name and associations.

Name of State..........................

Bounded by..........................

....

Noted for.......................... SET NO. 1



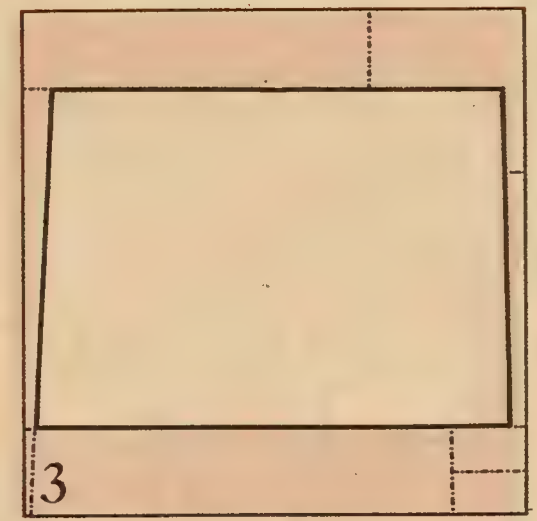
This state, in the heart of the Corn Belt, touches a large lake and is bounded on the west by one of the world's longest and mightiest rivers.

Name of State..........................

Bounded by..........................

....

Noted for.......................... SET NO. 1



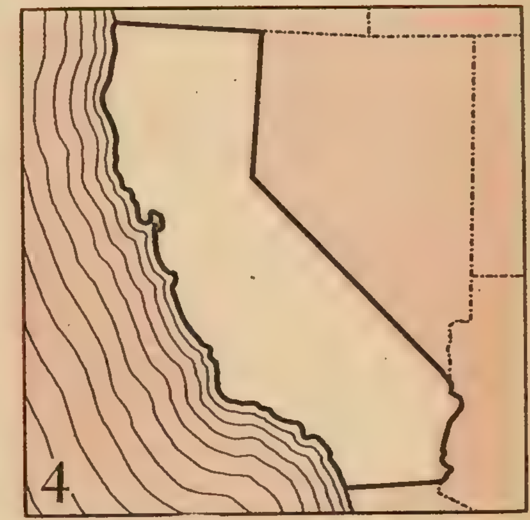
Among the six states which bound this one are one which was part of the Louisiana Purchase, one whose pioneers were Mormons, and one which produces much oil.

Name of State..........................

Bounded by..........................

....

Noted for.......................... SET NO. 1



This state claims the longest coast line of any state in the Union. It is bounded on the south by a foreign state bearing almost the same name.

Name of State..........................

Bounded by..........................

....

Noted for.......................... SET NO. 1

HERE'S a game that is educational, provides a lot of fun for winter evenings, and may bring you a pot of money. Liberty has presented it before—a number of years ago—but revives it now in a new and easier and more entertaining form.

On this page you see the maps of four states. Can you name them? Can you identify the rest of the states of the Union from similarly unmarked maps? Can you bound each state, name something for which each is noted, and tell which is your favorite state, and why?

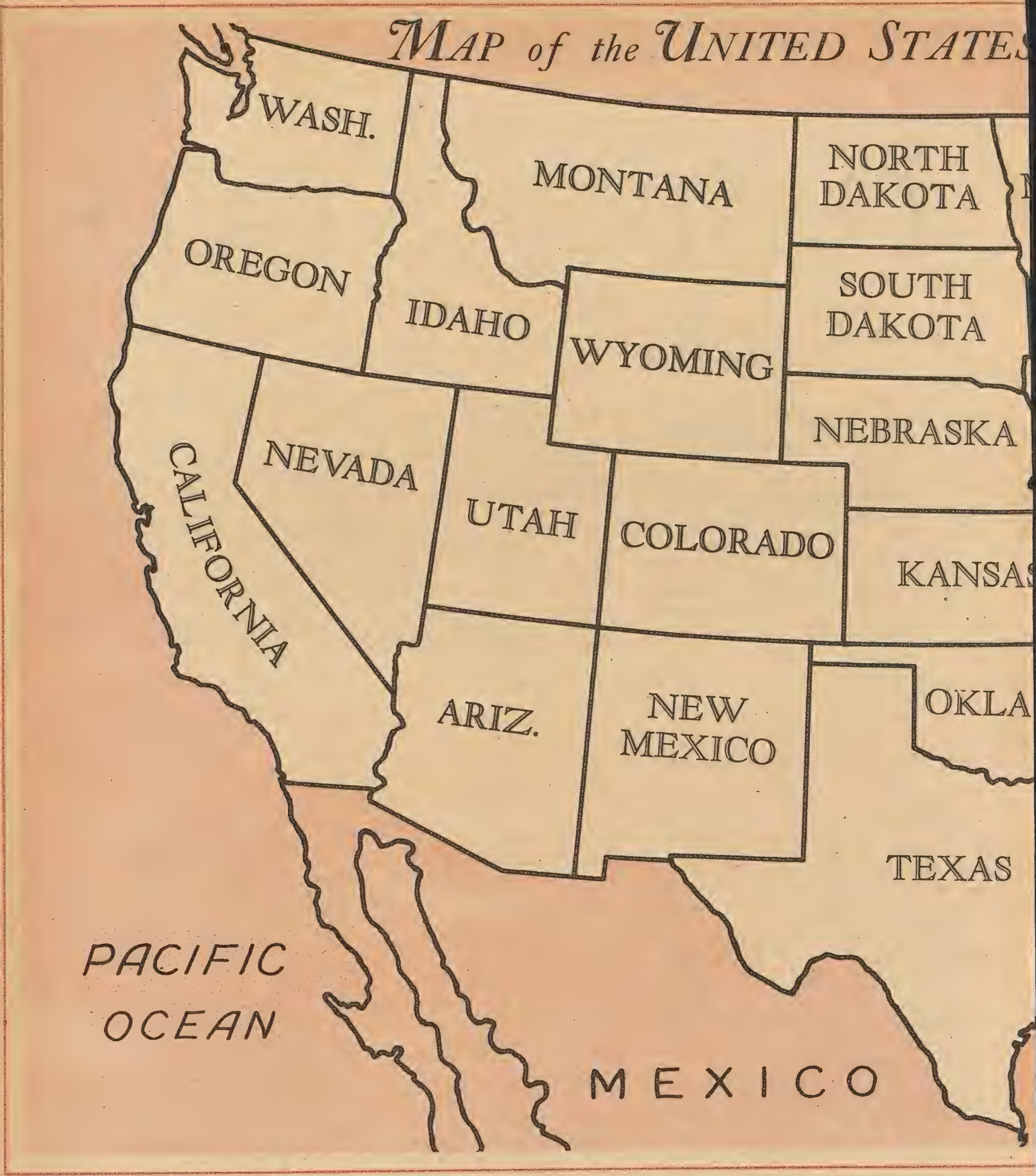
If you can do these simple things you can play Liberty's Game of States. It's worth your while—for to those who play it best Liberty offers a total of $25,000 in cash prizes!

To assist you we print a double-page key map to the Game of States on the next two pages.

Each week for twelve weeks the maps of four states will be printed. In the blank spaces under each of these maps (or copies of the maps which you may make yourself) you must write the name of the state, list the states, waters, or countries that bound it, and mention something for which the state is noted.

When you have done this, put your maps away and save them. Watch for the succeeding sets in succeeding issues of Liberty, and do the same thing until you have all twelve sets. Then send them in, with a little essay of not more than fifty words, telling which is your favorite state, and why. But remember—*don't send anything in until you have the twelve sets complete.* And please note

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



MAP of the UNITED STATE

WASH.
MONTANA
NORTH DAKOTA
OREGON
IDAHO
SOUTH DAKOTA
WYOMING
NEBRASKA
NEVADA
CALIFORNIA
UTAH
COLORADO
KANSAS
ARIZ.
NEW MEXICO
OKLA
TEXAS
PACIFIC OCEAN
MEXICO

LIBERTY'S PATRIOTIC GAME OF STATES

Continued from page fifteen

that we cannot supply back numbers to contestants in the Game of States. Save the maps, or copy or trace them, NOW!

Here Are the Detailed Rules of the Game

1—Every week for twelve consecutive weeks Liberty will print four outline maps of four different states of the United States; a total of 48 maps—one for each of the 48 states.

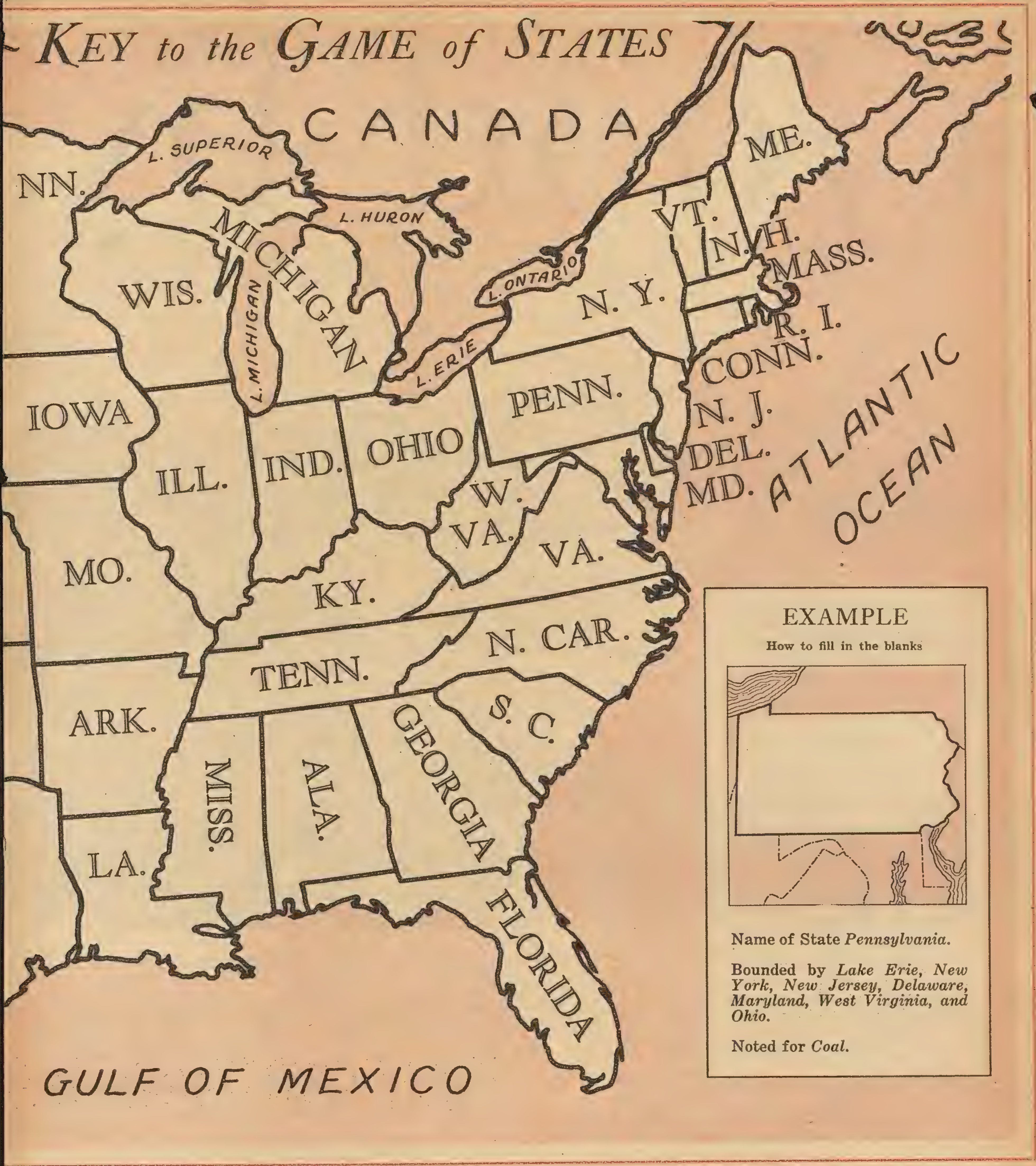
2—You are invited to cut out these maps (or, if you prefer, make copies or tracings of them) and, below each map, write the state's name, the states, waters, or countries that bound it, and something for which the state is noted.

3—When you have done this with all the maps, write an essay of not more than fifty words telling which is your favorite state, and why.

4—Liberty will pay a total of $25,000 in cash prizes to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and neatest sets of state maps, together with the best essays, in accordance with these rules.

5—This contest is open to everybody except employees of Liberty and their families.

KEY to the GAME of STATES


CANADA
L. SUPERIOR
NN.
ME.
L. HURON
MICHIGAN
VT.
WIS.
L. MICHIGAN
N.H.
MASS.
L. ONTARIO
N. Y.
R. I.
CONN.
L. ERIE
IOWA
PENN.
N. J.
ATLANTIC
OCEAN
DEL.
OHIO
IND.
ILL.
MD.
W. VA.
VA.
MO.
KY.
N. CAR.
TENN.
ARK.
S. C.
MISS.
ALA.
GEORGIA
LA.
FLORIDA
GULF OF MEXICO

EXAMPLE

How to fill in the blanks

Name of State *Pennsylvania.*

Bounded by *Lake Erie, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, and Ohio.*

Noted for *Coal.*

6—Maps are to be submitted only in complete sets. Hold all maps until you have 48 of them. Then send them, with your essays, to STATES, Post Office Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All entries must be in by midnight, twenty-one days after the final set is published.

7—Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Contestants may send in as many sets of maps and as many essays as they wish, but no contestant will be entitled to more than one prize.

8—You need not purchase Liberty to compete. You may copy or trace the maps from the originals and use the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

9—The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty. Their decision will be final. Both accuracy and neatness will count in the award of the prizes. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES, OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.

Good-by

Bobby Jones driving from the twelfth tee in the national open championship tournament played in June, 1927, at

The World's Champion Tells of His Career from 1927 to

(Reading time: 17 minutes 36 seconds.)

By BOBBY JONES

PART I—A BLOW-UP AND A DOUBLE COMEBACK

THE four years from 1927 through 1930 have concluded my competitive golfing career, which I carried through 1926 in a series of articles published in Liberty in 1927. This is a resumption, and a conclusion, of that series. I have retired definitely and forever from competitive golf.

Before taking up the last four years, a brief recapitulation of the record from 1923, when I first broke through to win a major championship, through 1926, may be in order.

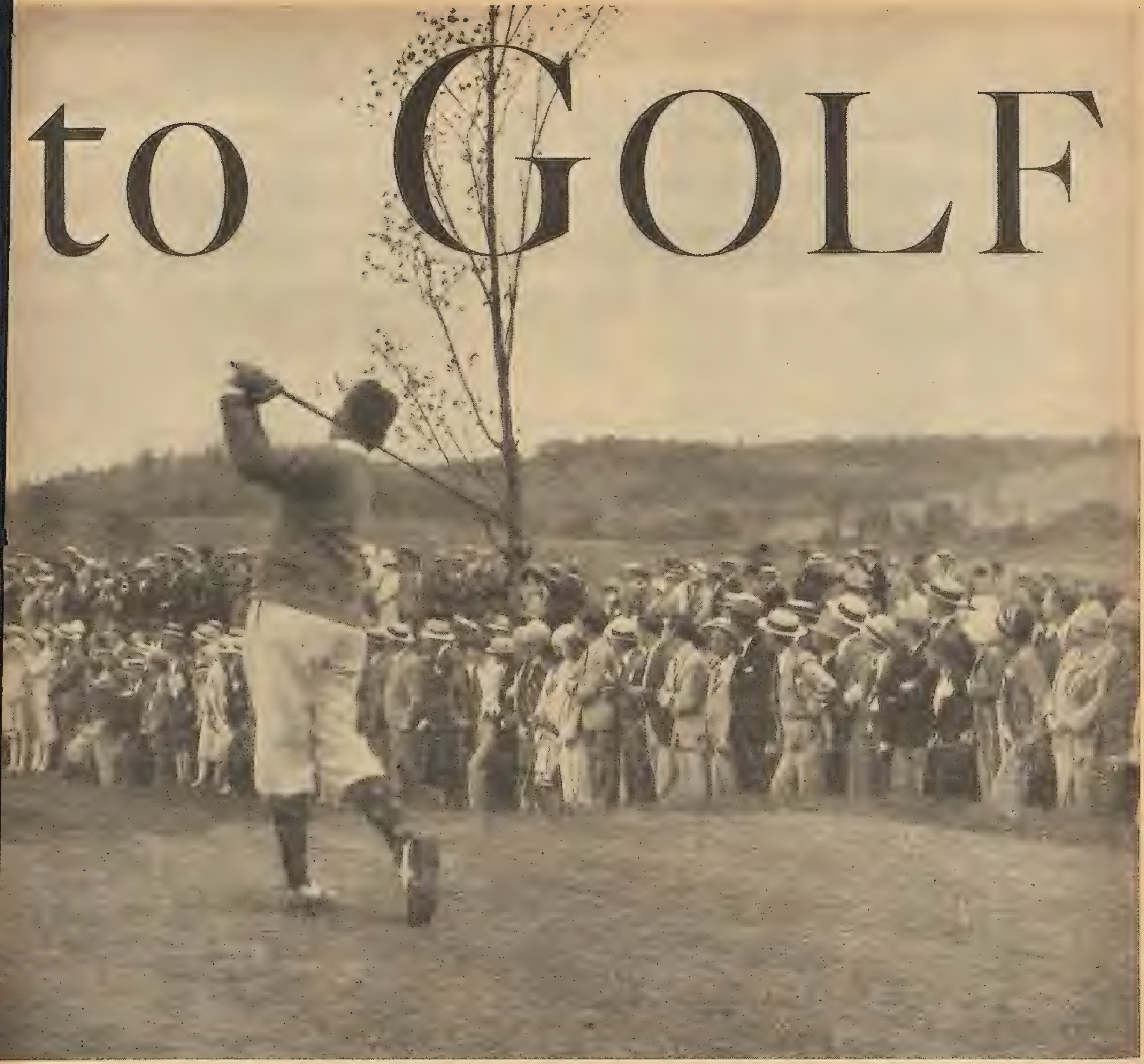
In 1923, I won the United States open championship in a play-off after a tie with Bobby Cruickshank at the Inwood Country Club, and was beaten by Max Marston in the second round of the national amateur at Flossmoor.

In 1924, I was runner-up to Cyril Walker in the United States open at Oakland Hills and won my first national amateur title at Merion. I played on the United States Walker Cup team in the international match with the British at Garden City, winning my singles match with Major Hezlet and, with W. C. Fownes, Jr., losing in the foursomes to the Hon. Michael Scott and Robert M. Scott. The American team won the match, 9 to 3.

In 1925, I was runner-up to Willie Macfarlane at Worcester in another play-off after a tie—the play-off was at eighteen holes in those days, and we still were tied after the first test. I won the national amateur championship at Oakmont.

In 1926, I was defeated by Andrew Jamieson in the sixth round of the British amateur at Muirfield, and again played on the American Walker Cup team, defeating Cyril Tolley in the singles and, with Watts Gunn,

to GOLF



P. & A. photo

Oakmont, Pennsylvania. His trials at that tournament are described by the retiring champion in these pages.

1930, *and* Why He Is Quitting *the* Tournament Game

as Told to O. B. KEELER—*an Atlanta newspaper man who is known in the world of golf as Bobby Jones' Boswell. He has followed Jones around for 120,000 miles, including three European excursions; been with him in twenty-seven national (or major) championships, and written about him for fifteen years.*

winning from Tolley and Jamieson in the foursomes. Our team won the match, 6½ to 5½. I won the British open at Lytham and St. Anne's, and the American open at Scioto, and was beaten by George Von Elm in the final round of the United States amateur at Baltusrol.

This made five major championships in four years. I was twenty-four years old. And, rather naturally, I concluded that 1926, when I won both the British and the American open championships, must be the biggest year I could possibly hope for. But (I may confess it now) I had a little private ambition which I never mentioned in that first series in Liberty. It appeared quite too improbable. But after I eked out the victory at Oakmont in 1925, I suddenly wanted to be national champion of the United States six years in succession, either open or amateur. I had managed it three years in a row.

But it is easily understood that I didn't do any talking about it. I didn't think about it a great deal, even. It was too much like the end of the rainbow. Still, it supplied a sort of objective. Competitive golf was bearing down more and more since I had won a few major titles. There seemed to be an unreasonable amount of responsibility. I was expected to win regularly, or, at the worst, to "make a showing." And I began to want very much to see an end to it; I wanted to look forward to a quitting place. And I thought to myself, if I could only hook together six national championships in a row, why, I could hang up the old clubs and let the boys shoot at *that*. Of course I did not object to a British championship now and then, if I were lucky enough to pick one off; but as I was only an intermittent contender over there, I did not regard these as essential.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Photo from O. B. Keeler

O. B. Keeler, Bobby Jones, and the bacon. Left to right: the British amateur trophy, the British open, the Walker cup, the U. S. open, and the U. S. amateur.

The Walker cup, emblem of the international team championship, was sent to Jones because he was captain—also, perhaps, because he had the rest, anyway.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19]

So I got by in 1926, and that was the fourth national title in succession. And then came 1927 and the worst bust I ever made in the United States open, to start the year.

Well, no—that didn't start off the year, exactly. That was the first of three major competitions, but early in the spring we had a big open tournament at my home course, East Lake, in Atlanta, known as the Southern open championship; one of those winter affairs for a big purse—$12,000, I believe—with most of the crack professionals entered.

Among them were Hagen and Farrell and Diegel and Cruickshank and Barnes and Espinosa and Macfarlane, and a lot of others; a really fine field.

I hadn't been playing in winter tournaments often, but this one was at my home course, so naturally I entered it, and I was shot with luck all the way.

THE first round, I struggled in with a 72, a couple of strokes over the tournament par of the course, tied for second place with Larry Nabholtz, Gene Sarazen, and W. H. Livie.

Emmett French led the field with 71, and a lot of competitors were well bunched.

Then I got going in the second round, and everything broke just right, and I managed a card of 33-33—66, which put me five strokes ahead of the field at the halfway post. It was the best scoring round I ever had in serious competition, always excepting that 66 at Sunningdale, in the first qualifying round for the British open of 1926; I made fewer mistakes over there, on a much harder course.

Bobby Jones' Major Victories by Years Since He Started Winning Championships

1923—United States open champion.
1924—United States amateur champion.
1925—United States amateur champion.
1926—United States open champion; British open champion.
1927—United States amateur champion; British open champion.
1928—United States amateur champion.
1929—United States open champion.
1930—United States open champion; United States amateur champion; British open champion; British amateur champion.

(That's all there is—there isn't any more.)

In 1922, 1924, 1926, 1928, and 1930, Jones played on the American team in the Walker Cup match with the British, being captain of the American side in the last two competitions, now held biennially. He never has lost a match at singles against the British in this competition, and only one in the foursomes. Under his captaincy the American side won its two widest victories—11 points to 1, in 1928, at the Chicago Golf Club; and 10 to 2, in 1930, at the Royal St. George's Club, Sandwich, England. The American team never has lost a match with the British in this event.

In connection with the trophies:

Bobby's name is on the United States amateur cup five times; the United States open four times; the British open three times; and the British amateur once. Of course there is no other record in golf remotely approaching this, especially the sweep of 1930.

Three times in the history of American and British golf has the same amateur competitor won two major championships the same year. This is excepting Bobby, who did it in 1926, again in 1927, and won all four in 1930. No other man has won as many as three, or is at all likely to.

Indeed, I am sure our generation will pass before anyone else ever captures more than half of the Grand Slam of Golf. As to the " Impregnable Quadrilateral "—it will never be captured again.

O. B. KEELER

IT wasn't so tough after that round.

Somebody told me that Bobby Cruickshank, out on the course when he heard I'd done a 66, said to his playing companion:

" The championship now being settled, we will start shooting for the jack! "

This developed a great finish between John Golden and Johnny Farrell. With rounds of 71 and 72, I kept a considerable lead, ending eight strokes ahead of the field, with a score of 281, while Farrell and Golden tied for the top place among the money players. My last round was finished before theirs and I went out to watch the battle, for they were playing together, with

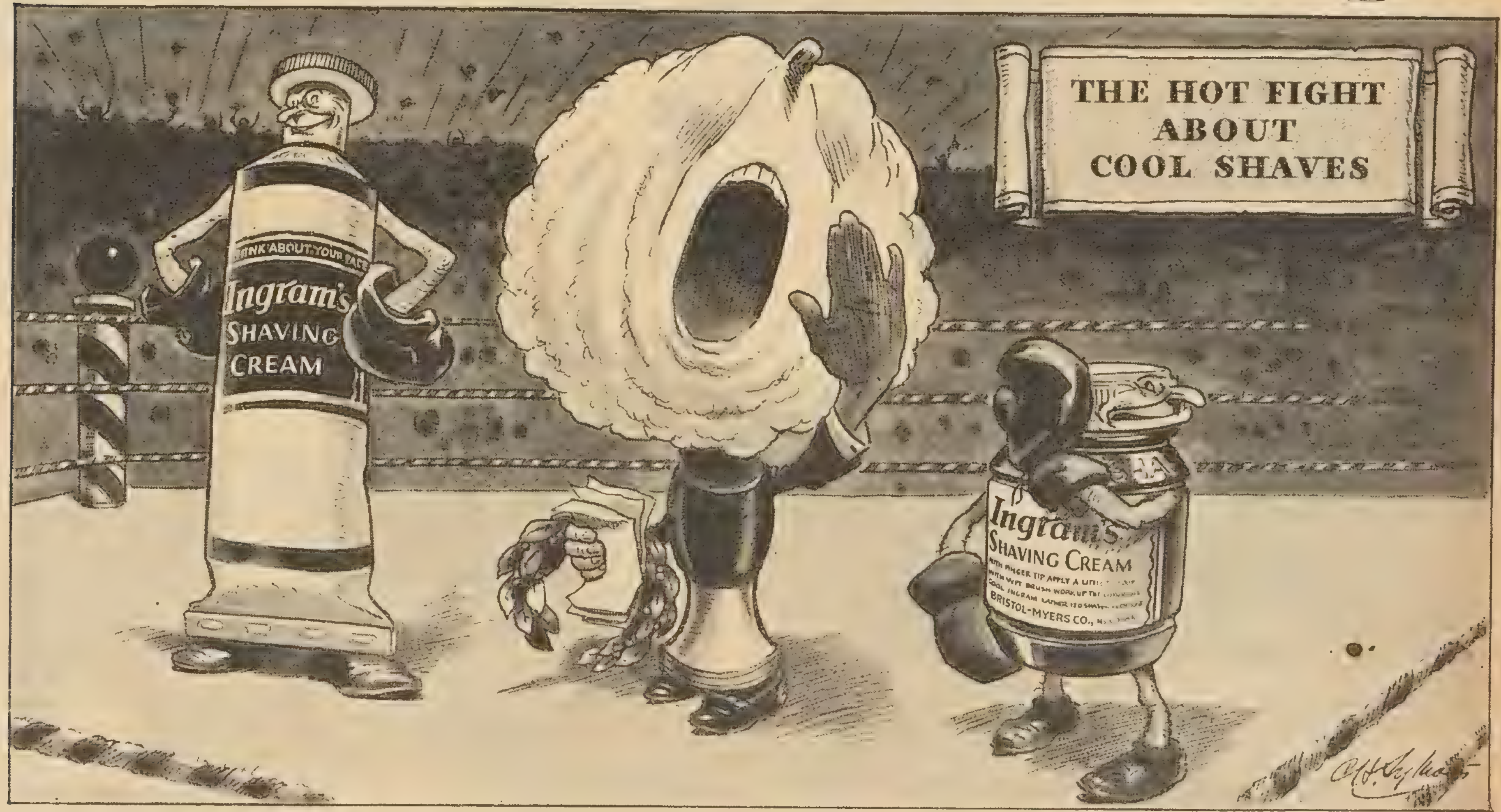
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 22]

Who gets the Verdict?

cool shaves
Ingram's Shaving Cream
Ingram's

THE INGRAM JAR
or
THE INGRAM TUBE?

cool shaves
Ingram's
Ingram's Shaving Cream



The **BIG FIGHT'S OVER**—*the judges go to work on who won the* **$5,000.00** *in prizes!*

FAST and furious went Ingram's $5,000.00 contest between the tube and the jar! Thick and heavy is the snowstorm of entries. The judges are hard at work!

At Liberty Magazine, the lights burn late, but the judges need at least two weeks more to pass on the thousands of entries!

Next month we'll announce their decisions and list the names of the 328 prize winners. And we'll publish the astounding sales of the new tube, as compared with those of the famous blue jar.

328 lucky contestants will divide the $5,000.00 in prizes, but a million lucky men will have discovered the brand-new sensation of *cool* and stingless Ingram shaves for the first time during 1930!

Easily the hottest fight that ever centered around a shaving cream, the great Ingram contest has written the word COOL into the vocabulary of shaving men for all time.

Whether the new tube sells better, or the famous jar, the important point is that both contain the same cream; the first and best of all *cool* shaving creams. The minute you lather up with Ingram's you'll find that it's cool . . . *cool* . . . COOL . . . *COOL!* It's radically, delightfully different. It puts shaving at once on a smoother, more comfortable plane!

With Ingram's, you can shave closer. Your face will wear no mourning signs of a razor's needle-pricks and stings. Because of three special soothing and cooling ingredients, Ingram's tightens and tones the skin *while you shave*. You will need no lotions when you use Ingram's. For Ingram's is a shaving cream, a lotion and a skin-tonic all in one!

Don't fail now to try this better shaving cream! Some men like the tube, many prefer the jar. Take your own choice at your druggist's, or mail the coupon for 10 glorious morning send-offs free. The Ingram sample is the greatest gatherer of friends any company has ever had. So send in the coupon today. Your face will be grateful all your life!

INGRAM'S
SHAVING CREAM FOR
COOL SHAVES

Clip the coupon for 10 Cool Ingram Shaves

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM, Dept. B-11,
110 Washington St., New York, N. Y.
I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.

*Name*________________

*Street*________________

*City*__________ *State*__________

Acme photo

When Jones won the British open title. We see him blasting out of a bunker toward the second green in his final 1927 match at St. Andrews. On page 24 he tells how he needed two of these whacks to get out.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

Golden a stroke in the lead going to the seventeenth hole, the seventy-first of the tournament.

Farrell had been playing extraordinarily brilliant golf about the greens all through the competition—chipping stone dead, or holing long putts. And it was a big putt that saved him here.

At the seventeenth green each was on in 2, Golden well inside; Johnny was thirty feet away, and that engaging smile of his for the moment had been wiped away by the strain. He looked solemn enough as he studied the curving line of that long putt, and when it went down for a birdie 3, the famous Farrell smile came flashing out!

So they tied at 289 and played off Monday, and at the end of a wonderful round—Golden had a par 3 at the 200-yard eighteenth hole left for a 68, and Farrell for a 69—they collaborated on one of the worst-played holes I ever saw contested by such sterling performers.

Farrell drove first and found the deep bunker at the left of the green. Golden, needing only a half, and with all the world open at the right, then fired one into the same trap and found a paper bag back of his ball. This evidently didn't help him any, and his attempted explosion was half-topped, the ball sailing far over the green. His return pitch hit a small tree and he finally got the ball on the green in 4, ten feet above the hole—a tough putt to sink.

Now Farrell had all the advantage. But his blasting shot was a bit tender, the ball struck the top of the trap and rolled back, and his next was a dozen feet from the pin. He missed for a 4 and Golden sank a beautiful putt for the half in 5, and, incidentally, $2,250.

Now about the national open at Oakmont. I have been somewhat accused of overconfidence before that tournament. It was on a great course which I liked and on which I had played well in winning the national amateur in 1925. But there was no overconfidence to which to charge the worst showing I ever made in the United States open. I did not have much opportunity to practice before the tournament. I was just out of Emory University, where I had been studying law, and, to be candid, I was simply playing miserably. Once in a while I would seem to be getting started, and then an Oakmont bunker would get me.

At the risk of appearing selfish and ill-natured, I want to say here that I don't like the Oakmont style of "ridged" bunkers; that is, raking the sand into furrows an inch or two inches deep. The idea is to penalize every player who visits a bunker; to limit in every case his recovery to a simple blasting shot, even when the bunker is a couple of hundred yards from the green. The recovery shot for distance from sand is one of the finest and most perilous shots in golf, and other variations—the chip and the controlled explosion—also are exquisite opportunities for a good golfer to exercise his talents in recovery. But with ridged sand, especially when it is wet, as it was at Oakmont, any player with a strong back and a willing heart can do as much as any other player; he can blast the ball out and that's all.

Everybody scored badly at Oakmont. Tommy Armour and Harry Cooper tied for the top place at 301, Armour winning in the play-off.

This was by several strokes the highest score in a good many years. My own scores were 76-77-79-77—309, the worst I ever made in the United States open, and my position—a tie for eleventh place—was the lowest.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

We thought we had all

COOL CUSTOMERS

... but

perhaps we've made 2,000,000 wrong guesses!

Recently we heard a rumor that puzzled. We'd always thought everybody liked Spuds simply because Spuds were cool. But the rumor had that you're-crazy-in-so-many-words note to it.

Was our hunch wrong? We got our investigators to pack their traveling-bags. We equipped them with one straight question. They started circling throughout the country . . . amongst America's 2,000,000 Spud smokers.

Reporters-at-Large

Fast boys, these investigators...but, of course, they couldn't get to every one of the 2,000,000 Spud enthusiasts. Yet they interviewed representative hundreds of them. They button-holed them on doorsteps . . . on street corners . . . in hotel lobbies, railroad stations, and miniature golf courses. They cornered them in drug stores and tobacco shops and restaurants . . . wherever chance revealed a Spud smoker.

"Just what do you like about Spuds?" was our one insistent question.

And the majority of answers never mentioned the word "coolness" alone.

But they did show that, to the long list of Spud enjoyments, Spud fans have added yet another.

From Connoisseurs to Cranks

We met a lot of 2-pack-a-day smokers. They said, "You can smoke Spuds all day and still have a clean, comfortable mouth at bedtime."

A before-breakfast smoker (we met a lot of those veterans) summed it up this way. "A Spud first thing in the morning," he explained, "isn't just another layer of morning-mouth, if you get me..."

Tobacco cranks, fellows who prided themselves on being good judges of blend and leaf, said, "Spuds give you a cleaner taste... a sort of uncoated taste... that's why you can always appreciate their darn good tobacco blend . . . no matter if you smoke them one after another."

Pipe smokers seemed just about unanimous in describing Spud as "a great change-off smoke." And several added, "That's because you get a clean taste."

We came across a surprising number of men who were "off" their regular brand. They had switched to Spuds. "I tell you there's a cleaner taste about Spuds that's revived my enjoyment in cigarettes," one of them kept saying.

Of course, everybody admitted noticing Spud's super-coolness. But, after smoking a pack or two, people found that this sensation of coolness passed. What they came to notice (and evidently like) was that Spuds kept their mouths continually moist-cool and comfortably clean.

Something More Than Coolness

In other words, our hunch wasn't one hundred per cent right.

It's not entirely Spud's cooler smoke. It's also Spud's *cleaner taste!* That's the ever-lasting, ever-growing *effect* of Spud's coolness!

We weren't exactly blind to this product of Spud's coolness. We've been calling it "mouth-happiness." But whatever the Spud enjoyment sensation is, ladies and gentlemen . . . greater coolness or cleaner taste... this all ties up with what we're sure of. Spud *is* the great new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment.

Two or three packs a day . . . puff after puff of Spud's lusty, full-tobacco fragrance . . . and you're still mouth-happy!

If Spuds have puzzled you, try them again on this new basis! Stay with Spuds and let them prove this continual "clean taste." It's a natural!

The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

Spud
Menthol Cooled CIGARETTES
CHOICE TOBACCO

SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES

20 FOR 20c (U. S.) . . . 20 FOR 30c (CANADA)
THE MOUTH-HAPPY SMOKE

P. & A. photo

Jones' final putt at Minikahda in 1927, with the hopes of Chick Evans, at the right, also going plunk.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

And yet, with all the trouble I found in the ridged bunkers, and all the dismal golf I played, I finally got going in the third round and when I stood on the thirteenth tee, I actually was in a winning position—as such things go. You know, it's not so good, leading the field at that stage. I've tried it both ways. And it's quite a lot more comfortable a stroke or two back of the pacemaker than up there setting the pace yourself. I'll have something to say about that later in this chapter.

Anyway, according to the grapevine reports, I was just one stroke back of Cooper, who was out in front at the time. And I seemed to be set for a 71, or possibly a 70, which ought to have left me in a fine spot for the fourth round and the finish.

And right there the tournament blew up in my face. I was feeling pretty comfortable, with a pitch hole in front of me. So I pulled a mashie shot into a ditch, far to the left; played from the ditch into a bunker; took two to get out—and that 6 on a par-3 hole socked me right on the chin. Three strokes gone, and I lost two more, with another 6 at the long fifteenth—a hole I played wretchedly all through the tournament—and finally finished with a 79, the highest score I have ever returned in our national open. I've had three of them, in all.

P. & A. photo

Evans, among the greatest of golfers, playing an iron shot at Minikahda.

OF course I was through then. And a sorry 77 in the last round left me waiting at the home green to see Tommy Armour tie Cooper with the greatest finish I've ever seen—a birdie 3 at the last hole, a ten-foot putt sinking after a wonderful iron shot.

That very complete bust accounted for my trip to Britain. After Oakmont, a lot of stuff was written to the effect that I was through—also, as some critics averred, that I never had been much good anyway. The implication was that I had been getting by with a lot of luck and a sour game with the pitching clubs, which latter accusation was not so far wrong, certainly.

Soon after I got home, I was sitting in the office one day, probably brooding, and looking over a calendar of golfing events, and I noticed that the British open still was a bit more than two weeks away. And I suddenly wrote out a telegram to Tommy McMahon, secretary of the United States Golf Association, inquiring if it was too late to enter the British open, and if he would cable my entry. It wasn't too late. And Saturday—I sent the telegram on Wednesday—I sailed on the Transylvania with Dad and Charlie Freeman and Sherwood Hurt, landing at Glasgow with four or five days left for practice at St. Andrews.

I PLAYED wretchedly in practice—sea legs, perhaps—and through the first of the two qualifying rounds. Then in the second qualifying round, on the New Course, I suddenly got the touch and without holing any long putts I did a 71, tying Cyril Tolley's score on the same course, which was a record. Tolley led the field in the thirty-six-hole qualifying test with 144. I had 147. Cyril should have been even a couple of strokes better. At the last green on the Old Course he took three putts from a yard away. Then the championship started, and I produced the funniest round I had ever played, and, for the first time, broke 70 in a national open championship.

Mr. Bernard Darwin, English golf writer, said the second hole set me going. After a par 4 at the first, I was bunkered with my drive from the second tee, failed to get out with my first effort, was barely out with my second, reached the green with my fourth shot, and holed a forty-foot putt for a 5. From then on it seemed I couldn't miss a putt. As a matter of fact, I did not miss one under a dozen feet, and at the long fifth hole I sank the longest putt I ever saw—120 feet—for an eagle 3. I was out in 32 and home in 36 for a 68. I used twenty-eight putts, I believe, and my other shots were mostly on the humorous side. The thirteenth was a typical

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

Clean inside-well outside!

© 1931 Stanco Inc.

HE LOOKS IT

and so can You!

★

THE happy, unconscious health of a child—the play-filled days, the long nights of restful sleep—these are the outward signs of inward health. You needn't envy it! You too can be "well inside" and look it—if you learn the safe and easy way to keep yourself always "clean inside."

Doctors pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache, most drowsiness, lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure to keep "clean inside." One famous British physician goes so far as to say "auto-intoxication (the self poisoning that comes when you are not internally clean) is perhaps the main factor in the production of human disease."

Just as most doctors agree in blaming this condition for much of our sickness, so they also agree that the Nujol type of treatment is the safest way to relieve it. Crystal-clear Nujol can't possibly hurt you. It isn't a medicine at all. It has no drugs in it. It isn't absorbed—so it can't make you fat. It is colorless—tasteless—and children love it.

The tonic effect of Nujol on your whole body is due to the way it helps you without using weakening drugs. Since it is harmless as pure water, many doctors advise taking it as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. It's common sense, isn't it, that if you keep as clean inside as you do outside, you increase your chances of being well—and therefore happy—all the time!

Remember two things if you want to enjoy "Nujol health."

One: Don't expect results overnight. This is nature's own method, and nature is never violent. Your body will respond gratefully, and day by day you will feel better as this soothing treatment takes effect.

Two: Be on your guard. Don't accept any substitute. Your druggist has Nujol—always in a sealed package—always trademarked "Nujol" so you will be sure to get it.

Here is a way to get a result you know is good for you, without using drugs which you know are bad for you. Don't you think it's worth trying? Begin the Nujol treatment—today!

Nujol

Nujol
Nujol

health

GOOD-BY TO GOLF
Continued from page twenty-four

hole. I topped my second in ghastly fashion, scrambled on with my third, and holed a twenty-foot putt for a par 4. I holed a thirty-footer for a deuce at the eighth, one of the two par-3 holes on the course. It was the craziest round I ever played in a championship.

Also, it set me out in front—the first time I had ever led an open championship from the jump. And I want to say once more that I do not like making the pace. It gets harder and harder as you go. The other fellows, with nothing on their minds but their hair, are shooting the works, while you keep wondering if you hadn't better be careful and try not to lose any strokes, which is the best possible way of losing them.

Edwin Levick photo

Bobby shooting out of one of those ridged sand traps at Oakmont.

My next two rounds were 72 and 73—73 is par for the course—and I went into the last round with a lead of 4 strokes over Fred Robson and 6 over Aubrey Boomer, and immediately began to lose them. I took another 5 at the second hole—bunkered again—and a 5 at the fourth. The fifth is a par 5 and I didn't pick up anything there. But I did a birdie 3 at the sixth, and was out in 37. A birdie 3 at the ninth started the run that saved me. This hole is 306 yards and I uncorked a very poor drive, so that my pitch was twenty feet from the stick. I holed the putt for a birdie 3, and then drove the tenth green, 312 yards, and picked up another 3. At the short and dangerous eleventh I nearly holed a 2 from the back of the green, and at the twelfth, 314 yards, I ran a scuttling sort of approach up two feet from the flag and that made it four 3s in a row. Through the fifth hole I was 3 above 4s and in a very bad way, with Boomer closing in fast. From the fifth through the twelfth, I cut the card to 2 below 4s, and the rest was fairly simple. I finished unambitiously and rather cautiously with a 72 and a total of 285, which is the lowest score for the British open and a stroke better than Chick Evans' American open record. Boomer and Robson tied for second place with 291, equaling the previous British record, held by James Braid at Prestwick and myself at St. Anne's.

But I didn't like setting the pace. Mr. Darwin showed rare discernment when he said that although my victory appeared easy after the flying start, yet I must have had my "dark moments." Indeed I did have them; and if that rather desperate, shaky putt at the ninth had not gone down anything might have happened. That saved me. It put me back on my feet, started the run of 3s, and made the rest easy.

I WENT back to the United States feeling encouraged. I felt that I had in some measure atoned for the Oakmont bust, and went out to Minneapolis, where our national amateur was to be played on the beautiful Minikahda course, in a cheerful frame of mind but playing terrible golf once more.

It appeared that an 80 was the best I could do in practice, and I went to worrying properly. The first of the two qualifying rounds didn't cheer me up notably. I did a 75—not too bad, but certainly not too good. That night I found myself two jumps ahead of a fit, with the fit gaining. I was several strokes back of a couple of brilliant youngsters—Phil Finlay and Gene Homans—and that was all right, but I was wondering if I should get better next day, or get worse and fail to qualify. Finally I decided that if I went out there merely trying to qualify I'd surely get worse, and that the best thing I could do would be to go after the medal—in a word, shoot the works.

I was fearfully nervous at the start, dreading the short third hole, a simple one-shotter of 141 yards, which had been punishing me regularly. The first and second were easy pars, and once more, at the third, my pitch was terrible and the ball was short, on the rising slope, ten yards from the corner of the green.

It just shows what a break in luck will do for you. I chipped in for a 2, and when I reached the turn I had a card of 31. I coasted home in 36, for a 67, and was medalist with 142, three strokes ahead of Harrison Johnston, who had beaten out Finlay and Homans.

IN the first match, at eighteen holes, I went sour again and Maurice McCarthy had me licked. He was 1 up and I couldn't catch him. At the long thirteenth he looked sure to go 2 up. His third was well on the green and my pitch was hooked into the rough at the left. The chip, out of long grass, was a ghastly fizzle, twelve feet short and with a side slope from which I had to borrow a yard on the left—one of those rainbow putts.

As a rule, I prefer a putt with a little "borrow" to one with a perfectly straight line, and I like to borrow from the left. But this was too much of a good thing—putting at least a yard out of line. And I knew if that putt stayed up, I was cooked. Somehow it went down. That saved the hole, the match, and the tournament for me. We halved the fourteenth and fifteenth, and then Maurice was good enough to take a 5 at each of the three remaining holes and I scrambled in, 2 up, with a single birdie in the round.

I had a good match with Homans in the afternoon, winning 3-2, and then I got going and couldn't seem to do anything wrong. I beat Johnston 10-9 and Ouimet 11-10, at thirty-six holes, and then met my old friend and enemy, Chick Evans, for the third time in important competition.

Chick had beaten me in 1920 in the Western amateur at Memphis in one of the finest matches I ever played; and I had squared with him in 1926 in the national amateur at Baltusrol, so this was a sort of rubber. I had the luck in that I was "hot," and the cards for the first nine holes pretty well tell the story:

Par (out)	443	543	435—35
Jones	433	443	433—31
Evans	444	543	446—38

That eagle 3 at the 512-yard ninth hole, dogleg and uphill, excited a good deal of comment, and, I was told, won a neat little pot for some chap who had wagered that the best ball of the tournament would be as low as 31. I think a chap named Giles is entitled to more credit, however. He holed a full iron for a 2 at the 444-yard second. My 3 was due to a spoon shot after a large drive, the ball carrying well on to the green and rolling up twenty inches from the flag. After that 31 I started back with a 3 at the tenth and a 3 at the eleventh, which Chick won with a 2, being then 5 down. This gave me seven 3s in the first eleven holes, which I think was the most 3s I ever collected in a similar string until the following year, at Flossmoor, when I picked up eight 3s in a run of nine holes, seven of them in succession.

IN LIBERTY NEXT WEEK

Chivalry in the Air

A famous ace's stirring tribute to those who fought with him—and against him

By Lieutenant-Colonel WILLIAM A. BISHOP

("Bishop of the Eagle Eye")

Chick was 6 down at the end of the morning round. He fought hard and brilliantly, starting the afternoon round, but the margin was too great.

This was one of those tournaments in which my game started slowly and came on at just the right time—in the qualifying round—and held up pretty well, with the exception of the McCarthy match. Competitive golf is a curious thing. The best tournaments I have played have been that way: poor practice rounds, and a gradual turn for the better. It seems that a golfer can hold his top form only a few days at a stretch. If he goes well in practice he is likely to fade somewhere in the competition. There was the national amateur of 1929, when I played the best golf of my career in the practice and exhibition rounds in California, and then, in the first match of the championship at Pebble Beach— But that, as Mr. Kipling says, is another story.

Anyway, this was all for 1927. And I found I had added one more consecutive United States championship to the string I was trying to stretch to six.

Minikahda made it five in a row.

Next week Bobby Jones will take Liberty readers through his campaign of 1928, including the national open, which he lost to Johnny Farrell by one stroke in a thirty-six-hole play-off.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

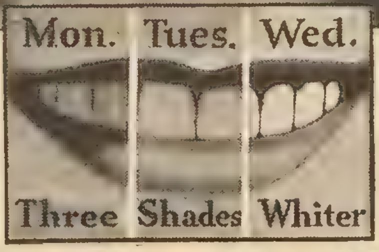
Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—What name is used for Europe and Asia combined?
2—What was the most important naval battle in the World War?
3—What is the Order of the Garter?
4—Who preceded Queen Victoria on the throne of England?
5—Petruchio is a character in what Shakespearean play?
6—What is the source of "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth"?
7—What does germane mean?
8—What is the name generally used for Ethiopia?
9—What celebrated British soldier was called "Bobs"?
10—Who composed the 1812 Overture?
11—Is the height of a mountain calculated from the level of surrounding ground?
12—Which one of the Great Lakes extends farthest east?
13—To whom was the sobriquet Serpent of the Nile applied?
14—What does eureka mean?
15—What is called the Mound City?
16—In what direction does the United States Capitol face?
17—How many shillings in a crown?
18—What is vivisection?
19—What is Zuider Zee?
20—What is a ship's burden?

(Answers will be found on page 54)

Will he kiss her? *NO!*

Germs sweep into the mouth with every breath and cause offensive Bacterial-Mouth—ugly yellow teeth, stain, decay and sore, spongy gums. You can't hide it from others but you can remove it—with Kolynos. It kills the germs.



TEETH WHITEN

3 Shades in 3 Days

HERE'S the quick, easy way to sound, sparkling white teeth and firm, pink gums—the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique.★ Use it for just 3 days . . . Then note the results.

Teeth look whiter—fully 3 shades. Gums feel firmer, they are healthier. And your mouth tingles with a refreshing, clean taste.

★It Saves Teeth ...Saves Money

The unique action of Kolynos permits the Dry-Brush Technique advocated by leading dentists as the way . . . to use a dental cream full strength . . . to keep the brush bristles stiff enough to clean every tooth surface and massage gums properly. . . . Use a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night . . . Dental cream lasts longer . . . Teeth look cleaner and whiter. . . . Try this amazing Kolynos Technique.

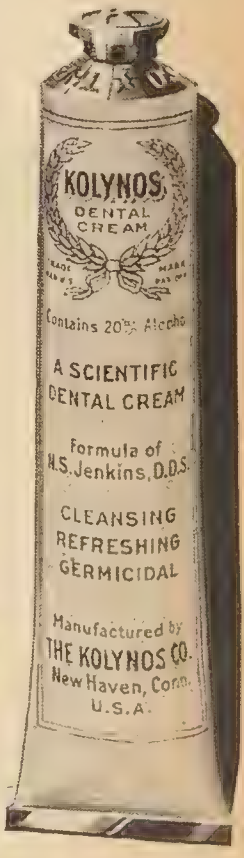
Kolynos cleans teeth and gums as they should be cleaned.

As soon as it enters the mouth, this highly concentrated, antiseptic dental cream gives you a pleasant surprise. It becomes an exhilarating FOAM that is full of life. This FOAM gets into and cleans out every tiny crevice, pit and fissure. It quickly kills the millions of germs that cause offensive Bacterial-Mouth—that lead to tooth decay, stain, ugly yellow and to gum diseases. (Kolynos kills 190 million germs in 15 seconds.)

Moreover, this FOAM keeps on working after you hang up your toothbrush. For 3 hours it continues to cleanse the teeth and purify the mouth.

That is why teeth are so easily and so swiftly cleaned down to the beautiful, naked white enamel—without injury.

If you want whiter teeth free from decay, and firm pink gums—discard the dentifrice that does only half the job. Switch to Kolynos. It will win you in 3 days. Get a tube from any druggist.



KOLYNOS

the antiseptic

DENTAL CREAM

Two Talkie Débuts

Messrs. Jannings and Wynn Emerge, with Sound

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

A chuckle-maker's first talkie: Ethe Merman and Ed Wynn in Follow the Leade

(Reading time: 8 min. 15 sec.)

★ ★ ★ THE BLUE ANGEL

CAST

Prof. Immanuel Rath	Emil Jannings
Lola Frohlich	Marlene Dietrich
Kiepert, a magician	Kurt Gerron
Guste, his wife	Rosa Valetti
Mazeppa	Hans Albers

Produced by UFA.
Released through Paramount.
Directed by Josef von Sternberg.

IT is a pleasure to welcome a great actor back to the screen. Emil Jannings makes his first appearance in a talking part, and he is the middle-aged school-teacher to the life. His accent is a bit thick, but perfectly understandable and detracts in no way from the characterization.

The dialogue throughout the picture is a mixture of English and German, but you don't have to know the German language to understand all that is being said.

The story, in one particular, is reminiscent of The Way of All Flesh, in that it reveals a respectable older man's degeneration under the influence of a young and beautiful but unscrupulous woman.

Marlene Dietrich is the most fascinating vamp on the screen. Her voice is slightly guttural but charming. The song she sings, Falling in Love Again, will probably be one of our most popular numbers during the winter.

This is not a music show, but, as a cabaret entertainer, Marlene has a chance to sing her song several times during the course of the picture. The supporting cast is excellent. The picture was made in Germany and the cast is a German one, the only familiars in it being the two headliners, Jannings and Dietrich.

The photography is not in keeping with the high standard of the rest of the production.

★ ★ FOLLOW THE LEADER

CAST

Crickets	Ed Wynn
Mary Brennan	Ginger Rogers
Jimmy Moore	Stanley Smith
Sam Platz	Lou Holtz
Ma Brennan	Lida Kane
Helen King	Ethel Merman
George White	Bobby Watson
R. C. Black	Donald Kirke
Bob Sterling	William Halligan
Fritzie Devere	Holly Hall
Two-Gun Terry	Preston Foster
Mickie	James C. Morton

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by Norman Taurog.

Ed Wynn in a combination of The Perfect Fool and Manhattan Mary, two of his greatest stage successes, makes his first appearance in a talking part on the screen. He is very funny with his inventions which fail to work, and his blundering ways which get him into tight situations from which he always comes out surprisingly victorious.

Jack Whiting and Marion Nixon in the campus and stadium film, College Lovers.

He is ably assisted by Lou Holtz, who is the only Jewish-dialect comedian I find funny. Ginger Rogers is attractive as Mary, but she has very little to do. Her talents are vouched for but left mostly to the imagination.

Stanley Smith is Ginger's nice boy friend but has even less to do than she has. The show is Ed Wynn's, which is as it should be.

★ ★ REMOTE CONTROL

CAST

William J. Brennan	William Haines
Sam Ferguson	Charles King
Marion Ferguson	Mary Doran
Doctor Kruger	John Miljan
Polly	Polly Moran
Smedley	J. C. Nugent
Radio Engineer	Edward Nugent
Chief of Police	Wilbur Mack
Blodgett	James Donlan
Al	Edward Brophy
Max	Warner P. Richmond
Frank	Russell Hopton

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Directed by Edward Sedgwick.

This is taken from a play of the same name by authors too numerous to mention here. It is a fairly enter-

The Blue Angel brings back a great actor—namely, Emil Jannings. The interrogative-looking lady is Marlene Dietrich.

A serious little scene in Mothers Cry, as enacted by Dorothy Peterson and David Manners.

taining movie, with a good deal of the action taking place in a radio broadcasting station.

William Haines has the usual rôle of a fresh guy who antagonizes everybody, including the girl he loves, but, as usual, he gets her in the end. If you like William Haines you'll be glad of that, but if you don't you'll be sorry he wasn't bumped off, as he very nearly is, being saved just in the nick of time.

Charles King has a small part in the plot which permits him to sing over WPN. He does that well. John Miljan is the interesting menace who uses the radio to instruct his men and to cover his connection with the Ghost Gang. It is all sort of ridiculous, but amusing.

Charles King, Mary Doran, and William Haines in Remote Control.

★ MOTHERS CRY

CAST

Mary Williams	Dorothy Peterson
Artie	David Manners
Beatty	Helen Chandler
Danny	Edward Woods
Gerald Hart	Sidney Blackmer
Jenny	Evelyn Knapp
Frank Williams	Pat O'Malley
Sadye	Jean Bary

Produced by First National.
Directed by Hobart Henley.

The cry of the mother in this story should have wrung your heart, and it would have, had the acting been adequate or the dialogue more natural.

The picture was made from Helen Grace Carlisle's novel of the same name, which was on the best-seller book lists last year. It is about a mother of four children who is left a widow without money and supports her family by making clothes for other women. Her eldest son has a mean and vicious streak, which gets him into serious trouble time and again. He ends by killing his youngest sister and is condemned to die.

The mother visits him just before his execution and their farewell scene is the only one in the picture that produces a sense of reality. Instead of having my feelings harrowed by the terrible tragedies of the drama they were irritated by the ineptness of the production.

★ COLLEGE LOVERS

CAST

Frank Taylor	Jack Whiting
Madge Hutton	Marion Nixon
Al "Tiny" Courtley	Guinn Williams
Eddie Smith	Russell Hopton

Produced by First National.
Directed by John Adelfi.

The only interesting thing about this picture is the ending. The story takes place on and about a college campus and the stadium. A football game is shown from start to finish—and what a finish! You'll be surprised.

For the rest it is an innocuous tale of love and jealousy among the undergraduates and members of the football squad.

It is not as amusing as it might have been and the acting of the male youngsters is not what one would call finished. Marion Nixon is pretty and competent but the part she plays is not much of a rôle for an actress.

Do you know that—

Norma Talmadge's next picture is to be The Greeks Had a Word for It, which is a current hit on the New York stage?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—None.

★★★—One Heavenly Night, Viennese Nights, The Princess and the Plumber, Lightnin', Min and Bill, Morocco, Tol'able David, Laughter, A Lady's Morals, The Doorway to Hell.

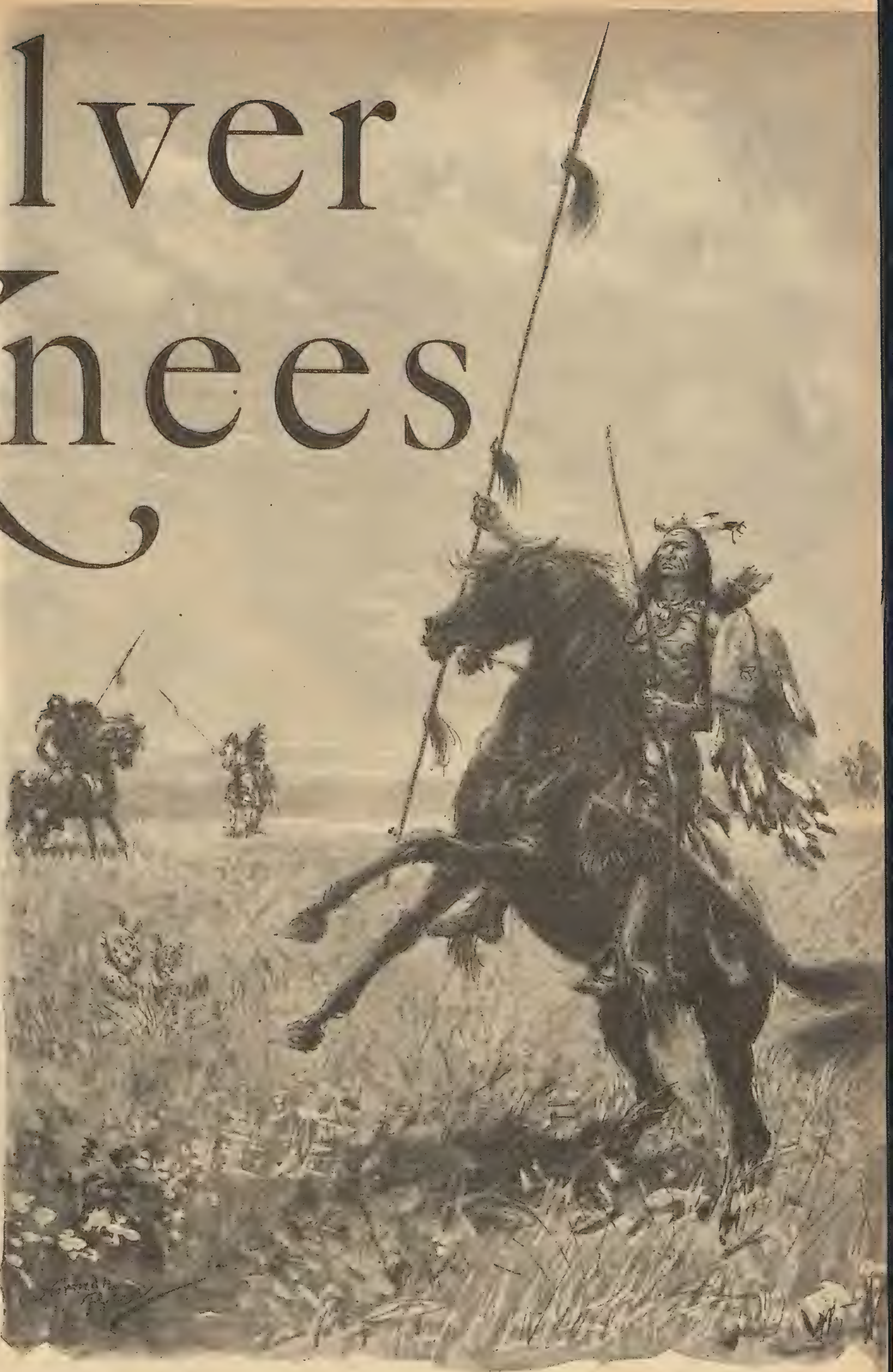
Silver Knees

A Romance of the Rio Grande

By

Robert W. Chambers

Pictures by
Norman Price



With fierce falsetto yells, they pulled up their ponies in a

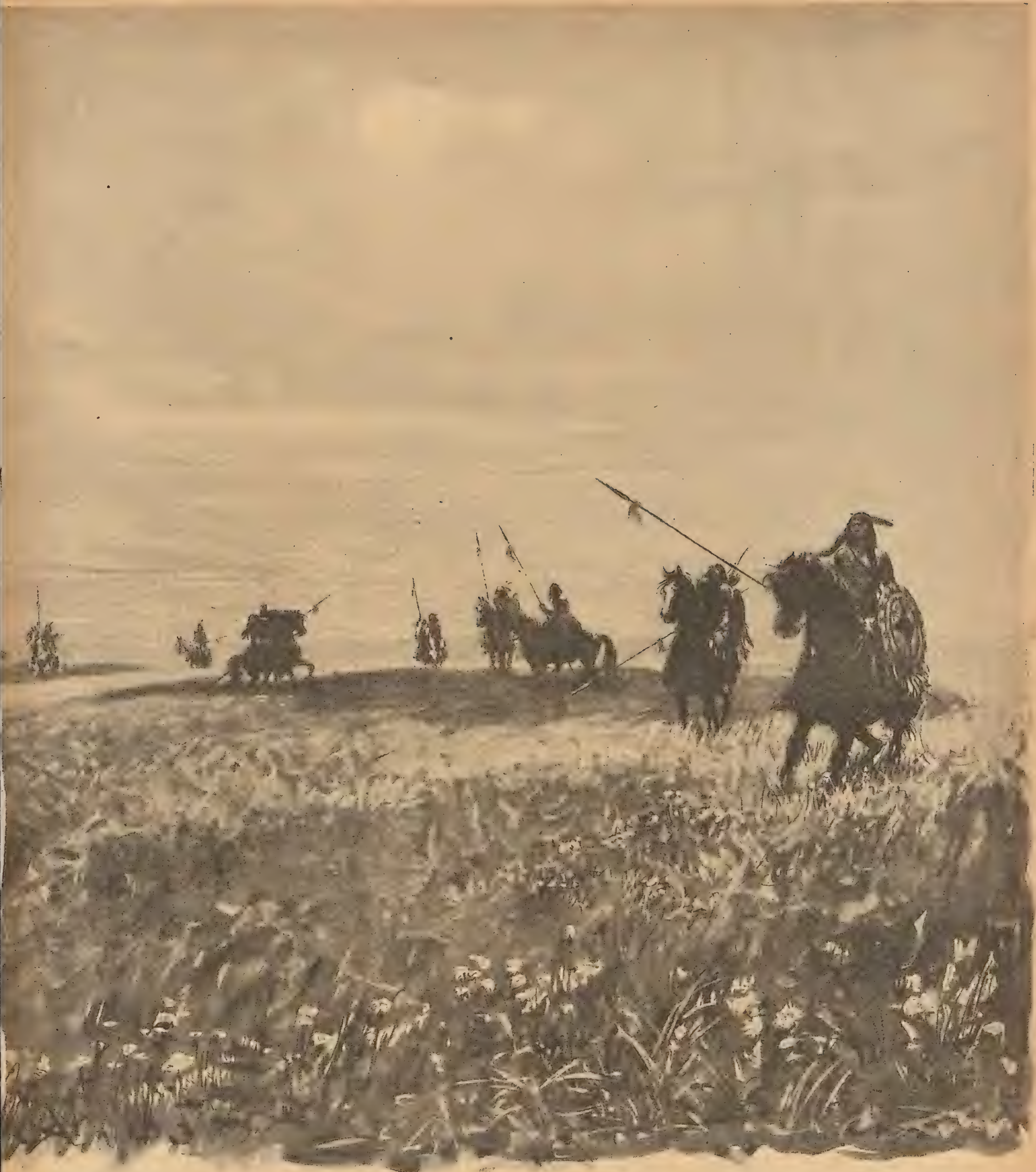
(Reading time: 38 minutes.)

THIS is the story of Captain Maddox's adventures in the war with Mexico. General Taylor made him superintendent of spies, then sent him to Matamoras to gather information. Peep, his scout, and he would have surely lost their lives but for a dancer, Silver Knees, a girl quite white though one of a troupe of Gypsies. In a dance hall Maddox was recognized, the cry of "Spy!" was raised, but Silver Knees managed to lead them through a small door and to a Gypsy encampment, crying: "Brothers! The Gajos are after us!" You can begin here and understand what follows.

Part II—A Picture from the Past

INSTANTLY torch, candle, and lantern on pole, tent, and wagon went out like magic.

There was a hurry of dim shapes, cautious words, gray figures, scarcely visible in the dark, that whispered in our ears, caught our hands, guided us, while behind us the baffled yelling came in fiercer bursts and outcries; and we could hear the gallop of patrols already attracted by the tumult.



wide half circle, and a single warrior rode out, pulled up, and lifted his slim lance.

We were under trees now, then suddenly emerged among the ruins of a deserted hacienda and became tangled in the rank growth of the patio, floundering among wild roses.

The girl led us on into and through the roofless house, lighted only by the stars; on across a crevasse in the garden wall where wild-orange trees grew; and, abruptly, we were inside the city again—some remote quarter I never had seen—a maze of black, dirty, crooked alleys and lanes deep between crazy houses of wood or sun-baked brick, which leaned over the streets so far that their flimsy balconies nearly touched.

Shadowy cats fled before us in the starlight; the scent of jasmine and heliotrope mingled with gutter stinks; there was not a light in any street or alley, not a sound in the deathly stillness.

The girl led on, breathing heavily. Peep fell back to my side, panting.

"This is the quarter of the Kairin—the house-dwelling

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SILVER KNEES
Continued from page thirty-one

A MEXICAN lancer of the period of the story.

Gypsies—the Ursari bear tamers and the chalanes—horse dealers," he murmured with broken breath. "Doubtless little Silver Knees lives here, far from the Calle Mayor, among these dirty casetas. Caramba! What an escape! That rushing bull of an Irishman—that cursed chocador—how your honor felled him—"

He began to gurgle and laugh; and at that moment the girl turned into a pitch-black cul-de-sac.

As we came up I felt her little hand searching for us in darkness; I held hold of her fingers, Peep grasped my sleeve, and we entered a door. There was straw underfoot and it smelled like a stable. The girl was already climbing a ladder. We followed, and came into a starlit room which gave on a low roof.

Here the girl flung herself on a blanket-covered pile of straw, breathing fast and brokenly. Peep went out on the roof for a cautious exploration.

"Sit down," she said to me in English.

When she had recovered her breath a little: "What is a spy, then, that they wished to tear you to pieces?" she demanded.

"There is no use denying I am an American officer."

"Ca! Is there, then, an American army somewhere in Mexico, coming to destroy us?"

"There is no war, so far. There is an army. It comes peacefully, but only to the Rio Grande."

"Here?"

"No; it halts on the farther bank."

"Then why do you come into Matamoras secretly, dressed like a peon?"

"I was ordered to come. . . . Your name is Encarnación, isn't it?"

"Oh, I have names of all sorts: a Gypsy name—a Gypsy name, in mockery—Esmeralda—which means 'betrothal ring'—a jest, you see, because neither chal nor Gajo ever would marry me. . . . My Spanish name is Encarnación. The nuns of the Incarnation christened me—that was before I ran away from them—"

"You ran away from a convent?"

"My feet must always move, señor."

"ARE you really Gypsy?"

"My feet are, anyway. Very restless, señor. . . . So, when the chalanes camped near the mission, over the wall I went—God only knows why—and my Gypsy feet have been moving ever since. I was nine when soldiers took me to the nuns; I was ten when my feet took me into the open world. Wild birds to the woods, señor."

"Are you Gypsy born?"

"God knows. Are there white Gypsies?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, the Comanches caught us when I was nine years old. And maybe when they killed my father and mother and burned them up in our wagon, two Gypsies died in the flames that day. We were on our way to Oregon, I remember. We spoke English, and my mother spoke Gypsy; I do not recollect hearing my father speak Romanes. I have learned Spanish since. That is all I remember concerning myself, señor."

She got up, went to the roof, stood listening. Peep glanced at her and nodded.

"A patrol," she whispered. "Do you hear the horses?"

I heard them trotting along some unpaved, unseen street not far away—heard the rattle of lances in stirrup buckets, the faint ring of saber, spur, and housings.

"Lancers," she motioned with her childish lips.

TWO or three horsemen were groping about the mouth of our impasse.

"Encarnación," I whispered, "do you still stand our friend?"

"Gypsy to Gypsy, do you ask me that, prala?"

"And if I were a rye, querida mia?"

"And if you be chal or hidalgo, or seem like a Gajo or Gorgio, yet the tender Mother of God has made for you a Gypsy heart and given you Gypsy speech—and what more to a man is there than these two, prala?"

"May God remember you, Encarnación. We had been hanging to a rafter at this instant, save for you."

"The Irishmen?"

"Or the Mexicans. But what does the corpse care whether it was a horse or a mule that kicked it?"

She laughed. "How droll you are, your honor! And how kind."

"Mi alma," said I lightly, "death is as funny or as sad as the mirada. It depends upon the look you exchange with Death when you catch sight of the old goat!"

She laughed and laughed.

Peep came in from the roof, saying that the pelotón of lancers had ridden on, and that it was time to go.

Silver Knees stood up very straight. "Are you going?"

"Ei, mi alma."

"Where?"

"Back to those who sent me, chiquita."

"Mother of God, sir, why should your departure meddle with my heart? Stay the night, prala; I don't mean bed with me—"

"Take us to the river, miri pen—my sister; we must go."

"Djas?" she asked pitifully. "Will you go, then?"

"Dila! She is crazy. She is in love with your honor," muttered Peep.

"No," she said vehemently—"not the kind of love that desires to bed with him! But he meddles with my heart when he speaks of departing—"

She suddenly flung both arms around my neck and kissed my hair passionately.

"Mother of God, prala, don't go while our two hearts are so hot, and leave me lonely under these pretty stars!"

When at last I managed very gently to put her away, she stood with her face averted, buried in her tawny hair which her slim hands pressed to her eyes like a handkerchief.

"Devla—devla," she whimpered, then flung her hair free of her face.

"Very well; I understand. You are a spy—espia—bersali in the Gypsy tongue. Your army will come to Matamoras and cut my throat!"

"My little dove," said I, "do you believe it?"

"I don't know," she cried passionately. "Anyway, you shall learn that it will be the throat of a bedora they are slitting—and I am not lying to you, either, whatever is said about me and whatever you think!"

"After all," said Peep soothingly, "that is between you and God's Virgin Mother, whether or not you are as immaculate as you say. We love you anyway for your kindness to us, Silver Knees, and your virginity is no concern of ours."

She began to cry.

"Ask any remacha what success she has had with me, even if I am a dancer, rocamblo. That's all I want of you—friendship—not money. I am no orzica—no harlot, oste—I seek no pirando pirabar—"

All that filth coming from her whimpering, unspoiled mouth of a child gave me a strange sensation of anger and shame—though I knew the dirty frankness of Gypsy speech which so oddly contrasts with their proverbial personal chastity.

"If you really are our friend," said I coldly, "you will guide us to the river and bid us go with God."

Her whimpering ceased instantly. She looked at me through tears.

"Bas!" she said simply.

I GAVE her my hand. She led me down the ladder—Peep following—through an endless row of stables where unseen horses stamped, stirred, snorted, out across a corral into a meadow.

Now through mesquite, now along a narrow path in dense chaparral, now among trees, now skirting marshes and starlit ponds and pools, she led us through the dark.

Now, faintly, we caught the distant singsong hail of the sentries calling from post to post in the Mexican fashion. Against the stars we saw lancers slowly riding, two and two, patrolling the river.

"Where do you wish to go?" she whispered.

"Toward Palo Alto."

"This way, then."

Now we descended a high bank and were at the water's edge, where a boat lay.

The girl pulled a pair of oars from the mesquite. Peep took them, launched the boat, and held it.

"The boat is not mine to give. Take it, all the same. Also, you will need money. Take it—" She pulled a knotted handkerchief from between her young breasts and began to unknot it.

"No, no," I said. "We have friends awaiting us. You are kind—kiss us, little sister, and bless our journey!"

She began to whimper again:

"Vaya con Di-Dios—"

I kissed her forehead, but she clung to me in a passion of tears. "Go with God," she whispered in a strangled voice.

"Oh, Mary Mother, how my heart is hurting me! Sangre de Dios, what ails me, then, that a strange white chal should leave me desolate!"

"I shall not forget you," said Peep gratefully, and, standing up in the boat, he gave her a loud smack between the eyes.

Her face wet with tears, she touched my forehead with her lips, then took my head in both hands and fiercely kissed my mouth.

"Oh, brother," she gasped, "oh, brother—it is my regalo I give—the first ever to any man!"

. . . . . .

The river was about two hundred yards wide and quite swift.

When we landed under the forty-foot bank on the Palo Alto side, I looked back. But I could not see our little Silver Knees—only a vast darkness against a glittering shoal of stars.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Don't read the ad.. just mail the coupon!

Others may repeat our claims but none can duplicate our product. That's why we ask to send you free a generous tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream. See coupon.

GENTLEMEN: Your time's worth money. So is ours. Instead of telling you the glowing things men say about our product, we make this simple statement: *There are more men using Palmolive Shaving Cream today than any other kind.*

1000 men invented it

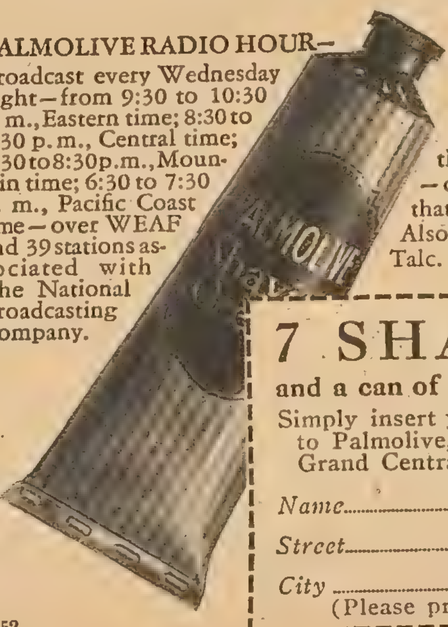
The formula of Palmolive Shaving Cream was written by 1,000 men. They told us where all other methods failed in their opinion—and what they believed a perfect shaving cream should be.

In meeting their demands our chemists made 129 attempts before succeeding. Finally the olive oil principle we know so well resulted in success. A shaving cream was born possessing 5 unique advantages:

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5. Soothing after-effects due to olive and palm oil content.

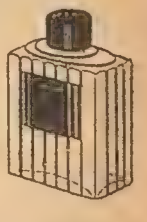
Please take one minute and send the coupon properly filled in. What you receive will well repay your kindness for accepting a supply to try.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—
Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p.m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.



NEW! Palmolive Shave Lotion

Here's a new way to leave the face tingling and fresh—clean and free of germs that cause infections. Try it! Also Palmolive After Shaving Talc.



7 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. M-1167, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

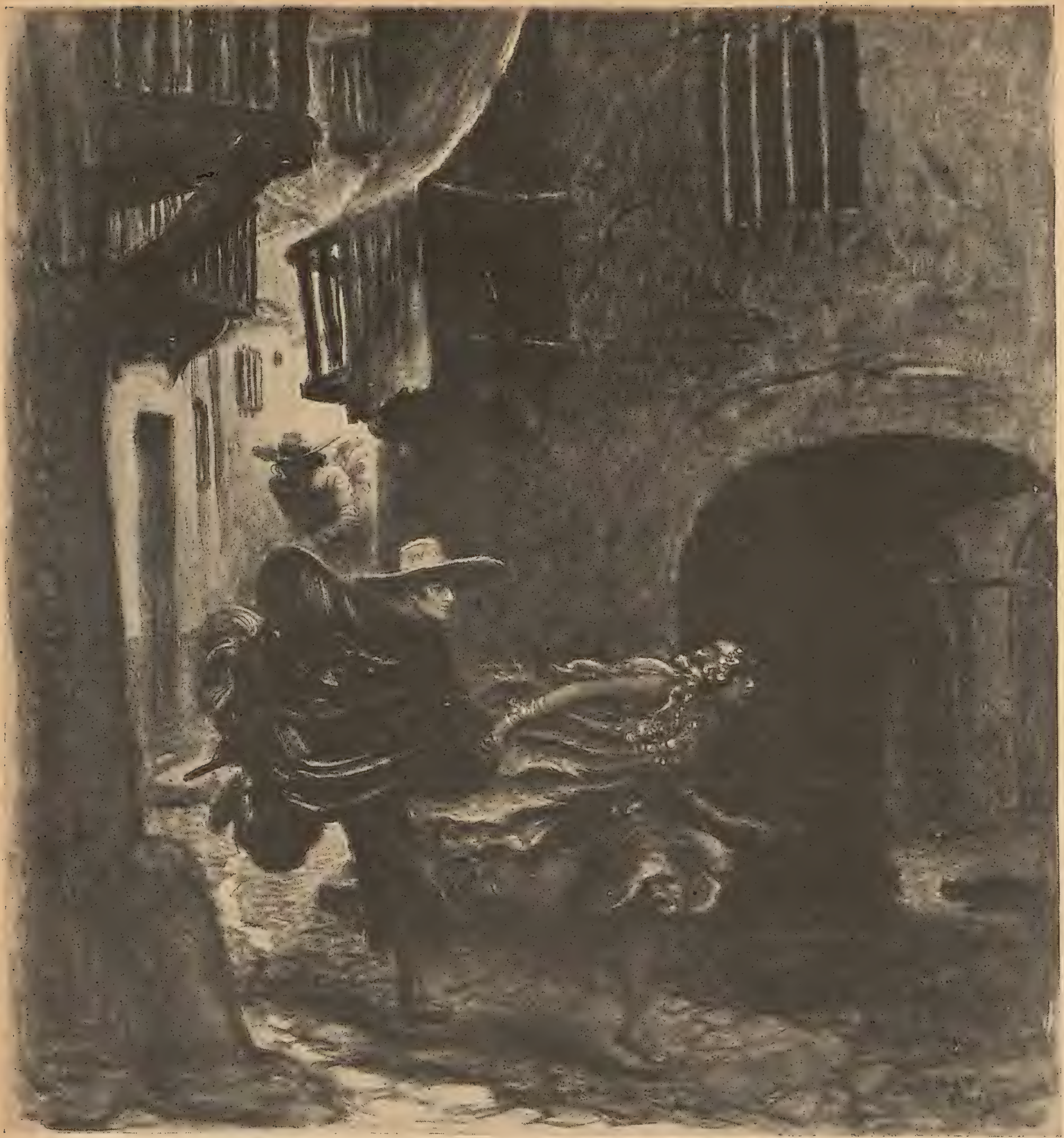
Name.........

Street.........

City......... *State*.........

(Please print your name and address)

6352



Abruptly, we were inside the city again—a maze of black, crooked alleys deep between crazy houses.

[SILVER KNEES
Continued from page thirty-three]

II

THAT gallant old numskull, brevet Brigadier General Zachary Taylor, appeared to be only mildly interested in my report that the Mexican army, in and approaching Matamoras, already outnumbered our own army two or three to one.

"Well, well, Maddox," said he genially, "we are likely to have a busy time of it if war comes."

Wearing a checked shirt, an old brown duster, and carpet slippers, he sat on a camp stool in his big tent, a glass of lemonade at his elbow, glancing absently over my report.

"Well, well," said he in his tranquil, kindly manner, "these fellows may give us some little trouble yet. I guess so. How did they strike you, Maddox? Do they look like good soldiers?"

"Yes, General—except the Presidiales and the Northern Towns battalions. Their cavalry are fine—their lancers—and the line regiments are a sturdy lot. The cavalry and the line will fight if decently led. So will the artillery, the marines, and their renegade St. Patrick's Battalion. As for the Presidiales and National Guard, I don't know, but I doubt if they amount to much."

"Do tell," murmured the general, stifling a yawn. "Well, now, Maddox, I'm certainly much obliged to you. . . . Have some lemonade—" He poured out a glass of it for me and hitched his camp stool closer to me to place a kindly hand on my shoulder. "I'm going to tell you in confidence just what I'm aiming at, Maddox. Here's a secret: I've orders to march to the Rio Grande."

"Then it's to be war, General."

"No, 'tain't, sir. It's just a good-natured, friendly advance to the Rio Grande. If they get mad, I can't help it. If they want to fight, I ain't a-going to run, neither." He smiled, patted my shoulder.

"So that's what I aim to do, Maddox—pitch tents opposite Matamoras and pay 'em a neighborly visit. . . . The fleet sails for Fort Isabel with supplies. My base will be there. It's handy and healthy, they tell me—barring snakes and centipedes."

"Yes, sir, it is," said I, smiling; "I passed through it on my way to Matamoras. I thought it best to make that detour."

"Any troops there?"

"None, sir, and no fort. But it could be easily defended."

"I guess so." He smiled. "We got to defend our pork and powder, Maddox. . . . What's the Arroyo Colorado like?"

"It's about eighty yards in width, General. The banks average fifteen feet high. There's a ford on the Point Isabel road, about four feet deep. On the Mexican side there are woods and thick undergrowth; on ours, clear fields backed by woods. You'll find a sketch of it among the papers in my report. Also a sketch of Point Isabel."

"Oh, well," said the old gentleman, "we'll go through anyway, but I hope they ain't a-going to act foolish when we cross the arroyo."

HE finished his lemonade, patted my shoulder.

"Now I've told you what I'm a-going to do. Now, here is a complication. Some of our dragoons have had a brush with the Comanches near Bexar. I hear we killed some of them. Now, I don't want a muss-up with the Comanches, Maddox; not just now, anyway."

"No, sir; it would be rather bad for us."

"Very," he said mildly. "When I got a tom wildcat by the tail, I ain't got a great deal to hang on to. No, sir. And I need both hands and a good holt. If I had three hands I might reach for the female, which is the most fiercest. But I ain't got four hands."

He smiled, and so did I.

"Well, Maddox," he said, "you better try to get in touch with the she cat—the Comanches. You talk to them pretty. You got a way with you. You tell them all about how the Great White Father in Washington loves 'em. He'd like to skin them—but you needn't say so. Tell 'em he loves Comanches. . . . And after this Mexican fuss is settled, mebbe I'll warm their buttocks for them. Teach 'em to fool with my dragoons!"

"Very well, sir," said I, surprised and troubled. "But I don't speak Comanche or Navajo, sir."

"Jeff Davis tells me you can converse in the sign language."

ONE of my spies, a half-breed Apache, had taught me the simple sign language while I idled in my tent at Corpus Christi.

"I think my Apache interpreter and I can get along, sir," said I. "When shall I start?"

"You better start right away," he remarked, snapping a wood tick from his duster and setting his carpet-slippered heel on it. "And, Maddox, when you're done with the Comanches, you just take a pasear around by Hidalgo—I mean I want you should kinda take a walk-around and kinda peek into their back door and see what they're doing over Matamoras way. Understand, Maddox?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right," he said. "When you're done with the Comanches and have peeked into the back door of Matamoras, just skin around by the hacienda of the Palma family and look me up somewhere along the Matamoras road. I'm a-going to march on the tenth. I'll be on the Nueces on the eleventh, at Agua Dulce on the twelfth, then by San Fernando and the Filisola Wells to the Arroyo Colorado, which I'm a-going to cross, no matter what they do. And after that," he added genially, "you'll find me a-moseying somewheres on the Point Isabel-Matamoras road."

"Yes, sir."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

New Kind of Can Opener "Works Like Magic"

Just a Twist of the Wrist Banishes Old Style Can Openers to the Scrap Heap!

WOMEN universally detest the old-style can opener. Yet in practically every home cans are being opened with it, often several times a day. Imagine then, how thankfully they welcome this new method—this automatic way of doing their most distasteful job. With the wonderful little Speedo can opener you just put the can in the machine, turn the handle, and almost instantly the job is done.

A "Million Dollar" Can Opening Machine

The Speedo holds the can—opens it—flips up the lid so you can grab it—and gives you back the can without a drop spilled, without any rough edges to snag your fingers—all in a couple of seconds! It's so easy even a 10-year-old child can do it in perfect safety! No wonder women—and men, too—simply go wild over it! And no wonder Speedo salesmen sometimes sell to every house in the block and make up to $10 in an hour either spare or full time.

No More Danger

One slip with the old-style can opener! Zipp! You've cut a ragged gash in your finger! Infection! Anything from big doctor bills to amputation or even death may follow. Speedo ends all this danger positively like magic.

Generous Free Test Offer

Frankly, I realize that the facts about this proposition as outlined briefly here may seem almost incredible to you. I'll grant you that the profit possibilities are so tremendous that it's impossible to give more than a mere hint of them here. So I've worked out a plan by which you can examine the invention and test its profit possibilities without risking one penny of your own money!

Mail the Coupon Today

All I ask you to do is to fill out and mail the coupon below. You do not obligate yourself in any way whatever. I'll rush you the details. Get my FREE TEST OFFER while the territory you want is still open—I'll hold it for you while you make the test. I'll send you all the facts about salesmen making up to $100 a week with Speedo. I'll also tell you about another fast selling item in the Central States line that brings you two profits on every sale. All you risk is a 2c stamp—so grab your pencil and shoot me the coupon right now.

CENTRAL STATES MFG. CO., Dept. A-994
4500 Mary Ave. *Est. over 20 years* **St. Louis, Mo.**

Fortunes for Agents!

Here is a startling new opportunity for amazing profits. O. C. Gregg, Wyo., made $20 in 3 hours' spare time. Mrs. R. Spain, Mass., made $9 the very first afternoon she received her sample outfit. Dickinson, Id., cleaned up $950 in just 27 days full time. We furnish everything. Train you. And also give you another amazing "Twin-invention" that offers you double income in every home. Send your name and address quick for FREE TEST OFFER.

Central States Mfg. Co., Dept. A-994,
4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Yes, rush me the facts and details of your FREE TEST OFFER. And tell me how I can make big money.

Name..

Address.......................................

City.......................State...............

( ) Check here if interested only in one for your home.

SILVER KNEES
Continued from page thirty-five

"And by that time," said he, "we'll know whether there is a-going to be war or peace between the United States and Mexico."

We both smiled. There was war already. Only the millions of honest folk of the United States and Mexico—the plain, sober, busy people—did not know it. Some evening, very soon now, a dead lancer lying in the chaparral beside his dead horse would start the blaze of war from the Rio Grande to the Pacific.

Colonel Cross came into my tent while I was getting ready to leave. He said with a shrug:

"Old Zack is sending you out to chase Indians, to be rid of you. He knows nothing of the art of war. He's not a West Pointer. All he knows how to do is to slog along and batter his way into the enemy country and fight 'em as he finds 'em. Some day," he added, "the old blockhead will get his belly full."

III

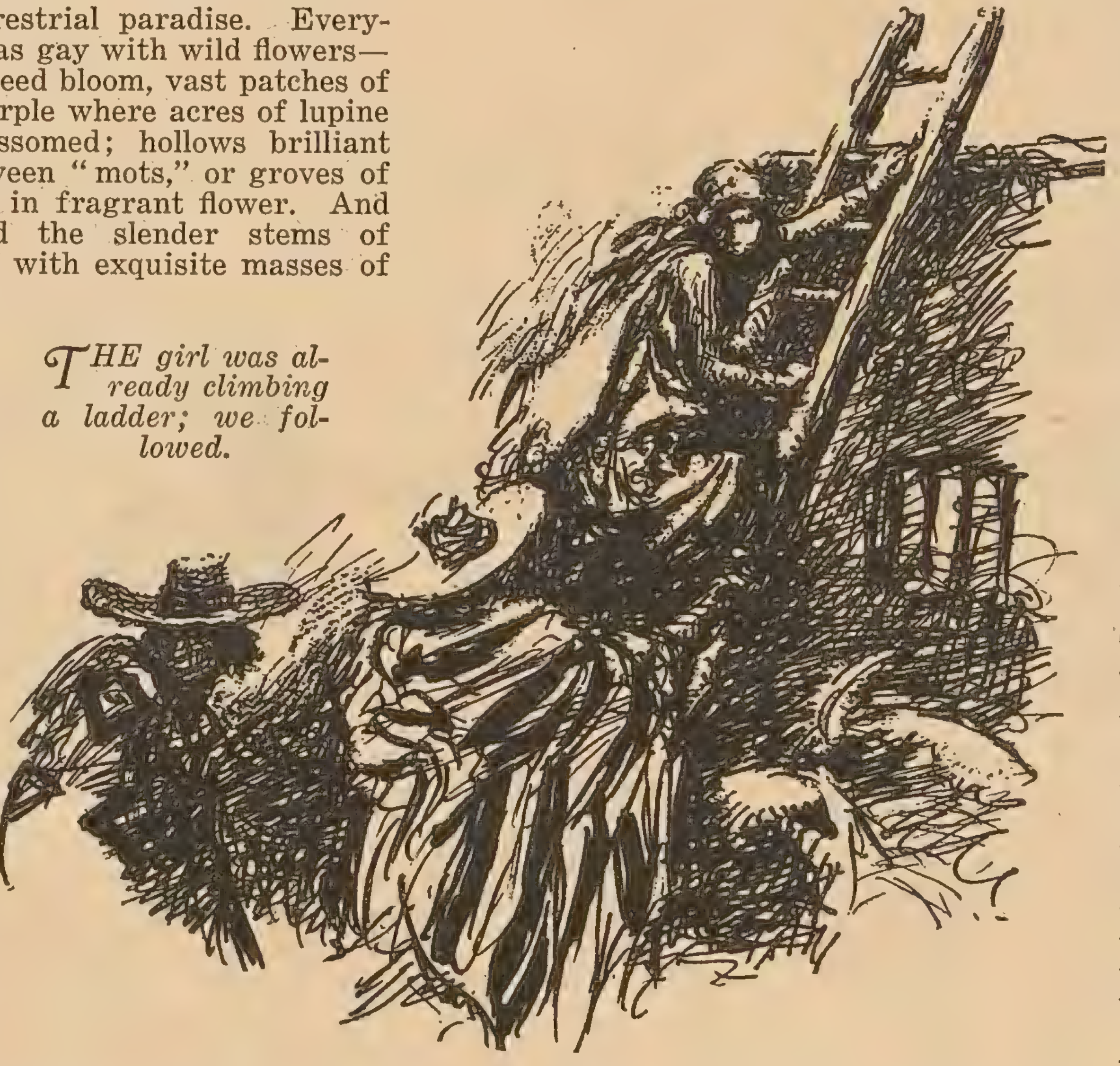
THAT night we crossed by water; and thirty-six hours later I was riding along the Nueces north by west. The moon now was nearing its half; the weather was like July.

I had with me a small troop of scouts—Pio Pacheco, or Peep; José Escobar, or Hozy; Dan Sleeny; the two Texas Rangers; Frank Haslett and Gordon Bruce; Calixto, a gentle Mistec Indian, and my orderly; and Emilio Bandara, the half-breed Apache, my chief guide and interpreter, and from whom, during the shamefully idle days at Corpus Christi, I had very easily learned the universal sign language used by Indians of all nations.

We slept that night near a pond of clear, sweet water, set in a rich country of prairie and delightful woodlands. At dawn I had a heavenly bath; and a few minutes later our little cavalcade rode out through a real terrestrial paradise. Everywhere the prairie was gay with wild flowers—rosy phlox and fireweed bloom, vast patches of celestial blue and purple where acres of lupine and spiderwort blossomed; hollows brilliant with primroses between "mots," or groves of stunted locust trees in fragrant flower. And everywhere towered the slender stems of Spanish bayonet set with exquisite masses of snow-white blossoms.

As for game, never in my life had I dreamed that there were so many wild animals in America. Innumerable herds of deer moved in every direction.

Wild horses were to be seen everywhere. Herds of antelope stared at us across the mesquite. Bands of peccaries—little neat-looking, slate-colored wild boar—trotted about their fierce business between chaparral and mot. Bandara advised us to let them alone.



THE girl was already climbing a ladder; we followed.

Everywhere thousands and thousands of wild geese and ducks were swimming in the sloughs and ponds or flying in angular formation or in great, wavering strings. Their clamor was incessant. Curlew called, snipe squawked and darted into crazy, skyward flight; tall, solemn, respectable-looking cranes stalked in dignified groups across the plains, like parties of distinguished old gentlemen promenading for their health.

But the most impressive of all creatures were the superb wild bulls that lifted their magnificent heads from the reeds to glare at us.

These are my memories of that six-day ride into the northwest, between chaparral and marsh, mot and prairie.

Not a human habitation, not a human being, nothing but this God-created paradise unpolluted by the filthiest of all living creatures upon our earth—the sinister creature that the Almighty had made in His own image.

IV

ONE morning Bandara, riding beside me, pointed skyward. There was a flock of buzzards wheeling in narrow circles up there; another flock swooping in wider circles nearer the ground. Something lay dead yonder. Or the attraction might be offal from an Indian encampment.

For although the row with the Comanches had occurred at Bexar, Bandara, always full of mysterious intuition or information, or both, expected to find a Comanche camp near a certain prairie, encircled by a series of ponds between two mots, known as the Garden of the Angels. And we were not far from it now.

There was no state of war between the Comanches and our government at present. The clash with the dragoons had been most unfortunate, but it did not mean war by any means.

I realize now, however, that we took our lives in our hands, and that everybody knew it except myself.

Presently Bandara made out a haze of smoke hanging among the trees. The blue tint was so faint that I had not noticed it at all. "Comanches," he said. He added calmly, "And here they come, sir."

Of course they had discovered us before we had seen them. Bandara had expected that. But that they should burst upon our view at a dead run gave me a shock.

Now Bandara led us into an open mot of locust trees, where, in a hollow, we tied our horses. Then, in a circle, each man to a tree with rifle loaded, we awaited the headlong arrival of the most ferocious Indians in North America.

They appeared very quickly, flogging their war ponies—rushing streaks of fluttering feathers skimming the grass like gaudy birds. Feathered lances and war crests glimmered above befeathered shields of painted bull's hide. "Houp! Houp! Yip! Yip!" they yelped as they came tearing toward the mot where we awaited them, as though they meant to sweep through the trees like a wave of prairie fire.

But at a hundred yards, with fierce falsetto yells, they pulled up their spotted ponies in a wide half circle, and a single warrior, stark naked except for a scarlet clout flanked by two antelope tails, rode out through the flowery meadow, pulled up, and lifted his slim lance.

"Come, your honor," said Bandara to me. "These are Quahada Comanches and seem ready to parley."

Peep fetched my horse and Bandara's; we mounted and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-ONE]

I hurried home from a week-end party

to consult this great dermatologist about your complexion problems

It was a nice party, too! Thanksgiving week-end at a lovely old house out on Long Island. Our hostess urged us all to stay over Sunday night and everybody accepted but me.

However, I had an appointment at 10 o'clock Monday morning—with one of New York's famous dermatologists. So *I* came on home!

But, really, it was quite worth the sacrifice. For this great physician was such a very simple, human sort of person—and *very* easy to talk to. He told me he has many patients who come to him with just the complexion problems so many of you write me about—blackheads, acne or whiteheads.

"Will these conditions clear up of themselves?" I asked.

"Not usually," he told me. "They need a doctor's care—especially acne. But after such conditions have yielded to treatment, the only care I prescribe is regular cleansing with a mild soap."

"You, of course, believe Camay is such a soap, don't you?"

"Yes," he replied, "I have tested this soap carefully and am very much pleased with it. I very often prescribe it for my patients. And my own daughter likes it very much."

"In your opinion, is there any complexion too dry or too delicate to use such a mild soap as Camay?" I asked.

"No," came the answer.

"And oily skins, of course, need frequent cleansing with soap and water?" I went on.

"Yes," said the dermatologist, "two or three times a day. An oily skin needs an astringent, too," he added.

"What kind would you recommend?" I asked.

"Well, in all my experience, I've found nothing so good as ice-water. Just plunge your face into a bowl of ice-water. This tightens up the pores and tends to keep them from being over-active in producing oil."

If you will write for my free booklet, "Face Your World with Loveliness," you'll find even more complexion help than there's room for here. Write me at Dept. YLL-11, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Helen Chase

Camay has been tested and approved by 73 eminent dermatologists—no other complexion soap ever had such medical approval.

What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval as stated in this advertisement.

Wm Allen Pusey M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of American dermatology.)

CAMAY [CALLED CALAY IN CANADA] IS A PROCTER & GAMBLE SOAP—10¢ A CAKE

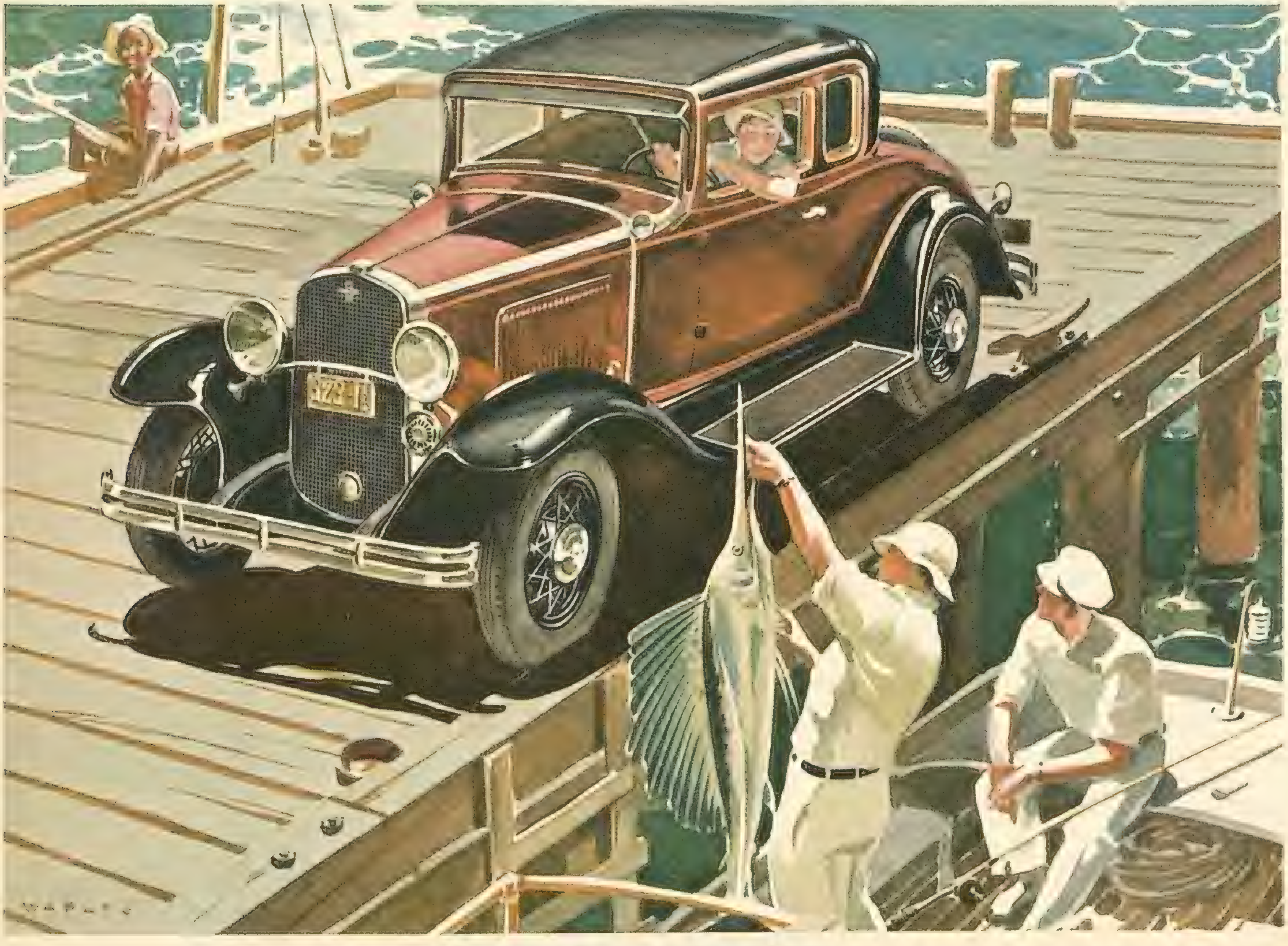
BIGGER
AND
BETTER

THE GREAT AMERICAN VALUE

A new and improved six-cylinder car—yet lower in price than ever

CHEVROLET

In the bigger and better Chevrolet Six, Chevrolet and General Motors have combined their resources to set a new standard of value for the American motor car. Fundamentally, this new automobile retains all the basic advantages that have earned the approval of over two million buyers. But one feature after another—in body, chassis, and engine—has undergone substantial improvement. You will find smart and distinctive new lines—roomier, more luxurious Fisher bodies, which include many pleasing refinements—easier riding, easier steering and easier gear-shifting—numerous chassis advancements—and a remarkably smooth, quiet six-cylinder valve-in-head



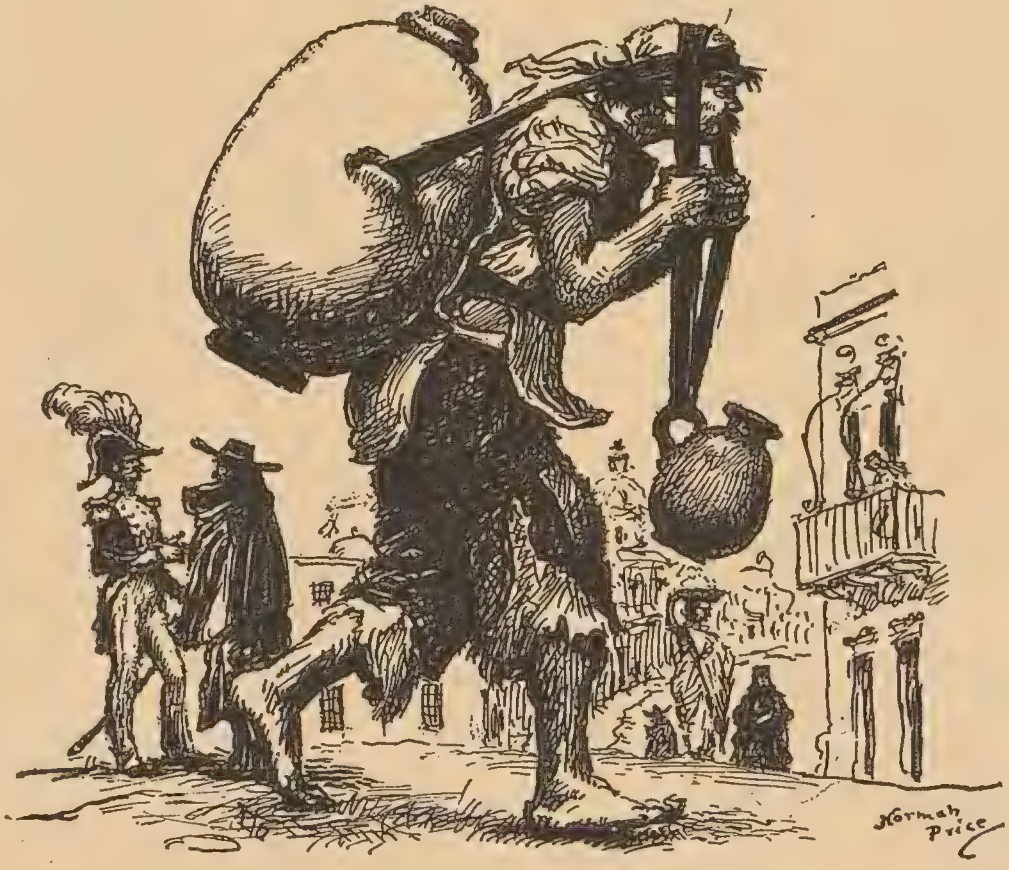
The Chevrolet Sport Coupe with rumble seat

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

rode to the edge of the mot, our loaded rifles across our saddles.

The strange mounted warrior sat stock-still on his pony, watching us. I flung up my arm, palm outward. Up went his arm. I rode slowly toward him, and we met midway between his mounted warriors and our party.

With my rifle balanced across my pommel, and using both hands, I offered him a friendly greeting in the sign language. He returned it warily.



A Mexican water carrier of the 1840s.

Then, by sign, questions and answers followed:

I: "I come with an embassy from General Taylor, to speak in friendship to the Quahada—the Antelope Eaters."

He: "We are Quahada Comanches. Speak."

I: "General Taylor has heard that there has been a fight between American Long Knives and the Quahada, near Bexar. Is it true?"

He: "It is true."

I: "Has Quahada blood been spilled?"

He: "The Long Knives also bled. We paid them back, drop for drop. The debt is settled."

I: "Have scalps been taken?"

He: "None. It was a fight, not a war."

I: "Then there is no war between the Quahada and the Long Knives?"

He: "The Quahada are not afraid if the Long Knives wish a war."

I: "Nor are the Long Knives afraid. But they do not want a war. Why should we have war? The Great White Father at Washington loves the Comanches. The Quahada are his children. Our Long Knives at Bexar had no orders to quarrel with the Quahada, who are our brothers. The Great White Father is very sad because his children have quarreled. He desires all his children to live together in peace and friendship."

He: "It was the fault of the Long Knives at Bexar. We of the Quahada have no quarrel with them. But we have a quarrel with the Navajos. Why did the Long Knives interfere when we drove off the Navajo horse herd?"

I: "It was a mistake. The Long Knives mistook the Quahada for Yaquis and feared for their own wagons."

I BECKONED Bandara to come up. The Comanche never stirred. There ensued a silence. The Comanche stared fiercely at us both out of brilliant black eyes.

"Speak to him if you can," I said in Spanish to Bandara.

Bandara spoke rapidly in the Apache tongue. The Comanche replied. Presently both men pushed their horses forward and shook hands. Then the Quahada chief offered me his hand, and I took it.

Bandara said to me: "It is settled. This is a war party hunting for Navajos. This is Lame Wolf, a Comanche chief. He says that his young men would like to smoke the pipe with your honor."

"Very well," said I; "let us smoke together."

And in a little while these fierce, crazy-brained pagans and my own men were seated amicably in a circle around our fire, where venison and antelope were roasting, passing the red pipe from lip to lip.

I felt as though I were dining with a pack of pumas. They were the wildest-eyed creatures I ever had seen on earth. And they were utterly untamed, ferocious, irresponsible—and even had the rank, feral smell about them—a strong, wolflike stink natural to their species, and not because of their dirty, painted, and greased bodies. Bandara talked amiably to them, translating into Spanish what they said, for my benefit.

They boasted of their success against the Navajos. They impudently bragged of atrocities perpetrated on white people before the latest peace was made—of horrors practiced on poor emigrants along far frontiers.

The Lame Wolf, with a diabolical leer, pulled from his antelope-tail flaps a knotted calico rag, and, undoing it, displayed the dry, smoke-cured hand of a white woman.

In the packet there was, also, one of the new daguerreotypes, the oval pinchbeck frame of which dangled from a cowrie necklace around his neck.

"HE says," interpreted Bandara, "that he took this woman's hand, and the picture, in 1837. He says this dead hand is big medicine, and no bullet can ever harm him while he carries it."

I reached over and picked up the pitiable relics of this murdered white woman. The hand, which bore a tarnished wedding ring, was mummified but shapely—the bones small and fingers delicately formed. I looked at the oval bit of lacquered tin. On it was a tinted picture of a child—a daguerreotype of a blue-eyed girl in curls and gingham dress.

The child's face was like a lovely cameo, delicately incised as the clear-cut features of a little Egyptian princess. A shock of tawny hair framed the face.

I showed it to Peep.

"Mother of God!" said he. "It is Silver Knees!"

"That's what I think," said I. "She must have looked like that."

"She is only seventeen now," said he. "Where did this tiger of a Comanche find it?"

I spoke to Bandara. He talked to the Lame Wolf, who was tearing with teeth and fingers at a strip of half-cooked venison.

Between grunts and gulps and belches, he answered; and Bandara translated the story to us in Spanish:

"Six years after the Black Hawk War," said he, "the Lame Wolf, then a young man not yet a warrior, desired a charm. But the Comanche medicine men were no good. A Piute killed one of them, a Clawath another, and a Digger shot a bird arrow into another. So he says that when he saw that even a Digger could harm a Quahada sorcerer, he made up his mind to pay a visit to Black Hawk's celebrated prophet, Naopopi, and ask him for a charm against bullets. Naopopi told him to take the left hand of a white woman who had a girl child with her, and cure and smoke it. The Lame Wolf never had a chance to do this until emigrants began to travel again.

"It was then he killed this white woman and a man with her; and he severed the hand and cured and smoked it. The dead he burned in their own wagon. The child he took up on his horse. He says he would have made a Comanche squaw of her, only that a squadron of Mexican Presidiales surprised his band, and he had to drop the child and gallop for his life."

"Where did this happen?" I asked.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

COLUMBIA
UNIVERSITY
HOME STUDY COURSES

Have You Progressed During the Past 3 Years?

FEW people are really satisfied with the honest answer. The question is bluntly asked to induce men and women to undertake study at home. Thousands of people realize that they should study at home—but never start. These thousands intend to prepare themselves better for their work or their enjoyment of life—but they delay. They *know* that they would progress faster, and enjoy life more, but still they postpone. « « « Columbia University, as one of the world's leading educational institutions, *urges* you to use part of your time to increase by study your capacity to do better the things that lie before you in life. Your days may be so full that you have little time for directed study, but for most people there are many hours during which profitable, enjoyable, and interesting knowledge can be acquired. The range of subjects offered is wide. « « « « « « « «

HOME STUDY COURSES

ACCOUNTING
AGRICULTURE
AMERICAN GOVERNMENT
APPLIED GRAMMAR
BANKING
BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION
BUSINESS ENGLISH
BUSINESS LAW
BUSINESS MATHEMATICS
BUSINESS ORGANIZATION
BUSINESS PSYCHOLOGY
CHEMISTRY
CHILD PSYCHOLOGY
CLASSICS
COMPOSITION
CONTEMPORARY NOVEL
CORPORATION FINANCE
DRAFTING
DRAWING AND PAINTING
ECONOMICS
ENGLISH COMPOSITION
ENGLISH LITERATURE
EUROPEAN HISTORY
FIRE INSURANCE
FRENCH
GEOMETRY
GERMAN
GRAMMAR
GREEK
HARMONY
HIGH SCHOOL COURSES
HISTORY
INVESTMENTS
ITALIAN
JUVENILE STORY WRITING
LANGUAGES
LATIN
LIBRARY SERVICE
LITERATURE
MAGAZINE ARTICLE WRITING
MARKETING
MATHEMATICS
PERSONNEL ADMINISTRATION
PHILOSOPHY
PHOTOPLAY COMPOSITION
PHYSICS
POETRY
PSYCHOLOGY
PUBLIC SPEAKING
RELIGION
SECRETARIAL STUDIES
SHORT STORY WRITING
SOCIOLOGY
SPANISH
STENOGRAPHY
TYPEWRITING
WORLD LITERATURE
ZOOLOGY, ETC., ETC.

These courses have been prepared by our instructors to meet the special requirements of study at home. While all material essential to the full understanding of each subject is covered, elasticity is allowed to permit adaptation to individual needs. Everyone who enrolls is personally taught by a member of the University teaching staff. We shall send on request full information about these home study courses. « « « We offer also complete high school and college preparatory training through courses covering four years of high school study. We shall be glad to send our special high school bulletin upon request. « « « « « «

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY,
University Extension—*Home Study Department,*
New York, N. Y.

Please send me full information about Columbia University Home Study Courses. I am interested in the following subject: Lib. 1-17-31

....
Name...
Street and Number.........................
City..................................*State*..................
Occupation..................................

SILVER KNEES
Continued from page forty-one

After a lengthy conversation: "He says that the man and woman were killed and their bodies and the wagon burned in the chaparral on the Pecos where are three springs of water together—two bitter and salt and hot, and one sweet and cold.

"He says that his band plundered the wagon, stripped from it the tires and all ironwork; that there was an iron chest in the wagon which they lifted out and opened. It was too heavy to break up or carry away, and had only papers in it, so they left it in the chaparral, burned the wagon and bodies, and rode away, only to be surprised and chased by Sonora lancers from the Presidio near Pecos."

"Ask him what were the names of the white people he murdered."

But the Lame Wolf didn't know.

"Where are these three springs on the Pecos?" I asked.

Both Peep and Bandara knew the springs very well.

"That," said I to Peep, "is probably where our little Silver Knees of Matamoras lost her father and mother. I believe this is her picture. When this trouble with Mexico is ended, you and I will ride there and look through the chaparral for the iron chest with its papers. It might be very fortunate for Silver Knees to learn who she really is."

"Did she tell your honor this same story that this filthy Comanche has just told to Bandara?" he asked.

"She did. And that picture, in my opinion, is certainly a picture of Silver Knees."

I asked Bandara to offer to buy the little oval daguerreotype from the Comanche. He nodded and offered it to me for half a pound of powder; but he would not sell the pinchbeck frame which hung from his neck. It, also, was very powerful medicine, he said.

When the stinking, gulping, slobbering Quahada were as full fed as gluttonous jaguars, and the last bone from spit and kettle had been picked clean, the Quahada got up, gorged, greasy, their paint-daubed bellies heavy with blood and fat, and scarce able to waddle to their ponies.

THERE were no adieus. It was not their habit. They had eaten all there was to eat; they had said all there was to say. The Navajos, not the whites, happened to be their quarry at the moment. Half stupefied by their gluttony, bedaubed with food and war paint, they got themselves aboard their nervous ponies and headed slowly toward the open prairie where lay their murder trail—the fiercest, cruelest, most beastly and debased human creatures I ever had laid eyes upon.

Peep said to me that the Apaches and Yaquis were fiercer. Bandara overheard him and gave me a terrifying grin.

"Maybe," said he, "el tigre blood is in me, but there are no rosettes on my yellow hide and I am your honor's friendly hound to track his enemies to death."

"Dios," said Peep, "they stank like dog-wolves! They are wild beasts for certain, and some, they say, even grow tails."

"Those are bulls' tails which they tie to their belts and trail behind them," said Bandara scornfully—"like the buffalo horns which they scrape thin and which seem to sprout from their lousy heads. Comanches are no more than men, after all, amigo."

"Wolves suckle them sometimes," insisted Peep.

"By God," growled Frank Haslett, "we had them where we wanted them, Cap, when they was all a-guzzlin' around our fire. A look from you was all I wanted to let loose on 'em."

"YOU wouldn't have murdered them in cold blood, would you?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; just like they was a passel o' coyotes a-settin' up around a dead hawg," burst out Sleeny. "Me an' Bruce was wishful that they'd make some dirty play. By jeez, Cap, we could ha' gobbled 'em all!"

Bandara remarked that such behavior would have been shameful; Haslett replied jeeringly; then I put a stop to further argument.

Whether or not we had averted a Comanche war I did not know. But I had executed my orders.

On the long trail to the Pecos we mounted guard every night. All the men maintained that the Quahada were treacherous enough to dog our trail and try to run off our horses. Bandara said so, too.

However, nothing more dangerous than coyotes came near our fire; we saw not a living soul from sun to sun.

Half a dozen times a day I fished from my pocket the daguerreotype and studied the features, sometimes convinced, sometimes doubting that this really was a picture of the strange little Matamoras Gitana called Silver Knees. Yet, even if it was, her history was only the frequent and tragic story of many a child whose parents had been murdered on the blind trails that run from east to west across a hemisphere almost utterly unexplored.

The men guarding the outposts of Texan civilization regard all Indians as lobos and consider all Mexicans as coyotes, to be exterminated on sight.

Fate wills it. The occult energy which started the white hegira from the Atlantic to the Pacific still drives us like damned men. It is ordained: the whites must march. All shall give way before them. Nothing ever can check us, not even the Pacific itself—perhaps—

So, day after day, with these vague thoughts ever stirring in my mind, my horse belly-deep in wild flowers and in my palm the oval picture of a child, I rode on toward the upper river and the ford above Hidalgo.

There was nothing but a few ranchos there. Bandara told me that the great herds of horses had been driven across the river and south by the rancheros, and the Presidiale cavalry summoned southward from the Pecos.

We needed bread very badly, but Bandara said we'd have to wait until we had reconnoitered Matamoras. We could pick up grain and corn at the hacienda of Esperanza on our return.

We were riding, I recollect, along a broad road through chaparral, and were just coming out into a flowery meadow, when, right ahead of us, we heard yells, screams, and loud shouting, and suddenly arrived in view of some odd-looking covered wagons halted on the road. A body of mounted men—some two dozen in all—were galloping around these wagons, shouting and chasing men, women, and children across the grass in every direction; and I saw instantly, by their uniforms, that they were volunteer dragoons and mounted rifles.

"What's that they're doing to the wagon train?" I said sharply to Bandara. "Why are they chasing those women and children?"

"I think," said he, "that our volunteers are making sport with a band of traveling Gypsies."

AS we spurred out of the chaparral toward them, these cavalrymen caught sight of us, evidently taking us for Mexican bandits, for their bugler sounded a sharp alarm and they quitted their cruel activities and came scampering back to the road, huddling together in a panicky attempt to form and receive us. I pulled out my white handkerchief and, holding it fluttering, galloped on toward them, and straight up to their officer—a big, mean-faced lout of a lieutenant who swaggered in his saddle, his drawn saber shining in his gloved fist.

"Sir," said I, "why do you stop this Gypsy caravan and chase women and children with your troopers?"

"Who in hell are you?" he retorted.

"I'm Captain Maddox of the Military Intelligence. Be good enough to answer my question."

He was clearly in two minds whether to salute me, but he did. He said, sulkily, that his men were having a little fun with a Mexican wagon train.

"What is your name, sir?"

He told me, sullenly.

"Sir," said I, "you and your command disgrace your uniforms. No Mexican ranchero is more brutal and cruel."

He reddened violently, opened his lips to speak, gulped.

"One word out of you," said I, "and I prefer charges against you, and you can tell your story to a court-martial."

I turned and said to Bandara, so that all my men could hear me: "Ride over to those poor folk and find out whether any of their women have been maltreated."

He whirled his horse and cantered out across the meadow. There came

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

1 Avoid reinfection from germ-filled handkerchiefs.
2 Reduce spread of infectious germs.
3 Save the trouble of unpleasant laundering.
4 Each time a clean, soft, fresh, sanitary tissue.

Kleenex . . . *now* instead of handkerchiefs use it once . . . then discard.

Hygienic tissues used by thousands to replace handkerchiefs during season of colds.

THOUSANDS who have adopted Kleenex find the old-time handkerchief impossibly unclean, unsanitary.

You will notice the difference particularly during colds.

A handkerchief used just once is filled with infectious germs. Think of carrying it to your face time after time! Think of stuffing it away in purse or pocket. Think how unfair to those about you, to scatter bacteria through the air as you do every time you use a soiled handkerchief.

Gentler than handkerchiefs

You use a Kleenex tissue just once. Then you discard it. Germs of infection are discarded, too. Each Kleenex tissue that touches your face is soft, gentle, dry, *clean* and wonderfully absorbent. Soothing to inflamed skin.

Kleenex is ideal for children. It costs less than commercial laundering of handkerchiefs. Office workers find Kleenex ideal. Thousands keep a package always handy in the desk.

Safe way to remove cold cream

Kleenex is considered the only safe and sanitary way to remove creams and cosmetics from the face by scores of leading beauty experts. The tissues are so very absorbent that dirt and make-up are absorbed along with cleansing cream. It is much more sanitary than towels and "cold cream cloths." Any drug, dry goods or department store will supply you.

Kleenex Company, Chicago, Illinois

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE

L 1-1

Kleenex Company,
Lake Michigan
Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me a trial supply of Kleenex.

KLEENEX
CLEANSING TISSUES

Name..........
Street..........
City.......... State..........
(In Canada address: 330 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.)

SILVER KNEES
Continued from page forty-three

an uneasy stirring among the volunteers which I thought might be a tendency to bolt.

I called out to my men: "Shoot anybody who leaves those ranks!" And, to their lieutenant: "Control your command, sir, or I'll do it for you!"

Down in the meadow I saw Bandara talking to a group of men and women. After a little while he came trotting back to us from the wagons.

"No harm done, your honor," said he. "These brave caballeros were afraid of the Gypsy knives. The women and young girls fought them off."

I turned to the scowling, uneasy troopers. "The crime of rape," said I, "is punished, in the army, by death. You volunteers have already acquired the contempt of the regulars, and a sorry reputation for indiscipline, cowardice, and cruelty. I don't care what state or territory you come from; you're all tarred by the same brush. And what you are doing is going to sow a hatred throughout Mexico toward the United States which a hundred years of peace cannot quench. You belong among rancheros and Comanches, not among soldiers.

"Take your command out of here," said I to the lieutenant. He was speechless with shame and rage and had no voice. All he was able to do was to lift his shaking saber and swing it forward. Past my derisive and sneering men trotted the infuriated volunteers, headed southeast; and we watched them in disgust until they broke into a gallop and disappeared behind the chapparal.

The Gypsies in the meadow had hitched up their mules and horses and oxen, which the volunteers had unhitched, and the caravan was already in motion.

"They can't come this way," said I to Bandara. "If the Comanches don't get them, the rancheros or our volunteers will."

"They are fleeing from Matamoras," said he, "dreading a bombardment and sack."

"They'd better go the other way," said I. "Tell them so."

HE and Peep rode off toward the slowly moving caravan. The river ran along the meadow's farther edge, where were pretty woods and a ford which led across to the Hidalgo-Matamoras wet-weather road, and from where we could make a circle of the city as far as Reynosa and perhaps take a peep in at the back door. Near a clear pool on the wood's edge we off-saddled and made camp. I had had a refreshing drink and a bath, and was eating an antelope-and-root stew, unseasoned by pepper, when I saw the Gypsy wagons come down the meadow's edge near the ford. Very soon up went their brown tents; their animals were turned out to graze and the smoke of their fires mounted straight in the still evening air.

Bandara said: "They are very happy to be under your honor's protection."

Peep, who had not returned with him, came in presently with a big basket of candy and another of tortillas.

"Dulces!" he exclaimed in delight. "And bread, your honor! They send us a basketful fresh out of Matamoras.

"By the way, your honor," he said to me, as I stretched myself out on my blanket with a cigar between my lips, "our little friend Silver Knees is with them."

"Oh," said I, "are they those Gypsies?"

"Yes, the bear tamers. They've got a couple of black bears with them."

"Have they decided to travel southwest?"

"No," said he; "they've decided it's safer for them in Matamoras, and they're going back there."

"I think I'll walk over and talk to Silver Knees," said I. "I want her to see the daguerreotype."

"She told me to say to your honor that she is coming here after supper," said he indistinctly, his mouth full of chocolate candy.

Lying flat on my back I could see the Gypsy fires across the meadow. Evidently they had recovered from their scare, for the wild wail of fiddles, throbbing of guitars, and bang and jingle of tambourines came to us, and on the night air hung a faint and savory odor from their camp kettles.

We mounted guard en vidette, to be relieved every three hours—Frank Haslett and Bandara taking the first tour of duty while Peep, Calixto, Bruce, Hozy, Dan Sleeny, and I slept.

As the videttes mounted and rode out, I said to them: "If a girl called Encarnación comes from the Gypsy camp, tell her to come to the fire and wake me up."

In the Gypsy camp they were dancing a lively czardas when I fell asleep.

V

I WOKE with the touch of a human hand on my face, softly tracing my features. As I opened my eyes, a coin necklace jingled; the hovering hand fell away.

There she crouched in all her Gypsy finery.

"Is your honor well?" she whispered in Spanish, with a slanting glance at the sleeping men around the fire.

I got up; she led me to the river bank.

"Is all well with you, Silver Knees?" I asked smilingly, in English.

"Si, señor. But, oh, Captain Don Juan, I have been very lonely. Where have you been so long?"

"Talking to wild Comanches."

"Your blue-coat soldiers who chased us in the meadow are no wilder," she said bitterly. "One great fool got me by the body and tore my waist. I told him I was virginal and to let me alone. 'By God,' said he, 'that's what I'm looking for!' I said, 'For Jesus' sake, let me loosen my garters, then.' And so I got at my knife; and when I gave him a little stab he was so astonished that he let me go. 'Xa mro khar!' I said to him—"

"Don't use that foul language," said I; "you know better, don't you?"

She shrugged: "Ei—yes."

"Rotten words spoil a pretty mouth, Silver Knees."

"Ceces—it's true. Nais tuke—thank you." She hung her head a trifle; her hand played absently with mine. Then she looked up cheerfully: "Did your honor enjoy the dulces we sent to you in thanks for your honor's protection against your wild Comanche soldiers?"

"Yes," said I, smiling; and thanked her.

"Lying by the fire," said I, "even after a full supper, I smelled the zumi in your camp kettles and it made me hungry again."

"Oh, prala," she cried, "let me run over and fetch some for you—"

"No, thank you, sister; hunger is asleep again—"

"But, brother, our zumi is made of chicken with sweet peppers, onions, parsley, tomatoes, potatoes, and bacon—"

She sprang to her feet.

"No," I laughed, detaining her and pulling her down to her knees beside me. "And look, pretty sister," said I, showing her the daguerreotype by the light of her lantern, "see what I brought you from the Comanches! A picture of a child which looks like you!"

She squatted upon her haunches like any young Gypsy girl, and held the picture close to the lantern-light. "Mother of God," she exclaimed in amazement, "this is I myself!"

In next week's installment of the story Captain Maddox finds himself still more bewildered by the mystery that is Silver Knees—and then plunges into the whirlwind of war.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Dad's Rival

Margaret and her dad were enjoying a day off daddy had from the office, when suddenly the child exclaimed:

"Why, this day is just like Sunday, all except the pot roast!"—Mary S. C. Thorndyke, 1235 Mill St., Eugene, Ore.

* * *

A Game of Chance

Marjorie was telling of her experience as flower girl at her sister's wedding.

"First we all went to church and walked way up to the front, where they gave away a ring, and Helen got it."—Mrs. A. R. Graf, Hastings, Minn.

He He! Ha Ha!

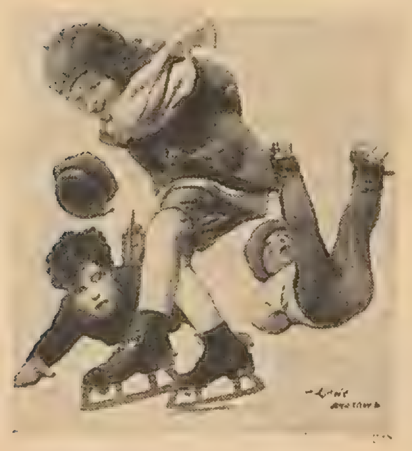
A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

"WHERE are you going?" Mrs. Smithers asked Gwendolyn that cold afternoon. "Skating?"

"Of course I'm goin' skatin'," Gwen giggled, nicking the wall as she swung her skates. "Where do people go when they carry ice skates? Fishin'?"

"No more fresh remarks!" Mrs. S. warned. "Sit down and have some nice hot chocolate so you won't freeze stiff out there on the pond."

It was hot and Gwen inhaled it with a loud noise like waves hissing around rocks in a storm.


This week's cover picture.

"If you made that racket at a dinner party," Mrs. S. laughed, "all the people would have to talk through megaphones and even then I doubt they could hear."

"I hate dinner parties—" *swish swish*—Gwen giggled. "You can't stretch for your own grub. You'll never catch me at one. I'll hook a chop from the kitchen an' beat it outdoors to play."

"Well, beat it outdoors now," her mother told her, "before the sun goes down. You ought to be in by four o'clock to do your lessons."

"Ought?" Gwen was heading for the side door. "Lots of oughts never happen 'cept in arithmetic."

"Pull your stockings up!" Mrs. S. yelled just before the door slammed. "Your skin shows!"

"Vulgar thing," a woman muttered as she passed the Smithers house; and she stole a glance at her legs to see if she were losing her stockings.

Gwen streaked down the street.

"Getcha skates! Getcha skates!" she shrieked, staring up at windows in hopes of seeing some customers.

Curtains trembled. Heads appeared. Everybody knew Gwen's voice but they took a look to be sure.

"Where's she going?" little Ulysses asked Lil as he watched her buttoning his leggings. "Crazy?"

"Ice skating," Lil said. "Your skates are in the hall chest. Suppose you go, too? But be careful—ice is slippery."

Like the Pied Piper, Gwen attracted trade and by the time she got to the corner Red Hancock was in her wake; then the Dazey children came running out of their house with skates gleaming over their shoulders.

"Put on my skates," Gwen ordered as she sat down on the edge of the pond. And she stuck her feet straight out in front of her. "Quick! It may get warm an' the ice would melt. You skate on meltin' ice an' you'll get a bath whether it's Saturday or not."

Red made funny faces as he buckled on her skates and then he tackled U.'s double runners.

"Hurry up!" Gwen shouted. "Ruth an' Budgie Dazey are doin' fancy steps out there. They think they're swell, but wait till they see me!"

"Gee, look at her go!" little U. said.

"Wait till I get mine on," Red told him, "and we'll do some fancy stunts ourselves."

The wind blew them across the pond and every yard of the way they nearly went on their heads.

"Slow-pokes!" Gwen shrieked over the ice as she skated gracefully toward them. "Go like this."

They did try it, but Red flopped on his stomach and little U. bounced on his spine.

"Babies!" she laughed, balancing on one runner. "Can't even stand up! Watch me an' I'll show you!"

And with a *He He! Ha Ha!* the happy little show-off skated on her boastful way.

(Next week's cover adventure: Fudge Party)

AFTER
TOO
MUCH
SMOKING
NYAL HUSKEYS
HUSKEYS
AROMATIC THROAT PASTILLES
NYAL COMPANY
LOOK FOR THIS EMBLEM
SERVICE
NYAL
DRUG STORE

FOR a dry, smoky throat, or hoarseness—those every-day irritations that are distressing even if not dangerous. NYAL Huskeys heal. They soothe instantly. Men and women both like them to freshen the mouth. 25c at NYAL Service Drug Stores.

Sold only at

NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORES

Every Nyal Druggist is proprietor of his own store

Consult Your Doctor On Excess Fat

He will not advise starvation, over-exercise or harmful drugs. He knows too well the dangers. And he knows that a new era has come in the treatment of obesity. Doctors the world over now employ it.

He may not advise the Marmola prescription, because it is ready-made. But he is pretty sure to advise the main factors in it.

Modern science has learned that obesity is largely caused by a defective gland—the thyroid. It largely controls nutrition. Its great purpose is to turn food into fuel and energy, which otherwise goes to fat. The lack of that factor brings excess fat to millions.

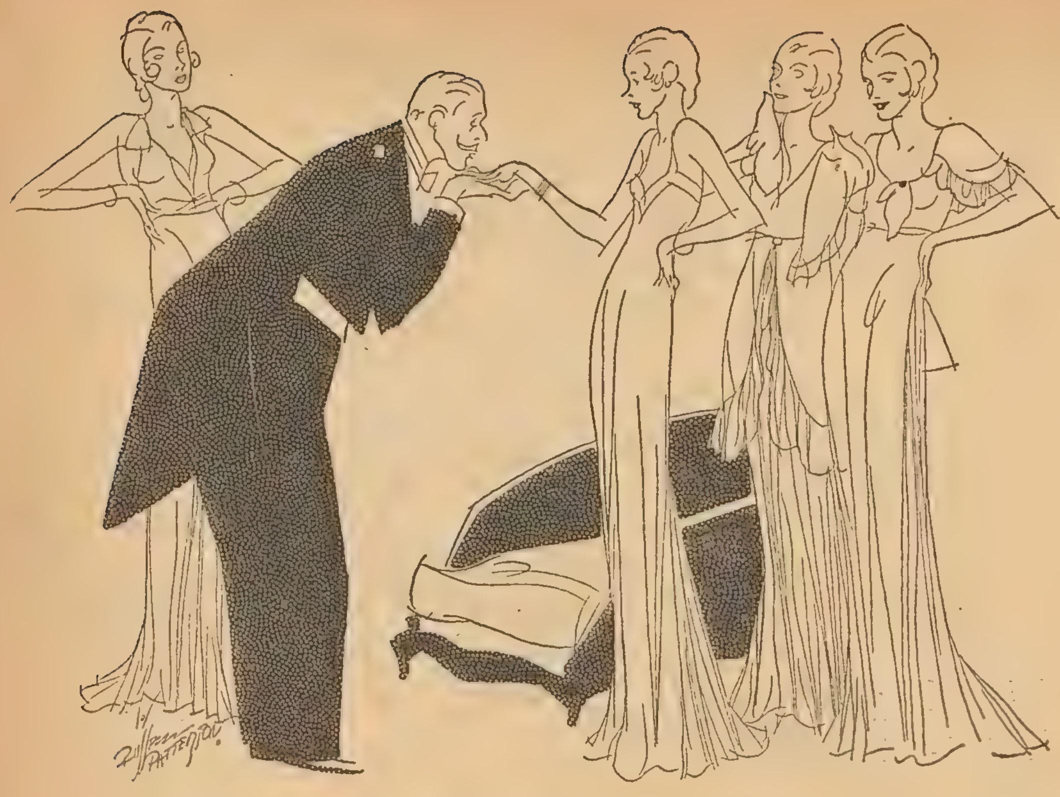
Now science feeds the lacking factor. When conditions are corrected, the feeding stops. This discovery has changed the situation greatly. Multitudes have gained their slender figures. You see them everywhere. With them come new beauty, new health, new vitality.

This method is embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. A world-famous laboratory prepares them to fit the average case. Every box contains the formula and the reasons for results. So your own physician can advise you, if you wish.

Marmola has been used for 24 years—millions of boxes of it. Users have told others, and the use has spread. Marmola stands supreme in a field where most treatments have perished. They were false.

Try Marmola—your doctor's way of treating excess fat. Watch the results. Not only in fat reduction but in better health. Then tell your friends about them. Don't wait longer—start today. Price $1.00.

MARMOLA
PRESCRIPTION TABLETS
The Right Way to Reduce



In all my travels I met only one master of the hand-kissing art.

To

By

ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

A descendant of the first Czar of Russia.

(*Reading time: 8 minutes 43 seconds.*)

STATISTICS show that fewer aliens became American citizens last year than in any of the three preceding years. On the other hand, more foreign women are now applying for citizenship than previously.

This is a subject in which I am greatly interested, having just obtained citizenship papers myself.

You may not all know that a foreign-born woman does not become an American citizen automatically when she marries an American. No, sir. Not since 1922, when the Cable law was passed. Under this law foreign wives of Americans are obliged to take out naturalization papers—and, oh, what a bore and bother that is!

I can't even begin to count up the hours spent in crowded, badly ventilated waiting rooms and offices. But that was not the worst. One of the greatest shocks I ever have had—and I've had plenty big ones—came when I presented myself for the "final hearing."

To me, becoming an American citizen meant something, and still does. America's tradition of democracy, I believe, is one of the finest achievements of mankind. Filled with such thoughts, I awaited the moment when I would take the oath of allegiance to my new country.

Well, there we all were, half asphyxiated in a hot, ugly room, a disordered crowd standing around in scattered groups. In comes the judge; drones some indistinct phrases about Washington and Lincoln; patters off some more phrases about something or other, speaking so inaudibly that those who could understand English couldn't hear. Then he raises his voice loud enough to launch the final words—which sound like "Soap me God."

And that's that.

I felt as though I had been robbed. Admitting people to citizenship, charging them to be good citizens, hoping they will be good citizens—surely it is not necessary, then, to deprive them of all the dignity of that moment when they take their oath of allegiance.

The act should be something for them to look back upon with fine emotion, not with distaste.

The city of Rochester, New York, has, I understand, adopted the excellent custom of holding an annual civic reception for all who have become American citizens there during the year. But we can't all live in Rochester. I hate to think that so many women and men who are applying now for citizenship will have nothing better than the memory I have of the day on which I became an American.

IF the Prince of Wales comes over here in the autumn, as rumor predicts, he will have an opportunity to pick up some more American slang. His partiality for Americanisms is well known among his friends, who tease him about it by presenting him with the most outlandish new expressions, all hot from the U. S. A. But the prince uses English slang as well. He speaks endearingly of his bearded royal father as "The Beaver."

Naturally, other Britons are not in the habit of thinking about their king so familiarly, and the prince sometimes causes little misunderstandings. I know of one case when a man with whom the prince was talking became sadly muddled because he thought "Beaver" meant Lord Beaverbrook, the impish owner of London's Daily Express.

WHY is it that so many women enter an elevator at a slow and leisurely walk, instead of stepping forward briskly as they should? I've been watching us do this for I don't know how long, and I'll admit it gets me mad.

Men never wear that self-conscious little "greet-the-public" smile with which so many ladies make their "entrance" into an elevator, looking as though they were all set for applause from an audience.

Elevators are for speed, not for elegant dalliance, and holding them up, even for a single minute, is extremely inconsiderate toward the other passengers.

OF all the tragic starvation cases which have been reported these days, none struck me more forcibly than that of a woman who withheld her name from the police. Found dying of hunger in a New York City hallway, she said: "I don't want my people to know of my plight. My pride won't let me. I'd rather die—just another unknown."

Pride, she called it. Somehow or other, that does not sound convincing to me. Such "pride," I believe, is the bitter courage of those whom experience has taught that contempt, not compassion, is the sentiment down-and-out creatures evoke in luckier folk.

Right at the present moment this is not so true. Unemployment and its accompanying conditions of suffering are evoking new waves of human sympathy, of devotion and sacrifice. But it takes a disaster to reach the heart and the imagination of so many people. Two years ago anyone who was out of a job or having a bad time did not get an awful lot of sympathy. There were such people then, and it was not always "their own fault." But "not much good if they can't get on better than that" was the usual verdict.

It has taken the business depression to make folks say without shame, "We're broke."

Prosperity will return, bringing back the carefree days, but perhaps these darker days will have taught us to be less snobbish in our own success and more understanding toward people who just don't know how to get on so well. It seems to me that it's up to us women to keep our eyes open always, in prosperity and in poverty, for the "unlucky" ones.

the Ladies!

After all, charity begins in the heart—doesn't it?—and we women are supposed to have sentiment, even if we have not so much logic.

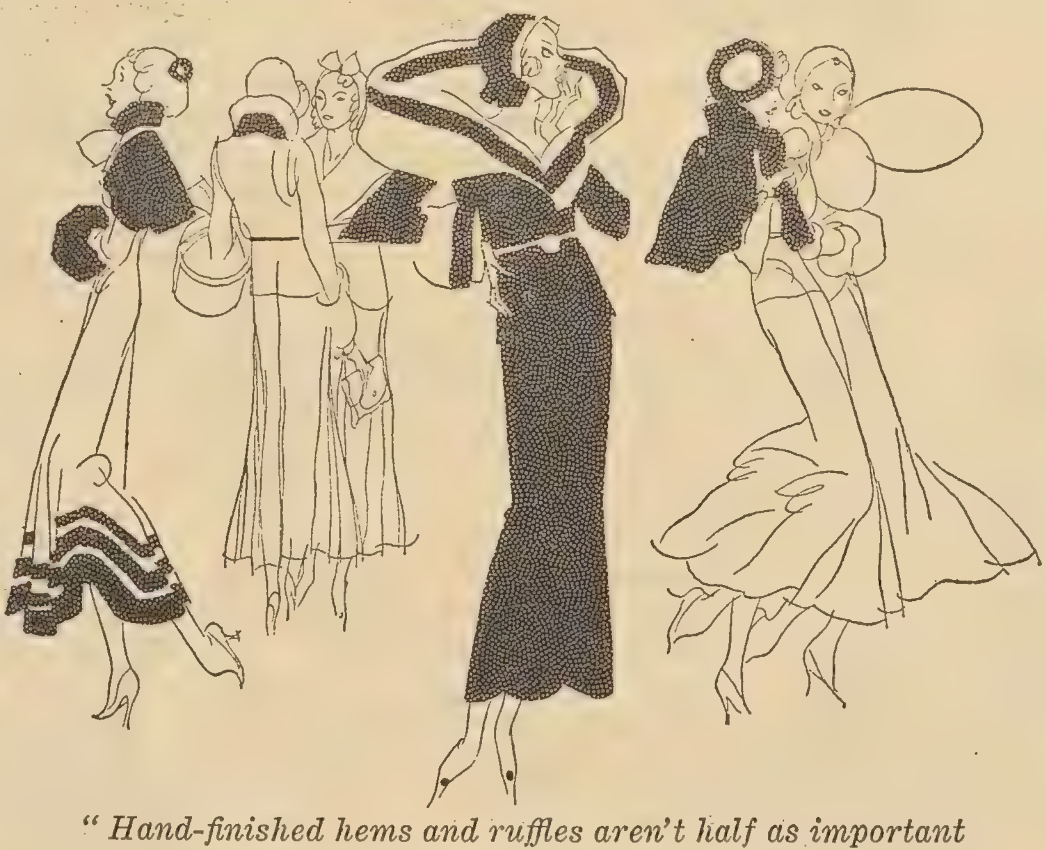
THE Seventeenth American Game Conference, recently held, decided that "game production must be increased." Maybe the public will benefit from this resolution.

It is a curious fact that in a country where game is plentiful, as it is here, the commercial value of this excellent food should be so overlooked. Housewives might well investigate. Game is ridiculously scarce in American shops. Throughout Europe, game, in season, appears on all menus, both in restaurants and private homes. There are innumerable varieties of wild birds and other game well within the means of every household budget, and they should be available here as well as in Europe.

I sigh in vain for the delicious little hazel hens which you get in England. Roasted in the oven and served with sliced orange they are really delicious. In Germany woodcock is plentiful and is often served with pickled cherries, which, by the way, are good with any wild birds.

IT is quite refreshing to learn that folks in Berlin have found something else to worry about besides boycotting the magnificent American film version of All Quiet on the Western Front. Hand-kissing is their new bother. To kiss or not to kiss the ladies' hands? And if to kiss, then where and when? Surely not in subway trains or crowded street cars, the critics say. Well, it's a pretty custom, assiduously practiced in many countries. But in all my travels I met only one complete master of the hand-kissing art.

He knew and practiced seventeen ways of kissing a lady's hand, a different way for every occasion—and, of course, for every lady. That was the trouble.



"Hand-finished hems and ruffles aren't half as important as feeling in tune with the world."

I HAVE been impressed once again by the facilities which exist in this country for those who want to study music. It is now much easier to get a musical education in America than it is in Europe.

I've been reading How Music Grew, by Professor Marion Bauer, one of those who have helped create America's musical facilities. Her book prompted me to go after some additional information, and this is what I learned:

America outstrips Europe completely in the matter of assistance given to apt pupils who have little or no money for tuition. While talent is left entirely to its own resources at any European *conservatoire*, all the music schools of this country extend some sort of financial help.

Not only do we have many of the best foreign teachers in this country now; the general level of teaching in music schools here is also higher than it is abroad. Trained entirely in this country, Rosa Ponselle of the Metropolitan Opera presents a splendid proof of America's musical maturity.

Tribute is paid to the orchestras of this country by Henry Prunières, the well known French critic. He has declared that our big Philharmonic and other symphony orchestras are so superior to the best in Europe that "comparison is out of the question."

Amateur musical trends are changing. The most popular instrument among beginners last year was the accordion. Maybe music in the home won't be so popular in 1931.

WHATEVER whims she may have, to at least one fancy the Parisienne remains eternally faithful. She wears black a great deal. I hear that the spring fashion shows will again emphasize this color.

The reason why French women favor black lies not so much in their own taste as in their thrift and in the climatic conditions of their country. France provides so many gray, damp days that somehow one has little desire to wear bright colors out of doors. Inside it's a different matter. There you console yourself with vivid hues. But under a sullen, lead-gray sky, one's joy of life gets toned down. Black or gray or brown seem good enough. I was interested to see how the brighter American skies affected Mlle. Roberta "France," the French Queen of Beauty, when she visited here.

"When I first reached New York I was horrified by the bright colors women wore," she told me. "And I turned up my nose at the ready-made dresses, although I saw how much smarter and cheaper they are than anything we have. Still, I preferred my own Parisian wardrobe—just a few sober-looking dresses, perfect in cut, texture, and finish. That was the first fortnight. Then suddenly my clothes looked dull to me—boring, in fact. I couldn't understand why. By the time I reached California I knew. I went shopping for gayer garments."

Mlle. Roberta explained very earnestly: "You see, you need *lots* of bright things, far more than in Paris, when the days are so clear and sparkling. Hand-finished hems and ruffles aren't half as important as feeling in tune with the world."

Pop

We're So Ashamed

FOREST HILLS, N. Y.—The idea that a kitten could fill the place in the lonely life of a woman which was formerly occupied by a husband and child is absurd. The beginning of your story, " Strays," builds up a fair human-interest appeal and one expects a climax of some sort. Enter a kitten, and the bereaved heroine lives happily ever after.

Come, come, Liberty, the rest of your magazine is too good to be weakened by the inclusion of stories as stupidly pointless as " Strays."—*J. Alden Campbell.*

Recommendation

GREEN BAY, WIS.—Kate Cameron most certainly cannot be considered favorably with her predecessor, Frederick Smith. I have just read her review on " A Lady's Morals," and having read in the December 11 Chicago Tribune the review on the same picture by Mae Tinee, it is difficult to understand how two critics can take such opposite views.

Both have indicated that the picture is excellent and have criticized the title, but Kate Cameron makes no mention of Miss Moore's voice nor of Reginald Denny's departure from a comic rôle to a more dramatic rôle.

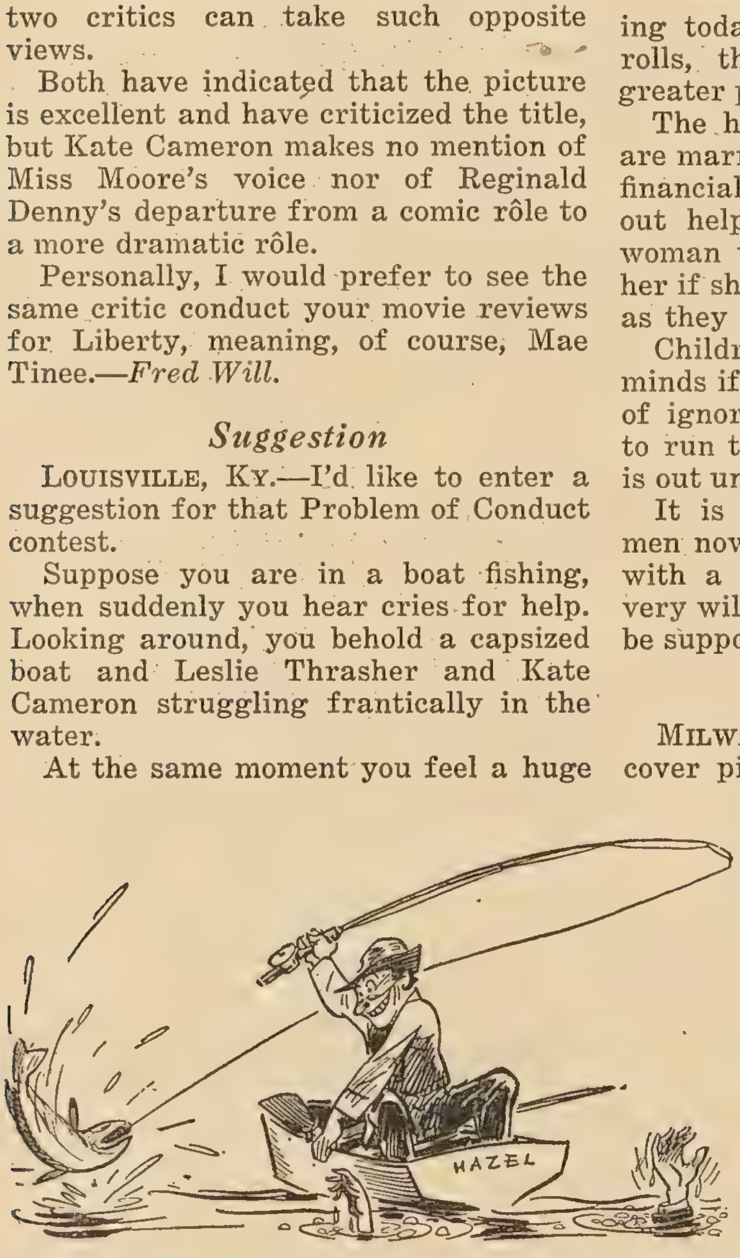
Personally, I would prefer to see the same critic conduct your movie reviews for Liberty, meaning, of course, Mae Tinee.—*Fred Will.*

Suggestion

LOUISVILLE, KY.—I'd like to enter a suggestion for that Problem of Conduct contest.

Suppose you are in a boat fishing, when suddenly you hear cries for help. Looking around, you behold a capsized boat and Leslie Thrasher and Kate Cameron struggling frantically in the water.

At the same moment you feel a huge tug on your line and realize you have hooked a large fish. You have your choice of letting the fish go and rescuing Kate and Les or pulling the fish in and letting Kate and Les drown. Which would you do?—*Henry Mayfield.*

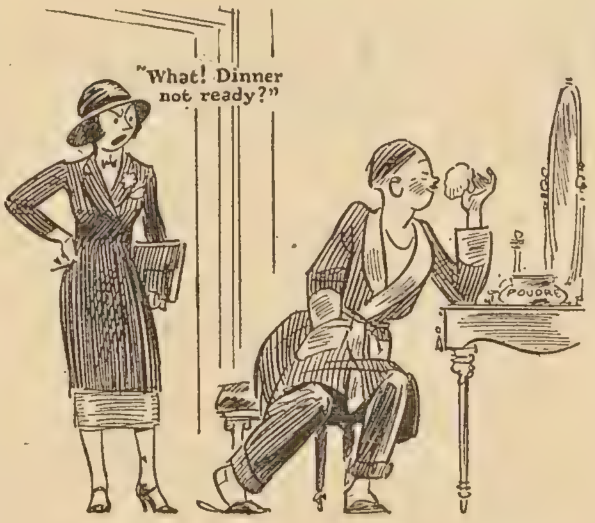


P. S.—Which would *I* do? Don't make me laugh. And I don't like fish, either.

It Seems Like Some Kind of a Crisis, Doesn't It?

DES MOINES, IA.—Hooray for R. H. Wheeler and his Vox Pop letter on married women who work. I agree perfectly.

If the married women who are working today were dropped from the pay rolls, there would be work for the greater part of the unemployed.



The highest salaried women I know are married women whose husbands are financially able to keep up a home without help from the wife. A married woman will have her work cut out for her if she cares for her home and family as they should be cared for.

Children would grow up with cleaner minds if cared for by the mother instead of ignorant servants, or being allowed to run the streets from the time school is out until mother comes from work.

It is becoming noticeable, too, that men nowadays select, for a wife, a girl with a good job—and apparently are very willing to sit around the house and be supported.—*B. H. H.*

For Mr. Thrasher

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—I think that the cover pictures by Leslie Thrasher are the outstanding features of your excellent magazine. Why? Because they represent a true picture of the life of anybody as we can see it every day, everywhere. — *Dr. V. Rothermel.*

Well, Husbands Are Funny. You Just Never Can Tell

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Just want to congratulate Mr. Henry Kitchell Webster on his marvelous story, " The Lover." Here is a touching story, written by a man with a vast experience.

Enjoyed the character Robert immensely, but wonder if there is any man, true to life, who would be gracious enough to take his wife back after she had wronged him, as in " The Lover."—*Anne.*

A Waitress Speaks

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Bravo! Cheers for " Lefty " (Norman Hosfield) and for Sidney Sutherland for having the guts, that's the word I must use, to be honest in telling you in Liberty how you look to your waiter! Right you are, Lefty, and you've caused many and many a white apron to be tied on with a prouder tug, and many an aching foot to hit the hard stone floor with a firmer thud!

A few years ago I had what is the rightful heritage of every woman: a loving husband, two dear babies, and a good home. My husband became ill. We moved to Arizona. A little later I was washing dishes in a mining camp there. My husband died. I was fifteen hundred dollars in debt, I looked like a tramp, my babies were hungry, and I was hungry. We were in Los Angeles where tough luck is no oddity. What was I to do? Teach? Yes, maybe in the fall!

I looked down the list of " help wanted," trying to pick out a job that would immediately feed two babies and myself. " There ain't no such animal! " Yes, there is. I went into the finest coffee shop I could find. I found a head waiter, an ex-saloonkeeper. I told him that I wanted to learn to be a waitress. He gave me a good meal; he put me on the floor that afternoon.

It was tough sledding, but the boss and the girls, to say nothing of my ex-saloonkeeper friend, were one in helping me.

The first time I got a tray above my shoulder, a hot pot of tea sent its dribble scaldingly down upon my breast. I carried that tray a hundred miles into the coffee shop and never let it be known that I was a Spartan lad with a fox in my bosom.

That was two years ago. Today I am only two hundred dollars in debt. My soul and body are my own. My children are well cared for.

That's what being " just a waitress " has done for me. My tray is my crown, not my cross!—" *Jerry* " *Donnahaue.*

Voice from Canada

KIPLING, SASK., CAN.—Your little discussion, " The Prohibition Line-Up," in your December 13 issue gave me to think. You put forward the pros and cons without getting anywhere much, and you didn't seem to be doing any heavy worrying.

I am mildly interested, of course. If you'll permit a little back-seat driving, what's wrong with *our* system of government control? Those who want real booze get it, and at normal prices; except to the after-hour trade, the bootlegger doesn't exist.

Drunkenness? Negligible. Revenue? Sure, and right where it ought to be. Tie your bootleggers and your long-faced prophets of gloom together and throw them in the lake.—*A. W. L.*

Live Dangerously? Well, *Why Not?*

By HARPER LEECH

Pictures by OTHO CUSHING

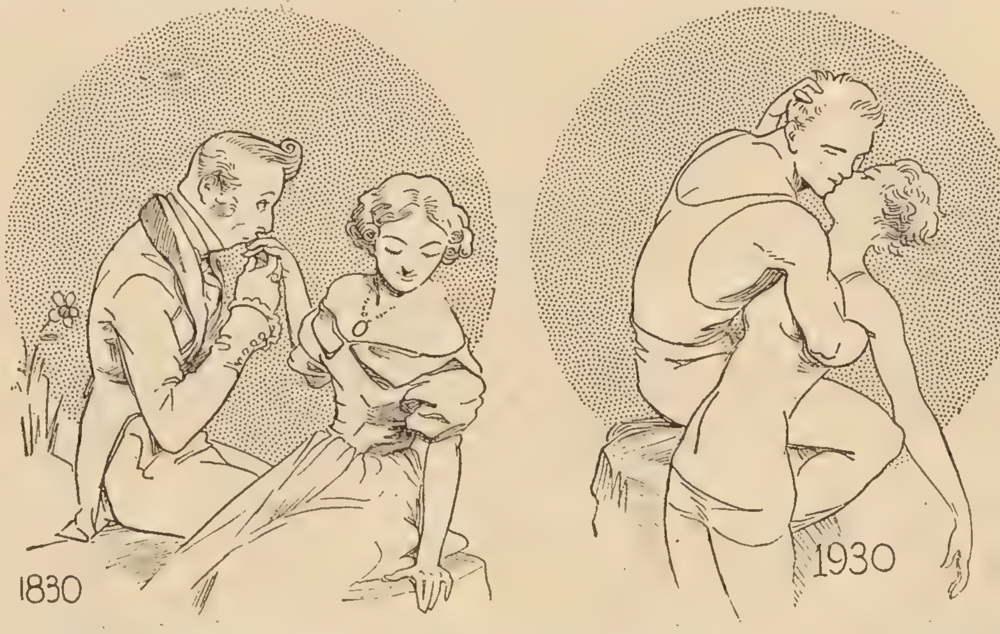
(Reading time: 11 min. 37 sec.)

MEN and women are the most important machines of the machine age. Of course, man is much more than a machine. But the fact that he is a machine—a prime mover, an engine run by fuel like any other engine, is bound to have a great deal to do with his relations to all the other machines which his brain has brought into the world.

If man is viewed as a machine we may find some enlightening hints on the morals and manners of the machine age.

Looking at man as an engine absorbing energy and putting forth work and play from the slow combustion of food, we are not so apt to assign him a passive rôle in the machine age.

Much of the current discussion of man appears to assume at the outset that he is a poor plastic creature being distorted and remolded like so much potter's clay by the metallic Frankensteins which have come into the world.



The flapper's biological urge was no different from that of her grandmother. If she did go in for more sex life than her elders had, it was for the joy of living dangerously.

If such theories were in accord with the facts, the peoples of industrial nations, Americans especially, ought to be living more tame and ordered lives than ever before. If men are being ruthlessly paced by machines, their lives should take on the measured rhythm characteristic of the machines man makes. But in truth the peoples of the western world in which most machinery exists are living lives of greater interest and variety—lives of sense and function—while it is the peoples of the agricultural Orient, like Hindus and Chinese, who lean toward a passive life.

All men everywhere are in pursuit of happiness. But the western races, and Americans more than most, are finding happiness by "living dangerously." They seek excitement and love risks. The pace of their lives is quickening. It is interesting that this formula of the dangerous life was put into words by an archenemy of democracy, Nietzsche, but the formula is being turned into fact by the democracies of modern industrialism.

The great gulf between the thinking and ideals of the West and East is largely a result of diet.

Most Orientals are chronically underfed. Americans operating steel mills and factories in India report that the cheap labor of that country isn't really cheap—it can do so little and tires so quickly.

Even when the Oriental gets what he considers enough food, it consists largely of rice or other grains, supplemented by a few watery vegetables.

In the crowded countries of the Orient man feeds directly upon plants, because there is not sufficient land to allow of the conversion of the plants into meat, milk, eggs, and other highly concentrated foods. The American people live not upon the soil direct, but exist carnivorously upon a great block of animal life between them and the grass roots.

The living, working, and playing habits of Americans are in no small degree explainable by their dinner tables. American history is a story of plenty of calories.

As soon as he had acquired a firm grip on the Atlantic seaboard, the colonist became accustomed to an ample diet of food rich in calories and productive of great energy. When he was opening up a new country, he had need of all the energy he could put forth.

THE pioneer had the physique and the digestive apparatus for his job. He came from the heavy-eating strains of Europe. The fact that he came to a new country was evidence enough that he was more adventurous or restless than the average of the peoples from whom he was derived, and daring raises a presumption of high efficiency in the conversion of food into energy. Even if shipped from an old-country jail the colonist was not of a placid type.

While the European contemporaries and forbears of the colonists were good trenchermen, there is plenty of evidence that their diet was more restricted then than now, and that the early Americans coming into a new country with abundant land, virgin soil, seas alive with fish, plenty of iron ore and timber enjoyed an almost immediate elevation of their living standards.

The American settler, then, achieved almost at once an enrichment of his food supply, comparable to the gain in the consumption of meats and other high-power foods which Europe has made by slow degrees since the invention of the steam engine raised the purchasing power of her industrial populations and gave them access to the food supplies of Canada, Australia, the United States, Argentina, and other new countries.

The American of 1930 has inherited not only rich country but also the dietary habits of the early settlers.

The great majority of Americans also have inherited bodies and digestive organs which are adapted to ample diets and active lives. Out of the melting pot has emerged one of the heaviest and tallest types of man. The classes and masses alike are built like big engines designed to use large quantities of fuel, but they no longer have to fight or dodge Indians, hew down forests, or break the stubborn sod of a new land.

With the American of today physically capable of doing vastly more work than he finds to do, how will he solve the problem of surplus power?

By reducing his intake of fuel?

Something, but not much, has been done along that line. There has been a great deal of talk about "more rational" diet and there have been very interesting changes, too, but on the whole they do not appear to have made any very substantial reduction.

While we have reduced our yearly consumption of wheat probably a bushel a head in the last twenty-five years, we have increased our consumption of sugar, an even more efficient energy food than bread.

There are conflicting figures and estimates of meat consumption, but it is evident that Americans are not becoming vegetarians. Estimates of the United States Bureau of Animal Industry indicate that the peak of meat consumption was reached in 1907 when the average person ate 168.6 pounds. This fell to 131.8 with the meatless days of the war, but was back to 165 pounds in 1924, and has not fallen off more than seventeen or eighteen pounds since.

The increasing popularity of fruits and vegetables has become commonplace. Since the war railroad shipments of such foods in refrigerator cars have increased more than 133 per cent, and the gain in truck shipments is of course much greater.

But that this gain for vegetables and fruits is not at the expense of high-power foods which energize the human engine is indicated by the fact that the increased use of dairy products has been just as marked.

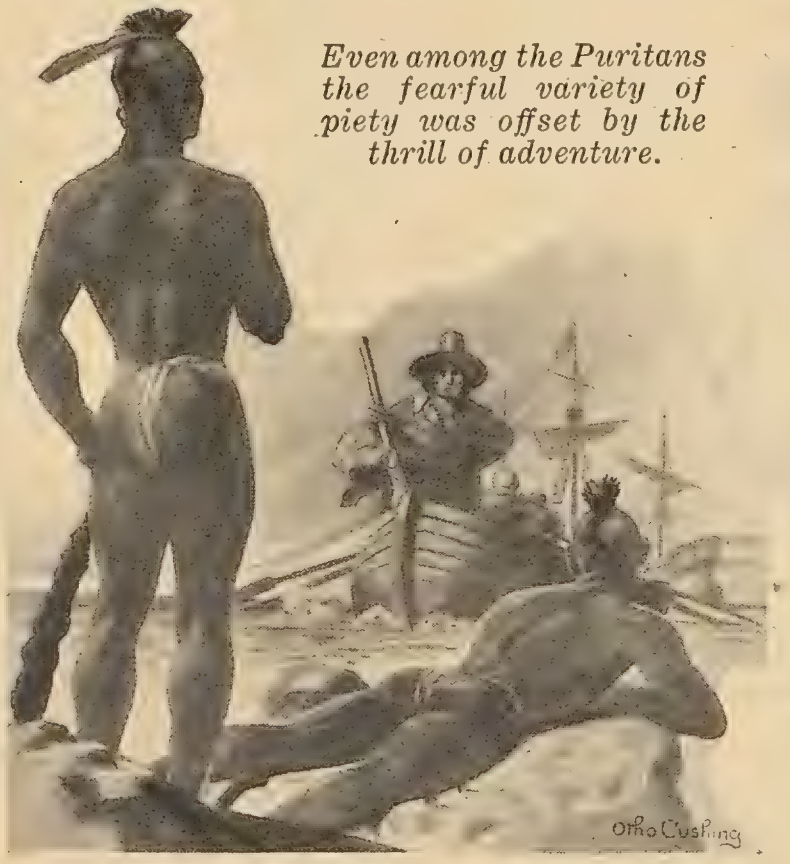
In fact, since the war the consumption of animal foodstuffs has gained at the expense of plant foodstuffs.

The average American is eating three pounds more butter than in 1919, one pound more cheese, two pounds more condensed and evaporated milk, half a gallon more ice cream, and drinking thirteen gallons more milk a year.

NO, the American is not cutting down his energy supply. He is not meeting the problem of less work by a passive policy. Without reasoning the thing out, he is solving the problem on truly American lines by entering ever more eagerly into the pursuit of happiness. Seeing that he must work less, he plays more and plays harder.

More and more he proceeds upon the tacit assumption that pleasure is justified by itself—that happiness is worth while and needs no excuse.

We are even beginning to recall that Thomas Jefferson, in defining the pursuit of happiness as a natural right, uttered a revolutionary thought for that day but became the real prophet of the American way of life.



Even among the Puritans the fearful variety of piety was offset by the thrill of adventure.

Although our words and our laws would create the impression that we are a soft people—even maudlin—our lives tell another story.

When philanthropists and statesmen promote rules and laws and establish institutions to guard the child or the aged, we not only applaud but support and conform.

When doctors and scientists move to wipe out tuberculosis, yellow jack, influenza, and other plagues which never give their victims a sporting chance and smite strong and weak with no discrimination—we heed and help.

But when laws attempt to wet-nurse adults and to protect fools from their folly, we smile and evade.

Our words are not logical, but our acts show that we really agree with the great thinker who said: "The net result of enacting laws to protect fools from their follies would be to fill the world with fools."

WE have passed laws to prevent men from betting on races, but the daily turnover of racing bets is sometimes $10,000,000 a day. We have passed laws to prevent men from taking alcohol into their stomachs, and one of the heaviest contributors to the funds of the Anti-Saloon League was a benign capitalist whose money also developed the industry which has commercialized so many by-products of corn. Today the bulk of some 900,000,000 pounds of crude corn sugar is probably going into the illicit manufacture of alcohol, but if anybody suggested that this new industry should be abolished he would be considered crazy.

Fools can have their fling in America and more and more of us reserve the right to be gloriously or happily foolish upon occasion. The American spirit has become too implacably wise to permit utter seriousness as we confront life—which usually laughs at us if we take it too seriously.

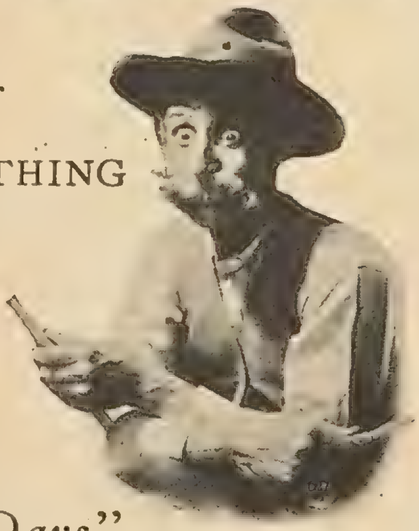
The great majority of Americans really believe that the part of true wisdom is to seek happiness. If in the seeking, misfortune or even tragedy is sometimes encountered, we no longer seriously listen to those who would turn the clock back and put on more repressions in order to avoid an occasional mishap. We know the ace of spades is in the deck, but we also know that there are fifty-one other cards.

When we read of some unlucky or silly couple who have run their car into a ditch because necking and gin did the steering, we may stop and be sorry, but, if we even take time to think about it, we usually wind up in a very philosophical mood and recall that, after all, love-making is worth risks—to young people anyway.

The new leniency toward woman in her experimental years is an outgrowth of this attitude. The lack of alarm at the emergence of the flapper type of young girl was very significant. A few generations before she would have scared her elders half to death, but only a few were worried as to what the world was coming to, when in the postwar confusion she came with her scant attire and franker manners. There was general recognition that her real biological urge was no different from that of her grandmother, and if she possibly did go in for more sex life than her elders had had, it was for the sake of excitement and the joy of living dangerously rather than from any increase or abnormality of the sexual phase of life.

There is no question that many of our younger men look upon war not unfavorably, regardless of the flood of gruesome war books. A pacifist editor recently expressed chagrin at the report of a showing of Journey's End to cadets at a famous military school.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



Continuing a NEW SERIES *by the Famous Author of* "THE SPECIALIST" *and* "I'LL TELL YOU WHY"

"Chic" Sale—The Specialist has SOMETHING to say about the "Good Old Days"

WELL, Elmer, here we are in 1931 doin' everything slick as a whistle. Instead of milkin' a cow we jest put a bottle outside our door. If we want to go somewhere we jest step on the starter instead of chasin', catchin', bridlin' and saddlin' a horse. When we shave we jest yank out a safety razor and zip 'em off instead of honin', stroppin' and swearin' at a straight razor. Everything's modern.

Of course the good old customs was all right in their day. But even the folks that think they are pinin' away for them wouldn't give up electric lights fer oil lamps. In this age and time we have got to have efficiency, accuracy and speed. Well sir, the folks that use oil lamps now instead of electric lights ain't as far behind the times as the folks that use other things instead of these little chocolate tablets.

"Chic" Sale

"THESE little chocolate tablets"—meaning Ex-Lax—are to other laxatives what the electric light is to the oil lamp.

Ex-Lax is the modern way of keeping "regular"—keeping the system free of intestinal poisons.

Ex-Lax is scientific enough for doctors—pleasant enough for children—effective enough for everybody.

Not absorbed by the system; non-habit forming; won't disturb digestion. Ex-Lax is the perfect laxative!

10c, 25c and 50c sizes—at all druggists.

Write for FREE SAMPLE—
To The Ex-Lax Company, Dept. L131, P. O. Box 170, Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Keep "regular" with
EX-LAX
The Chocolated Laxative

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

When the commanding officer left the dugout to go to his death on the fire step, the boys broke into cheers.

What "dam of lances" brought *them* forth?

Some of our guardians of the American tradition speak of the founders of this republic as if they were all monks or missionaries. There was much of the ascetic, much of repression in the New England tradition, but even among the Puritans the fearful variety of piety was offset by the thrill of adventure—the journey to the new land, the battle with the savage and the wilderness, the quest of the cod in little cockleshells braving an angry sea.

And the way the Puritan consumed rum recalls that alcohol has always been the cheapest and easiest agent with which to express the rebellion of man's personality against drabness and monotony. No real understanding or intelligent control of liquor will ever be reached until that phase of drinking is fully studied.

The fact that the people of drinking nations live longer, know more, earn more, and boss most of the rest of the world certainly indicates that old John Barleycorn's services as a stabilizer of emotions and personality—for which he furnishes an outlet and short cut in the quest of happiness—very largely balance his damage to stomach, kidneys, and liver.

America was not and is not a nation of repressed desires and Puritanism, however prevalent such influences may have been at one time or another and however powerful they may be now in some sections. Old Walt Whitman was an American, than whom there are none whomer, and his glorification of the human body and the quest of happiness is of the very essence of Americanism.

In short, there were always two streams of ideals and living habits in America. They have crossed and intermingled. Here one has prevailed, here another. Always on the frontier there was a full-blooded, rip-snorting life, eager for joy. Frequently, however, the reaction toward Puritanism has been most violent in places where life was originally most robust.

THE modern trend toward the open avowal of happiness as the goal of living is more American than European. It is American by history and tradition. It is American because it is the natural emotional result of conditions of life which have created a demand for excitement and "dangerous living."

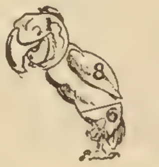
Although many events and influences have contributed to it, its principal taproot is undoubtedly the abundant food supply and the dietary habits which have given the American such a superabundance of energy which must have outlets.

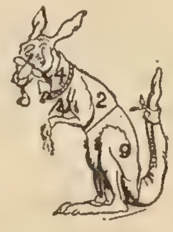
Americans of all the migratory waves have been seekers of change and lovers of the active life and all kinds quickly blend and conform in their folkways to the command, "Live dangerously."

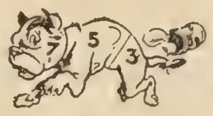
THE END

$500 *in* Prizes for the Game of *The* Great What-Is-It?

HERE is the group of winners who share in the awards for putting together, naming, and writing rhymes about the Parrot-Kangaroo-Dog pictures (shown herewith, correctly assembled) which appeared in our December 13 issue:







FIRST PRIZE—$100

to W. A. Cook, 910 Redhill Avenue, San Anselmo, California, who sent the following rhyme:

PARROT

This parrot's like my radio;
His action's most erratic.
When his loud-speaker starts to go
It sounds like too much static.

SECOND PRIZE—$50

to M. D. McIntosh, Delta Delta House, Evanston, Illinois, whose rhyme was:

DOG

A tin can can cause
A lot of confusion,
When tied good and tight
To a poor dog's conclusion.

THIRD PRIZE—$25

to Burleigh A. Allen, McFarland, Wisconsin, whose rhyme was:

KANGAROO

"Did you notice how the kangaroo
Always dodges cops?"
"He'd better," barked the bulldog,
"He's always full of hops."

$10 PRIZES to Inez Anderson, East Randolph, N. Y.; Carl F. Bell, Buffalo, N. Y.; Fred H. Berger, Tracy, Calif.; Frances L. Bradley, Rutland, Vt.; W. A. Bull, Tacoma, Wash.; Mrs. Carl N. Deed, Buffalo, N. Y.; Anna Dell, Beverly Hills, Calif.; Lon Duddleston, Seattle, Wash.; David Evans, Steubenville, O.; Baxter B. Fair, Durand, Mich.; C. A. Hollum, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. E. J. Kuhn, St. Louis, Mo.; Buddy Lawrence, Biloxi, Miss.; Rhoda M. Lewis, Topeka, Kan.; G. E. Michener, Philadelphia, Pa.; S. M. Morfee, Vancouver, B. C.; Jack Quinn, Tacoma, Wash.; John T. Radigan, Bay City, Mich.; C. D. Richmond, Chattanooga, Tenn.; M. N. Wilcox, Lawrence, Kan.

$5 PRIZES to Reuben C. Allred, Hillsboro, Tex.; F. M. Ayres, Grantwood, N. J.; Henrietta B. Baer, Clarendon, Va.; Edna Bates, Monmouth, Ore.; William Boyd, Windsor, Ont.; Mrs. Julius Bullinger, Dyersville, Ia.; Margaret Busciacco, Philadelphia, Pa.; Jo. W. Byers, Johnstown, Pa.; Joseph O. Cerny, Cicero, Ill.; T. H. P. Duncan, Fort Worth, Tex.; Edward O. Erickson, Chicago, Ill.; Ragnild Falstad, Kansas City, Mo.; Charles N. Hammond, Woodside, N. Y.; Florence L. Hamor, Harrisburg, Pa.; Mildred L. Harbison, New Haven, Conn.; Ophelia Harbour, Shamrock, Tex.; George H. King, Athens, Ga.; J. W. Loofbourow, Cincinnati, O.; L. F. Patterson, San Diego, Calif.; Florence Smith, New York, N. Y.; Henry Sprague, Hollywood, Fla.; M. A. Thalman, Kansas City, Mo.; Loyette Wiley, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. W. C. Williams, Stuart, Ia.; Mrs. C. H. Wolcocke, San Francisco, Calif.

Problems of Conduct

What Would You Do?

$100 Each Week for the Best Question
$200 Each Week for the Best Answers

Here Is This Week's Question

for which $100 has been paid to
TEDDY J. CROFOOT
3661 Thirty-fourth Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minnesota

Imagine yourself to be a young single man or woman who does not intend to marry, but makes enough money to support someone else.

You believe you would derive satisfaction and joy from taking some homeless street urchin, who has no relatives or friends, into your home. You would develop him physically and mentally. He might become a person of unusual achievements.

But you know of an old man who is broke and homeless, without relatives or friends. His life is miserable, through no fault of his own, and he has not another chance. You could give this person peace and comfort for the few remaining years of his life. The influence of his companionship and philosophy, based on past experience, might prove very valuable to you.

Which would you choose?

Answers to this question must reach us before midnight, January 24. They should be as short as possible—brevity will count in their favor. In no case should they contain more than 1,000 words.

THE RULES

1. Liberty invites its readers to submit problems of conduct similar to the problem which appears on this page. One of these will be published each week, and for those published $100 each will be paid to the persons who send them in.

2. Liberty invites its readers also to submit answers to these problems as they are published. For the answers which, in the judgment of the editors, are the best submitted each week, $200 will be paid, the $200 to be divided among the senders, and these answers will be published.

3. Problems and answers should be written on one side of the paper only—typewritten if possible—and should be brief. Problems stated in 150 words or less are preferred. Answers should not in any case contain more than 1,000 words, and should usually be much shorter than that. Brevity, always, will count in their favor.

4. It is understood that the decision of Liberty's editors will be final, both as to prizes awarded for problems and those paid for answers.

5. Entries—both problems and answers—should bear the sender's full name and address, and should be sent to PROBLEMS, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.

HOW would you answer the question on this page? Can you suggest a better one, or one as good? Try your hand at either—or both. As indicated in the rules below, Liberty is paying $100 each week for a suggested problem of conduct, and offering $200 for answers to each of these problems.

* * *

This week we are publishing three answers to the problem which appeared in Liberty for December 13, and dividing $200 among the senders, whose names appear below. The problem was:

Suppose you were a widower, about to die, and each of these five people were urging you to let him adopt your only child, a boy:

1—A farmer who can offer your son a simple healthy outdoor life, with the woods and streams as his playground,

2—An industrious middle-class business man who wishes to train him in a business career,

3—A literary genius who could give him the benefit of his travel, observation, reading, and thinking,

4—A professor of science, endowed with great intellect, who could train him in his conception of a modern scientific manner, and

5—A dissipated and immoral uncle, who is a multi-millionaire and would make him his heir if accepted.

In whose hands would you place the destiny of the boy?

The Winning Answers

By F. G. CONLEY
Apt. 19, 240 West Sixteenth Street, New York, N. Y.

I BELIEVE the wisest course would be to have the farmer adopt the boy.

I would rule out the uncle immediately. The only advantage he could offer my son would be a surplus of creature comforts. Human experience has been that such a surplus does not assure happiness or even make it more probable. Besides that, placing the boy under the influence of a dissipated and immoral person during his formative years could do him nothing but harm.

There is little to choose between the scientist and the writer. The chief objection to either is that I have no way of knowing whether my son has any literary or scientific talents. If he has, the training would be invaluable; but if not, he could only be ineffectual and unhappy. The business career is open to the same objection. The boy may have no flair for business.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

But if I let the farmer adopt him, I am reasonably sure that he will have a healthy, happy, sane childhood. I think that neither he nor I could ask more. Given such a basically sound upbringing, he, if he has any special abilities, will soon learn them and exert them without further help from me.

That's why I'd let the farmer adopt him.

By DOROTHY H. TYLER
6 Washington Avenue
Cambridge
Massachusetts

I WOULD choose the industrious middle-class business man.

He has learned from his dealings with others the necessity of fair play. He is endowed with the qualities of common sense, integrity, and perseverance which are the earmarks of a good business man. Inasmuch as these are the fundamental principles of everyday life, what more could I wish for than to have my son follow in the footsteps of such a respectable man?

Unless my son were scientifically inclined, he and the scientist would have little or nothing in common. This would also be true of the literary genius whose entire world revolved around his profession and to whom all else would be secondary.

For a well balanced, healthy, normal life, neither reaching the heights nor touching the depths, I feel that the business career with the middle-class man would be the best path for my son to follow.

By L. M. PERKINS
Box 258, Durango, Colorado

WHAT right would I have to deny my son the exceptional opportunities afforded by great wealth?

Eighty per cent of what the boy eventually makes of himself will be his own individual initiative. A close friend, a man of high character and great ability, tells me that he obtained many a moral lesson from the lips of hard old lifers, when as a child he encountered them in a penitentiary where his father was a high official. This checks my own experience, in that a bad old egg, who has long since filled a pauper grave, gave me some advice on temperance and morality that I have never entirely forgotten. We believe those who we know tell us truth founded on experience.

Only the most black-hearted of degenerates would deliberately lead a child into bad ways. A dissipated and immoral uncle would be the more likely to shift the burden to capable tutors, and good schools and universities, by the very reason of his own shortcomings, and the boy would undoubtedly have every chance to contact the best minds, and make his own career. I would not deny the uncle his own flesh and blood. The special dangers of his position would be overcome by his special advantages.

Answers to the question in Liberty for December 20 will be published next week.

Liberty is offering

$100 Apiece

for Short Short Stories

THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 220 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 27

1—Eurasia.
2—The Battle of Jutland.
3—The highest order of knighthood in Great Britain.
4—William IV.
5—Taming of the Shrew.
6—Job xix. 20.
7—Relevant.
8—Abyssinia.
9—Lord Roberts.
10—Peter Ilich Tschaikowsky.
11—No; it is measured from sea level.
12—Lake Ontario.
13—Cleopatra.
14—I have found (it).
15—St. Louis, Missouri.
16—East.
17—Five.
18—The dissection of, or operation upon, living animals for scientific purposes.
19—A landlocked inlet on the coast of the Netherlands.
20—Its capacity for carrying cargo; also the weight of the cargo.

LEK-TRO-HOT
MOTOR HEATER

The LEK-TRO-HOT heating unit slips into lower water hose and causes hot water to circulate through engine and radiator. It is operated from plug-in switch INSIDE the car.

FOR A QUICK HOT START IN ZERO WEATHER

Now your car will start just as easily in the winter as it does in the summer. The LEK-TRO-HOT Motor Heater has banished forever the annoying problems of winter starting. It pre-heats engine and radiator to summer temperature—provides quick hot starts in zero weather—saves drain on battery — saves strain on motor — eliminates cranking, towing and prolonged "choking" — and reduces danger of monoxide gas.

LEK-TRO-HOT runs off any regular (110-125 AC) light socket in garage or basement. For a hot start, plug into "High Heat." Or for those occasional cold snaps that come when the anti-freeze in your radiator is low, plug into "Low Heat" and keep motor above freezing all night long. LEK-TRO-HOT is simple, trouble-free, easily-installed, and costs practically nothing to operate. Unconditionally guaranteed! Take this ad to your dealer or enquire direct.

$3.75

ELECTRIC-STEAM, INC.
Jackson, Michigan

MAKERS OF
LEK-TRO-HOT
PRODUCTS

The LEK-TRO-HOT Motor Heater is the first of a line of products based on the new and revolutionary Electric-Steam principle for controlling electrical energy. This principle was discovered by one of America's foremost authorities on electricity—and is destined to establish much higher standards of efficiency for many different types of electrical products.

Good Samaritan

A Short Short Story

(Reading time: 5 min. 20 sec.)

By

CYRIL B. EGAN

who is one of those rarely encountered persons—a native New Yorker. He has written short humor for a number of years and is now free-lancing in the short story field. He lives in North Pelham, New York.

WET night. Good night for ducks, windproof umbrellas, rainproof topcoats and closed cabs with foolproof drivers. But try and get a cab. Just try! For five minutes Henry Goodbody had hailed all taxis that had come his way, to have each roll by in fare-laden fare-thee-well. Five minutes. A long time to wait wet through; a longer time to wait when wife and life depended on timely and speedy conveyance. Now, if there were a policeman on this corner, Henry would have asked him to commandeer a car. But there wasn't. So he'd simply have to screw up his courage and commandeer one himself.

The red lights went on and a flashy yellow limousine with New Jersey license plates cautiously backed over the few feet it had overshot the curb, until the driver was on a line with the time-marking Henry.

"Hey, cap! What's the quickest way to the Monterey Hotel?"

The Monterey! What luck! Here was Henry's chance!

"I'm going that way myself. But it doesn't seem a fellow can get a cab for love or money on a night like this, and—"

"Yeah? Well, how do I get there quickest?"

"I can show you the way if only—er—if only you'll please take us along!"

A glance of cold-eyed curiosity at the deserted street. "Who's us?"

"My wife and me. She's—"

"Sorry. I'm not taking nobody tonight. Just you tell me how I—"

"But"—Mr. Goodbody was desperate—"my wife—she's—er—expecting—"

"She's what?"

"She's in labor. She's going to have a child. She's due at Choate Sanitarium as quick as I can get her there, and—"

"Hell! That's different! Come ahead. Where's the wife?"

"She's waiting in the doorway right back of us. Mae, oh, Mae!" From the entrance of a corner apartment a limp hand waved. "Stay where you are. I'll fetch you! . . . Mae, this gentleman has been kind enough to offer to take us with him." . . . "Oh, thank you so!" . . . "O. K. Don't mention it. All right back there?

"HERE, take this blanket, lady; it'll keep you warm. All right now?" . . . "All right. Now you cut left, straight over to Central Park West and—"

"O. K. You can tell me when we get there what I do next. Got a match?"

"Certainly. Er—you don't happen to have a cigarette about you? In my hurry I left mine behind."

"Here. Take the pack."

"But I don't want to take all your—"

"You won't. I got another pack."

"Thank you. That's very nice of you, I'm sure. Are you comfortable, Mae?"

"I'm—all right. Hold my hand, dear. *Oh!*"

"Would you mind taking it easy over the bumps, please?"

"Sure, I understand. Now where do I—"

"Turn right into the park and keep on the driveway until you come out on Fifth."

"Henry, dear, you won't forget to leave the order with the milkman—a pint instead of a quart—for the next two weeks."

The ghost of a chuckle. "After that, it will be two quarts, eh?"

"I—hope so!"

"Now, don't worry! Everything will turn out fine!"

"I wish we were there and it was over with."

"Don't worry, lady. If you'll pardon me for hornin' in. I'm drivin' you there as fast as I can, considerin'. We don't want no accidents—not tonight!"

"Here's Fifth. Now cut in east one block to Madison. Three blocks down is the Monterey."

"The Monterey can wait. I keep straight on for this here sanitarium, don't I?"

"Straight ahead four blocks, and one east. It's awfully kind of you to go out of your way like this—"

"No trouble! I'd be a fine egg to drop you off here, wouldn't I?"

"You can stop at the corner, please. This is the sanitarium. Come, Mae."

"All set? Got everything?"

"Just a moment till I get my wife's bag." . . . "Here, I'll get it." . . . "Much obliged. I really don't know how to thank you for the lift, Mister—er—?"

"That's *all* right. Forget it. Glad to help out. Monterey's just four up and one left, y' say? . . . So long. Good luck!"

ONE A. M. that night. Henry Goodbody pauses in his pacing of the Choate obstetrical corridor upon the approach of his wife's nurse.

"Yes?"

"It's a girl—nine pounds—both well. Couldn't be doing better. But it's a good thing you arrived when you did. If you came half an hour later—!"

One thirty A. M. Henry, now in expansive, leisurely mood, takes time out before his homeward journey for a snack at Rosenwein's Open All Night. Gosh, it's a good old world! . . . "A western sandwich, please, and a cup of coffee." . . . A good old world, with lots of wonderful people and one wonderful new person in it. The ugly faces in the dive were handsome faces. The world was handsome tonight. Why hadn't he the sense to get the name of the stranger who had given them a lift? He'd like to meet that fellow again—give him a couple of neckties or a box of good cigars. He looked at the faces around him. Dark visages with scowls that to Henry were smiles. He munched, with benevolent speculation, his western sandwich. Time out to look up—sandwich suspended in midair—as a pasty youth with a cap on his head and a diamond on his hand swings through the door and up to the cashier's desk next to Henry's marble-topped table.

"Well, Ike, I see where they just put another customer of yours on the spot. Didn't y' hear? Some louse kidded his way into King Cohen's room at the Monterey Hotel about an hour ago and cooked him. . . . *Who?* Search me. But the bulls are lookin' for a gun from Chi' and a yellow bus with New Jersey license plates. Hope they get the rat—he shot the King in the back!"

THE END

FUDGE

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

LIL had rainy afternoon blues, but not on account of the weather. It was the atmosphere of her own home that had her on edge. The place sounded like a school yard at noon and why her house should be a magnet to draw all the children of the neighborhood was more than she could understand.

"Be careful with your muddy rubbers!" she warned as she heard them being dropped on her hall runner. "Take them out to the pantry and let them drip."

"The rug'll soak up the water," Gwen giggled, "an' after it's soaked up all the water from all our rubbers—you'll be able to call it a sponge."

She was quite delighted with this announcement and a juvenile chorus screamed out, "Sponge, sponge!"

"Keep still," Lil told the children, scaring them with her sudden appearance at the doorway. "If you yell like that, you'll wake up the baby."

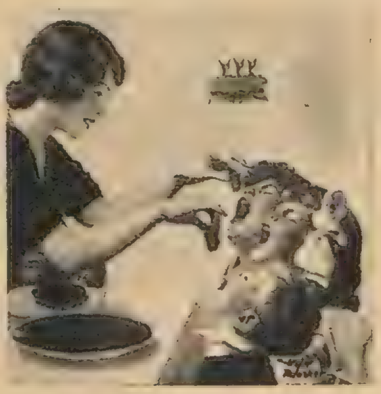
"He's awake by now," Red Hancock laughed, "an' I know who woke him up. She did!" Out shot his finger in Gwen's direction.

"Don't point," said Lil, sensing a battle. "It's a rainy day and I should think that you'd just sit around and read instead of making such a rumpus."

"What's a rumpus?" little Ulysses wanted to know. "Who's making a rumpus? I don't see a rum—"

"Rum?" Gwen yelled like a pirate on a plank.

This rainy afternoon gathering sounded more and more like a war to Lil, so she hurriedly decided upon a truce in advance. She'd lived through rainy afternoons before and she knew their aftermath of scratched furniture, split cushions, broken water glasses, mussed-up rugs, and chalk marks on hardwood floors.



This week's cover picture.

"Is anybody hungry?" she asked.

"Hungry!" they shouted at once.

"I'm so hungry," Gwen added, "that I want to be the first to peek in your ice box." And she headed for the pantry door before Lil could grab one of her curls.

"I'll make fudge," she said, following Gwen, "if three good children will sit quietly on the pantry floor."

The sudden silence was a great relief. Lil went to the cupboard and took out sugar and chocolate and a big blue saucepan. The children sat on the green linoleum like images on incense burners. Milk, butter, measuring cup, stirring spoon, and a carving knife to splinter the chocolate. Then she put the pan on the stove.

"I smell it," Gwen whispered. "Gee, if my mother ever bothered to make fudge for me, I'd grab her around her fat double chin an' give her a kiss."

"Don't get too confectionery," Red laughed.

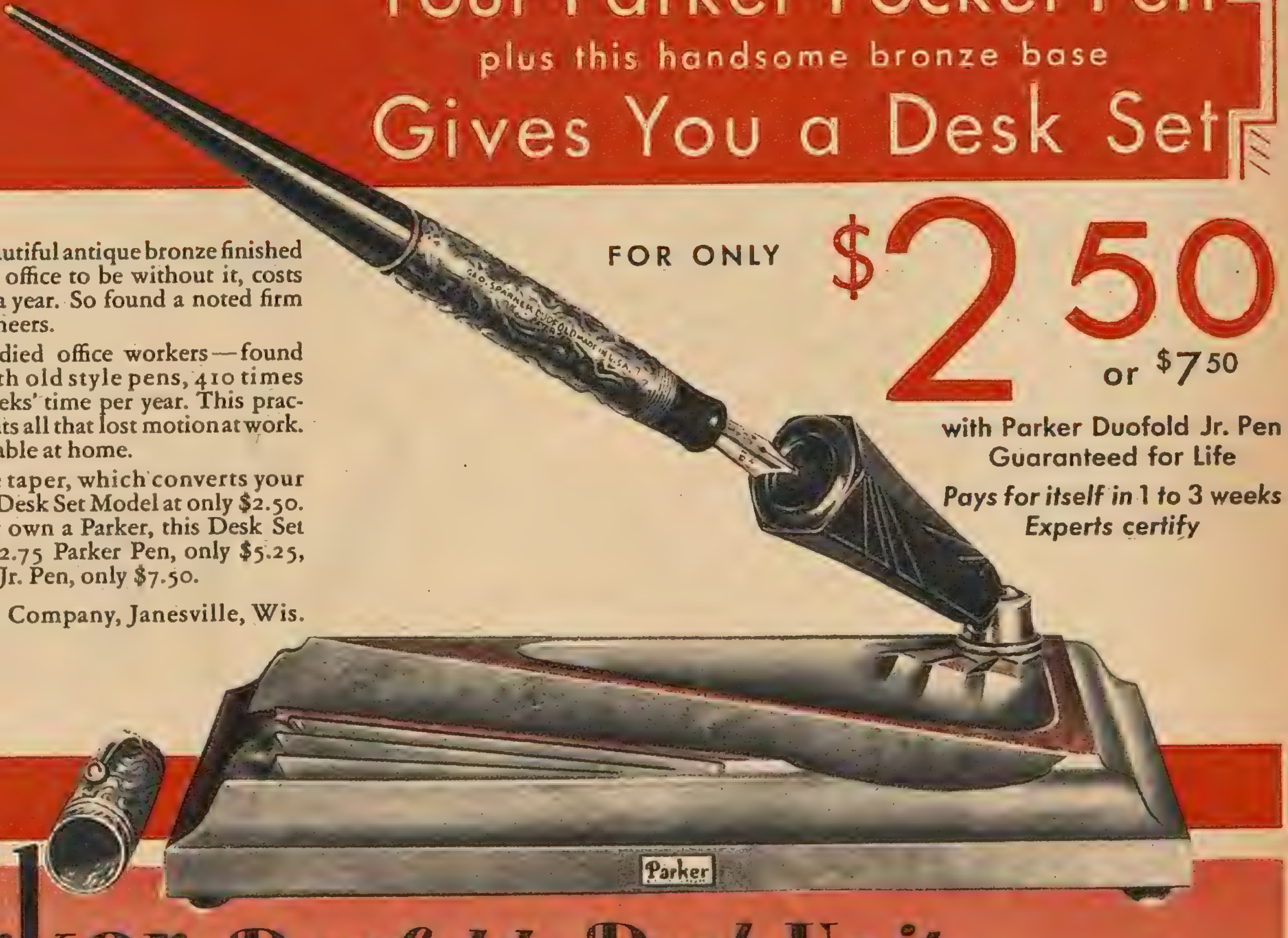
"There's too much noise for fudge," Lil said.

The noise ceased. Lil stirred and spun threads with the chocolate. Finally she buttered a plate, poured out the fudge, and cut it into squares.

"Now," she said as the children rushed to the table, "open your mouths and shut your eyes—"

"An' give us something to make us wise!" they yelled, looking like robins waiting for worms.

(Next week's cover adventure: Baby for Sale)



Your Parker Pocket Pen
plus this handsome bronze base
Gives You a Desk Set

FOR ONLY $2.50 or $7.50
with Parker Duofold Jr. Pen
Guaranteed for Life

Pays for itself in 1 to 3 weeks
Experts certify

Look at this beautiful antique bronze finished Desk Set. For an office to be without it, costs by average $120 a year. So found a noted firm of efficiency engineers.

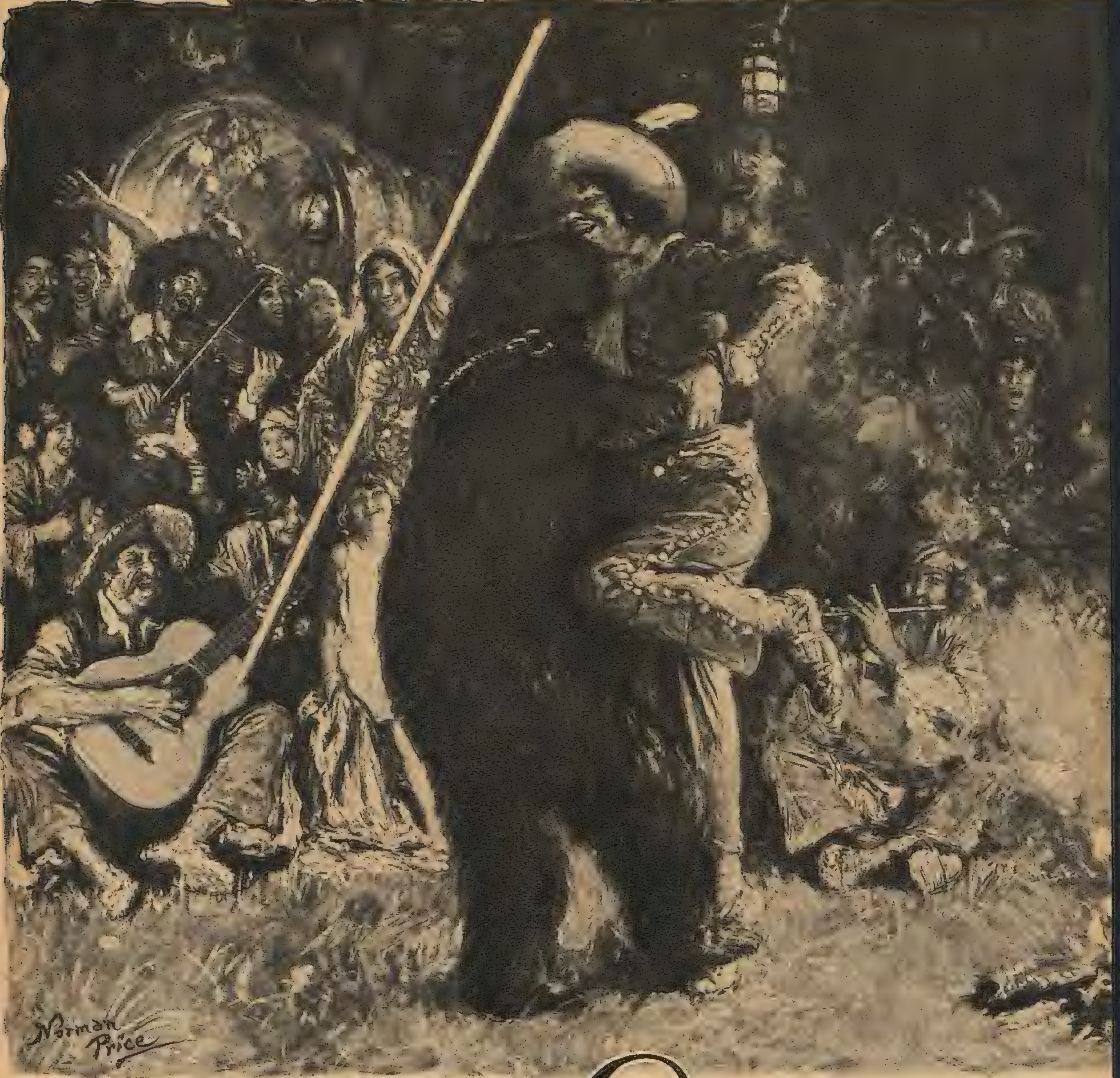
They time-studied office workers—found pen-dipping with old style pens, 410 times daily wastes 3 weeks' time per year. This practical Parker Set puts all that lost motion at work. It is equally desirable at home.

Base with free taper, which converts your Pocket Parker to Desk Set Model at only $2.50. Or if you do not own a Parker, this Desk Set complete with $2.75 Parker Pen, only $5.25, or with Duofold Jr. Pen, only $7.50.

The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis.

Parker Duofold Desk Unit

PEN GUARANTEED FOR LIFE • $5, $7, $10 *Pencils to match all Pens, $2.50 to $5* *Other Parker Pens, $2.75 and $3.50*



Pictures by
NORMAN PRICE

Silver

A Romance of

By ROBERT W.

(Reading time: 33 minutes 30 seconds.)

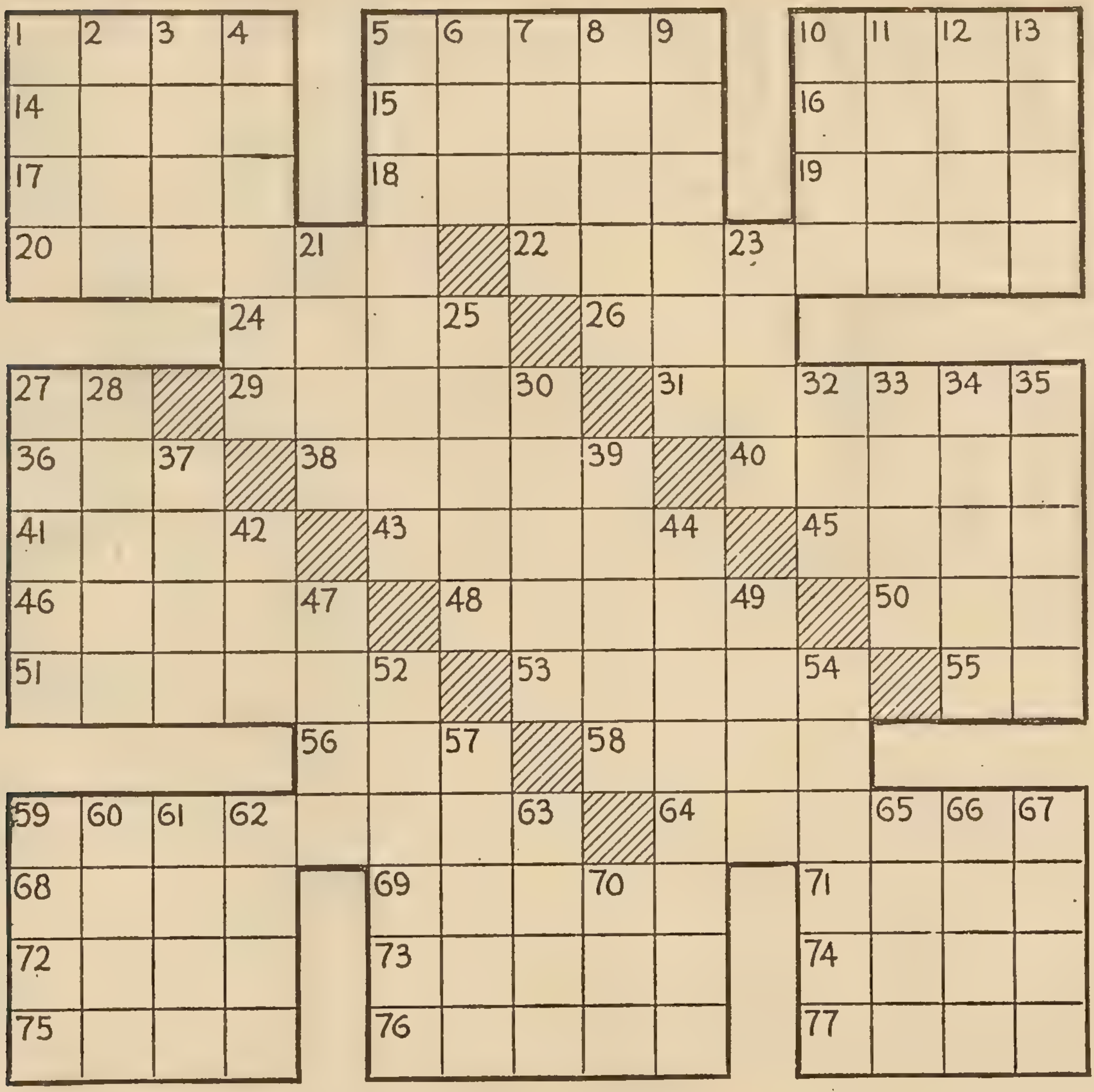
THIS is the story of what happened to Captain Maddox, of the United States Intelligence Department, during the Mexican War.

He had been sent to parley with Comanche Indians, and was with them when one of them displayed the smoked hand of a white woman and the daguerreotype of a child.

Maddox was convinced that the slaughtered woman must have been mother of the girl Silver Knees, a dancer living with a band of bear-training Gypsies.

Later, the captain and his scouts came upon the bear trainers. Silver Knees was with them. He showed the girl the daguerreotype which he had bought from the Comanche.

Take Your Choice



HORIZONTAL

1 One of a race of people of middle Europe
5 A thin metal plate or disk
10 Surrounded by; in the midst of
14 Vein of ore
15 Cognizant
16 Any systematic body of law
17 Members of a tribe of Siouan Indians (variant)
18 Implied or indicated, but not expressed
19 An assumed part
20 Small bird
22 Ragged; torn in shreds
24 Open space about the base of a building
26 Measure of weight used in India
27 The symbol for an element
29 Of considerable magnitude
31 Feminine personal name
36 Disease or decay of plant tissues
38 Approaches
40 Free of superfluous words
41 A reed instrument
43 One who partakes of a particular meal
45 Couple
46 Man's moral and emotional nature (plural)
48 Fresher
50 To move one way and the other
51 The cord of a musical instrument
53 A Spanish title
55 The symbol for an element
56 Craft
58 To love to excess
59 To excrete through pores
64 Poured forth, as wrath or grief
68 To border on
69 Island in the Mediterranean Sea
71 A fruit
72 Harmonize in color
73 An ant
74 A Biblical name (Joshua xix.)
75 Appear to be
76 Garden implement
77 Torn

VERTICAL

1 Comparative long and narrow aperture
2 A genus of fishes of the cod kind
3 Man's name
4 Pertaining to the Roman goddess of the hearth and its fire
5 Struck with a succession of light sounds
6 The milkfish
7 Peculiar ability to deal with others without offense
8 Silkworms
9 Produced or gained as clear profit
10 Measure of area
11 Native of an African country
12 Lazy; slothful
13 An act
21 Native name of a country in Asia
23 One of the gaits of a quadruped
25 Once repeated
27 Characterized by peevishness
28 An automaton
30 Predatory sea birds
32 Fabric with a ribbed or corded surface
33 The stomach of an animal
34 Pertaining to a continent
35 Woolen fabric
37 To make an extended trip
39 Stitched
42 Priest in whose care Samuel was trained
44 Restore to freshness
47 To break sharply and suddenly
49 Fixed course or routine, as of study
52 Sullies or soils
54 Extract or clarify by melting
57 To trample
59 Strikes lightly
60 Oil-yielding tree of Central America
61 Character of an old Germanic alphabet
62 Stalk
63 Town in Washington
65 Narrative
66 Kind of short jacket worn by women
67 Small hollow
70 Man's nickname

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-four

How to Wake up ...and like it

Life's daily crisis simplified by new *8-Day* alarm clock

SUNDAY NIGHT
At last, an *8-day* alarm clock! Wind it once a week. Pull up the little knob at the top. Good night.

MONDAY MORN
Cheerio. It breaks the day, but not the peace of mind. Just tap the top and its greeting is silenced.

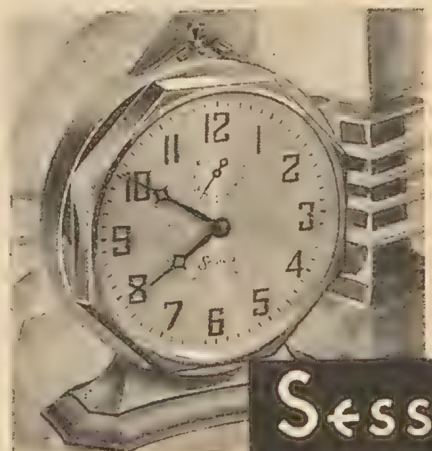
TUESDAY MORN
Go ahead and tap the top, man. Open your eyes and scan your friend. Good looking, what?

WEDNES'Y MORN
Right on the minute again. Reliable Top grade Sessions 8-day movement made Sessions famous.

THURSDAY MORN
Sleepy eyes can *read* those numerals. They're raised on a satin-silvered dial. Radium numerals if you wish.

FRIDAY MORN
They come in green, blue, rose or polished nickel. Take your choice. Same good *8-day* movement in all.

SATURDAY MORN
Still going strong and good for two more days before winding. They're only $5. With radium dial $6.

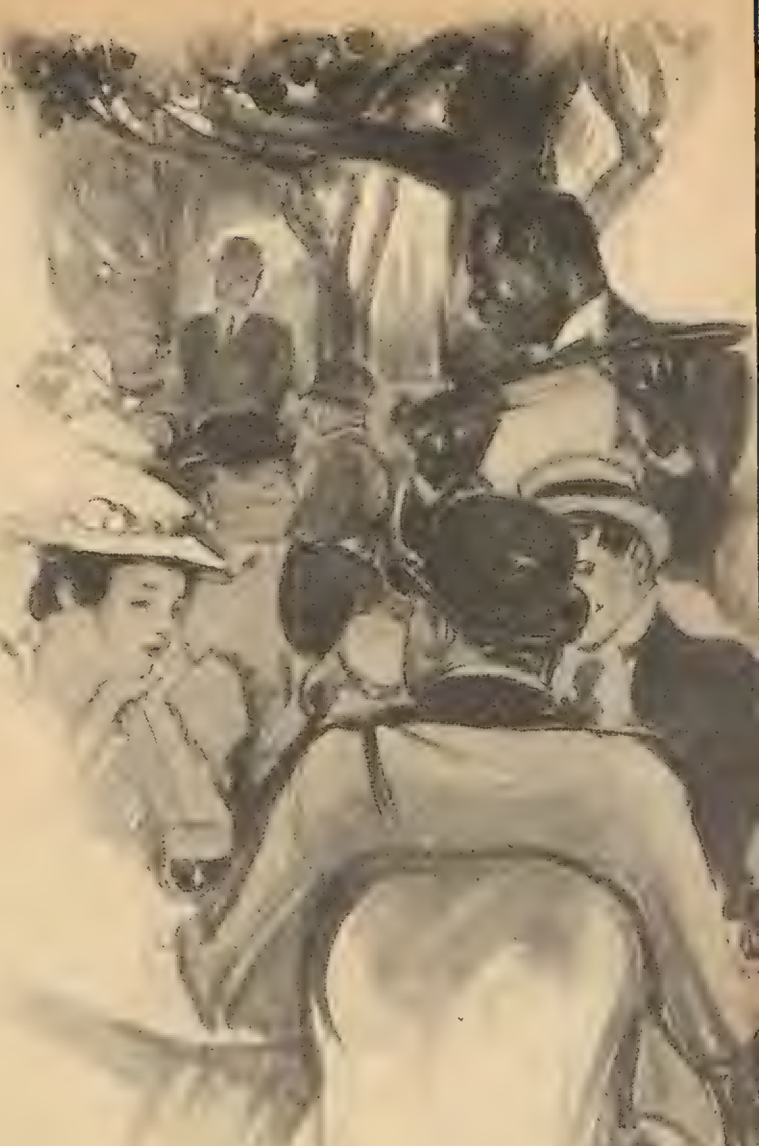


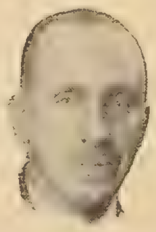
At last a *handsome* alarm clock. Green, rose, blue or polished nickel. Ask your dealer.

Sessions MODERN 8 DAY Alarm Clocks

Flying Birds

The Story of an Honorable Man



By

EDWARD L. MCKENNA

a frequent contributor to Liberty who combines the art of writing with the science of mathematics. He teaches at the University of Pennsylvania, lives in Brooklyn, and commutes!

Pictures by O. F. HOWARD

(Reading time: 21 min. 5 sec.)

WHEN Harley Wilson dies—and it won't be long now—there will be a well seasoned paragraph about him in Town Topics and maybe two sticks in Variety. There'll be someone else to tilt back his chair on the veranda of the owners' clubhouse at Pimlico, and a lot of waiters, bookmakers, stock-brokers, and blondes to mourn him. His family is pretty good and has some money. One of the rumors about him is that he doesn't speak to them. But so many stories have floated around concerning Harley Wilson that it's hard to know what to believe.

He's been lucky at making money always—lucky at cards, lucky on the Exchange; even the races haven't cost him a great deal. It is whispered that he was kicked out of Princeton for gambling, for drinking, for this and for that.

It was poor health, his family declared. If you'd seen his red cheeks pursed to blow a coaching horn, you'd have wondered. Driving tallyhos was his only athletic achievement.

He isn't a big man, but he's always had the swagger of a bruiser. Swagger. That's it. Always walking down the street as if he were keeping time to Mademoiselle from Armentières or El Capitan. Gestures with carried gloves. Gardenia in the buttonhole. Florid ostentation. Perfumed and freshly barbered always, like an actor on matinée day. A man in the Buskin Club called him a bounder once, and Harley Wilson looked at him and threw back his head and roared; and he went down the street still laughing.

But there's one story about Harley Wilson that's not well known. It has to do with his excursion into virtue. You've heard of Lois Lane? She's gone these many years, but she had her name in lights over the Casino and Hammerstein's Music Hall. Lois Lane. Oh, you half remember now, and dimly recall, and so on. Here's to refresh your memory:

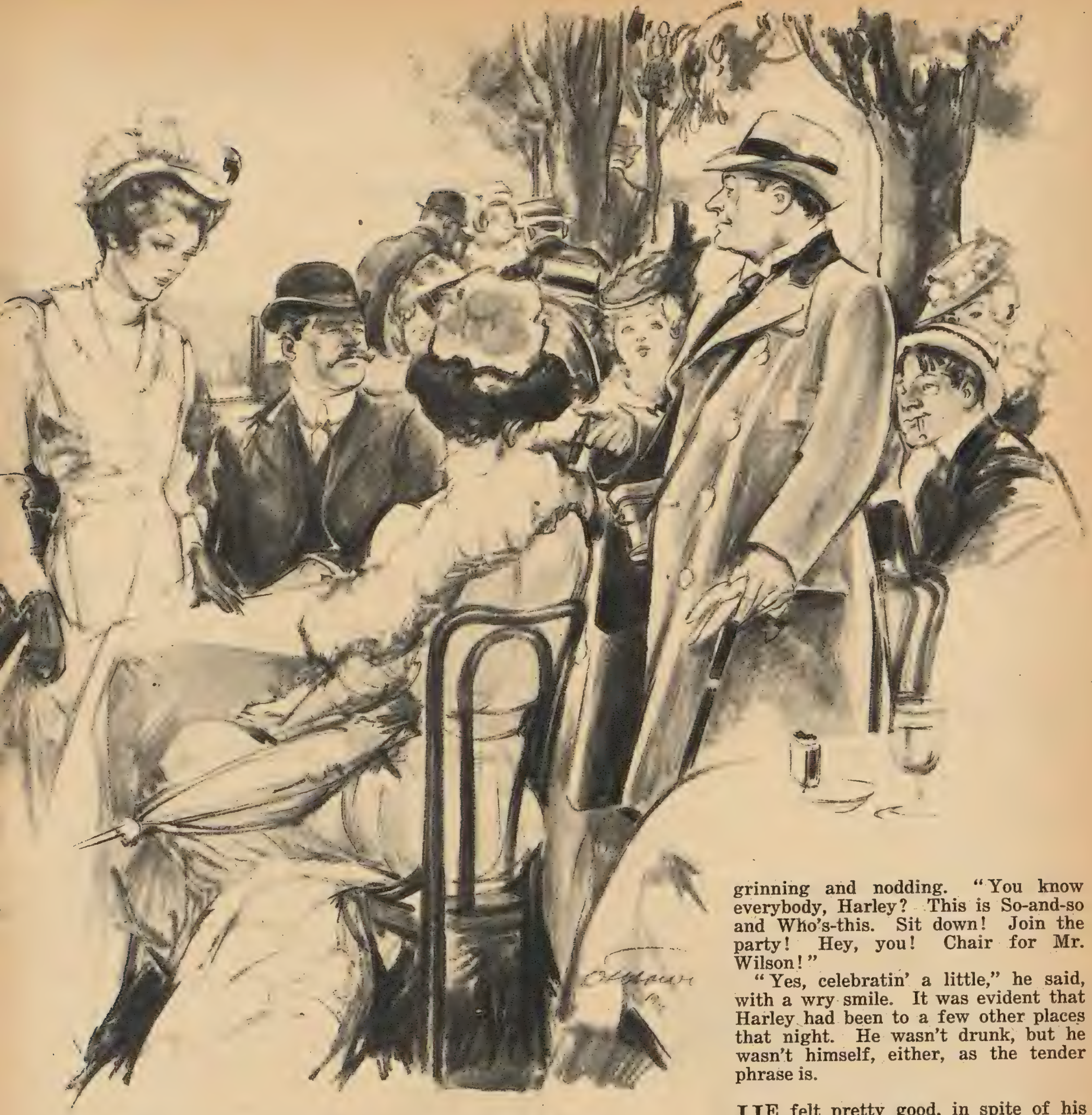
Harley Wilson met Lois Lane at Tappan's Restaurant at Sheepshead Bay, one Thursday night in June, in the year Gold Heels won the Suburban.

Funny old place, Tappan's. It faces the bay, and it's under the trees and the stars. It was something to see in the old days. Coon waiters hustling around with trays of tinted drinks. Every color drink in the world—pink, and green, and rainbow, and, naturally, amber. Clink-clink of ice in glasses, of bottles in silver pails. Soft southern tenors and the tink-a-tonk of a guitar. Laughter, nervous and high-spirited, like fillies prancing out of the paddock in the spring sunlight. Musk, and patchouli, and chypre, and Edenia, and Peau d'Espagne, and the salty smell of the water, and the tang of orange peel, floating up to the stars.

IT wasn't a slow crowd that went to Tappan's on the evenings of race days. They had good food there, but it wasn't the food. It was the electricity of the air, the bustle, the pace, the tingle of the drinks, the pretty women. There was an undercurrent of fierce gayety, forced and determined, when the favorites had lost at the track that afternoon; of loud, exulting triumph when they'd shoved their noses under the wire. When they'd come home. That's what they used to yell at the horses when hoofs began to drum in the stretch: "Come home, boy! Come home!"

Theatrical people—producers, actors, chorus girls, angels; the professional race-track patrons—touts, owners, jockeys, bookmakers; the prize-fight gang, the politicians. The people who never went home themselves. The people who catch at life with both their greedy hands, like children. Tomorrow we'll be broke, they say. Tomorrow this sunburst, this ring, this pin, goes to Simpson's. Dice, roll out one more time; we're young! We're young, I tell you! You can't cheat us; you can't gyp us; we'll take it while we can.

Just to think that now they're old or dead, all of them



"I'll fight for a song. Why not? If you wish to sing, lady, you'll give us all great pleasure."

who sat there that night, the year Gold Heels won the Suburban!

The big darky with the guitar was just finishing a song, San Domingo Maid. The crowd at the four tables placed together applauded noisily.

"There's Harley Wilson," one of them said. "Oh, Harley!"

Harley was coming in, weaving among the tables and swaying as usual, as though he were walking up the aisles of the Garden, his hands bandaged and a bath robe fluttering about his heels. He'd had Afrikander that afternoon for plenty, they whispered. A Henry Clay was sticking out of his mouth at an angle and there was a faint aroma of Old Crow about him.

"Where you been, Harley?" "You're late, Harley." "Celebratin' already, Harley?" Salutations popped at him like twenty-twos at a shooting gallery. He looked about, grinning and nodding. "You know everybody, Harley? This is So-and-so and Who's-this. Sit down! Join the party! Hey, you! Chair for Mr. Wilson!"

"Yes, celebratin' a little," he said, with a wry smile. It was evident that Harley had been to a few other places that night. He wasn't drunk, but he wasn't himself, either, as the tender phrase is.

HE felt pretty good, in spite of his losses. Thirty-five years old, and looking every day of it. A Panama hat, a tan overcoat, glasses in a yellow case swinging from his shoulders. Face a little pudgy, eyes a little bloodshot, veins at the corners of his nose just beginning to show. Our hero, Harley Wilson.

Pretty women were no novelty to him; still he looked around with a connoisseur's enjoyment. Lillian Russell was sitting behind him, at the edge of the crowd. Not far away was Maxine Elliott. Women in his own party only less lovely. One of them was having some sort of disagreement with her escort. They sat just opposite him, and he listened.

"Oh, I couldn't, Jess. I just couldn't, that's all. Not here, with her sitting there watching. No."

"Yes, you can. Sure, you can. 'S all right. Lil won't care. Good sport, Lil. Go on. You be a good sport too."

"No. Please, Jess. No."

"Yes, you will, too."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FLYING BIRDS
Continued from page fifty-nine

Harley looked at Jess impersonally. Jesse McGowan, on the fringes of the theatrical business, and with a sweet reputation.

"No," said Harley, across the table. "No, she won't, either. What do you think of that? Whatever it is, she won't, Jess. Not if she doesn't care to. Thass my motto; maybe it's the lady's." So Harley, with the incisive gravity of too much liquor.

"Say, you, what do you mean?" began Jess, half rising from his seat.

Harley looked at him, grinning, and made no motion to rise. "Keep cool, keep cool," he said. His own tones had become very cool indeed. "You know me. Harley Wilson. I say she doesn't, she doesn't. Whatever—whatever it is." He waved a Napoleonic hand.

The girl settled it. She got to her feet. "Now, don't be fighting. It's nothing. I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Wilson, but it's only a song. Mr. McGowan wants me to sing a song. Who'd fight about a song?"

"Me," said Harley, getting to his feet slowly and facing her. "I'll fight for a song. Why not? Yes, I'll qu-quarrel for a song. If you wish to sing, lady, you'll give us all great pleasure. You are a sweet kid, and it gives us great pleasure only to look at you. I don't know you, excuse my familiarity. Introduction—what's a café introduction? What you're doing with these drunken men, I donno. I mean, I don't know. But you'll sing if you like, and if you don't care to you needn't. Do I make myself clear?"

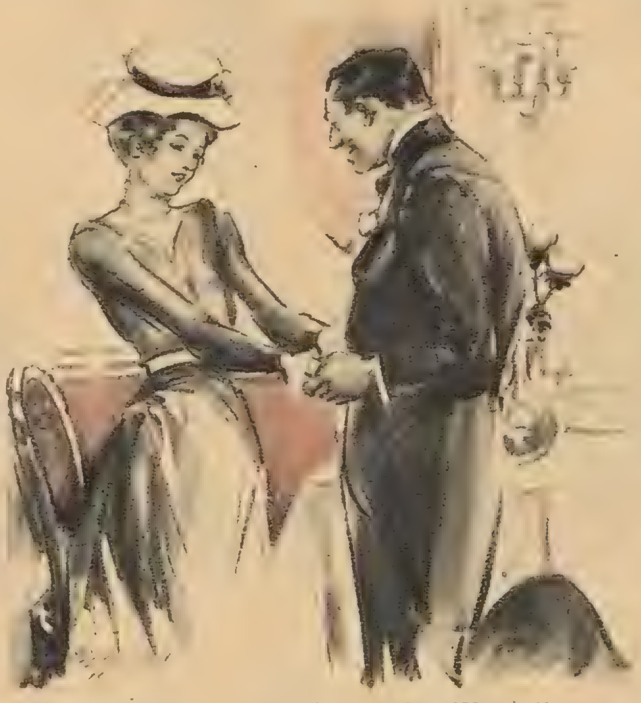
"Sure," she said, and looked at him compassionately, as if he were only a little boy—she who was half his age.

"Sit down, Harley! Go on, sit down!" Thus the girl next to him. "Everybody's lookin' at us."

Harley sneered. "They been looking at me for a long time," he said. But he sat down, and the girl began to sing this old song, without a preliminary gesture or an accompaniment:

My eve—ning star,
I wonder what you are,
Above so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.
No matter where I go—o,
I'll always think of you—oo.
So come down from heav'n, my evening star;
Come down, come down from hea—ven;
Come down, come down from hea—ven;
Come down from heav'n, my eve—ning —star.

And when she finished she looked straight at Lillian Russell, whose song she was singing, and bowed to her. And Lillian Russell, who had listened courteously, smiling a little, bowed in return, and patted her white kid gloves together, that being the sort of sportsman she was. There was quite a sprinkling of applause from the neighboring diners.


"Good night, Harley. You'll come to see me again, won't you?" she said.

You see, Lois Lane really had a voice, even then. It was tiny, but it was pure and true, and as sexless as Emma Eames' voice was, and it stabbed your heart in the same way. They urged her to sing again, but she would not. Harley raised his glass to her. "To your success," he said.

HE had a blurry recollection of the rest of the evening. He wanted to protect her, he remembered. He had a distinct recollection of telling that to several people. He'd told it to Jesse McGowan, drawing him courteously aside and whispering into his ear. "Don't try any tricks with this one, McGowan," he said.

"You're drunk," said McGowan, pulling away.

"Yes, I'm drunk, but all the same I know what I'm doing. Don't fool with me, McGowan," he said, all the time swaying and teetering, and holding McGowan's sleeve, as if they were the best of friends. He recalled her frightened look as she stood there, and his going up to her and saying he'd be her friend always. Then he stumbled down the gravel walks to Emmons Avenue and got a cab, and he woke up next morning in a room at Ravenhall's Hotel.

It took him that day to cure his headache and to find out that Lois Lane was a chorus girl in Granada. Saturday afternoon, at ten minutes to five, he went around to the stage door and waited for her. It wasn't his first experience, but it took him back a good many years as he stood there waiting.

She came out at last, chattering and laughing, with four other girls. He stood before them, hatless, unembarrassed, grinning a little.

"Miss Lane," he said.

"O-oh!" she said. "It's Mr. Harley Wilson. Good-by, girls. See you later."

"I came to—apologize to you, Miss Lane—for last Thursday, at Tappan's."

"Don't be foolish. That's all right. That's—that's—Are you in a hurry, Mr. Wilson?"

"Do I look as if I were in a hurry?"

"Would you—like to walk with me back to my boarding house? It's Ma Johnson's, over on Forty-seventh. I—"

"I wonder if you'd honor me by having dinner with me? If that's not too rapid."

"We get used to fast workers in this business, Mr. Wilson. I'd be pleased."

SHE hooked her arm in his and pressed it close. "Where we going?"

"Shanley's?"

"O-oh! Fine! You see, it's this way, Mr. Wilson. I—well, I was kind of scared the other night. You see—well, I don't like this Jess McGowan very well. But he—well, he asked me down to Tappan's the other night, and I never been to Tappan's. And this is my first show in New York, and it's awful now in New York, and when he said Sheepshead Bay, why, I—I knew I shouldn't 'a' come."

"Why not?"

"Well—I'm straight, Mr. Wilson—I do' want you to think I'm not a good fellow, or anything like that. I been on the stage three years, and my people are all old show people, and it's only just that I found out the best thing to do is to say that right away and get it out of the picture."

"Quite so."

"I been on the stage since I was fifteen. I was with a sister act, the Marigold Sisters, in the variety-show business out in the sticks. Well, I came to New York with eighty-two simoleons, and here I am. Now you talk."

"I'm thirty-five years old, and people'll tell you the same things about me they do about Jess McGowan. And they're all true—Here we are. Good evening, Miles."

"Yis, sor," said Miles. "Table by the window for Mister Wilson, Dinny Dining."

"You'll have a cocktail."

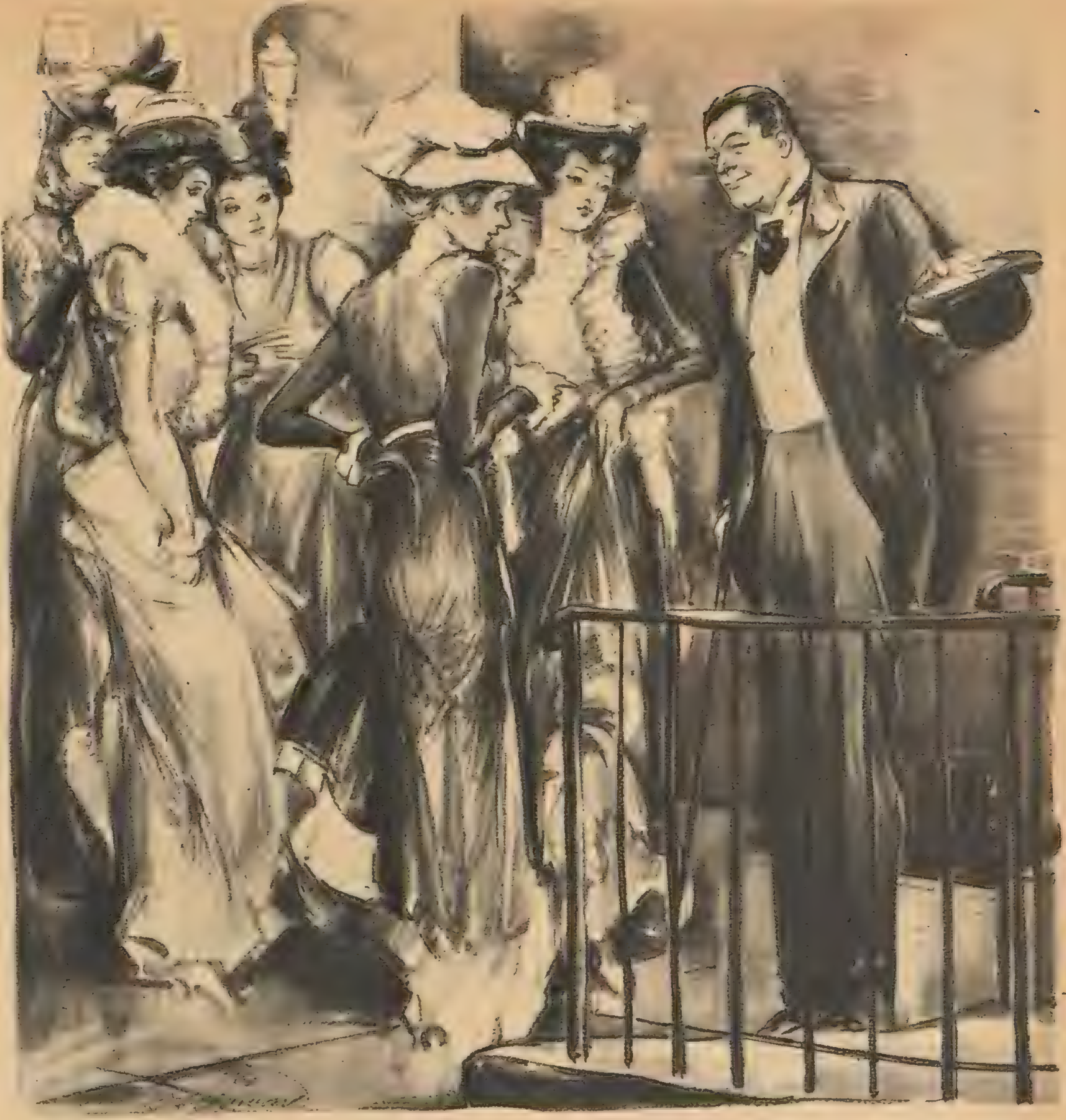
"No, thanks."

"Bring me a Martini, and we'll think it over. . . . You're sure you won't have a drink?"

"No, thanks. Now, see here; I just don't drink, that's all. Drinking hurts your voice. I want to tell you something. You were awful nice to me the other night, and I want to be just as nice to you. I'm—I'm not trying to string you along, or anything. I don't drink and—and I told you the rest of it. I'm just that way, see? I'm not trying to put on any airs, see?"

"Sure."

"You're awfully nice. I was terrible blue today. I got a letter from mom—she's the top mounter for the Six Bounding Bullers."



She came out at last, chattering and laughing, with four other girls. He stood before them, unembarrassed, grinning a little.

“Your father still alive?”

“My father—wasn't show people,” she said, and her eyes grew hard. “Gee! 'S best steak I ate since I got to New York.”

“And so now you're going to knock 'em dead on the Big Alley.”

“You said it. You heard me sing the other night. Didn't I panic 'em, hey?”

“Yes; you got a pretty voice.”

“Pretty? Is that all? Listen. I'm studying now. I'm going to be good. My mother's the best top mounter in the racket outside of the big tops. Of course, she's thirty-nine now.”

“How'd she ever let you come to New York, all by yourself?”

“I told her I was coming. I got to make good. I got to! Sometimes, when I sing, I just know I got what it takes. I get discouraged sometimes, and when I don't go good I could kill myself. I was kinda nervous down at the bay. I can do a lot better than that.”

“WHO'S your teacher?”

“Vitelli. He don't know too much, either. A buck and a half a lesson every time, too.”

“Going to sing opera?”

“No! Songs. What do I want with those dudes? No. No. I want to have my name in lights on Hammerstein's. That's my outfit. You watch me. . . . No dessert for me, thanks. That steak must be setting you back plenty. No, honest, I couldn't eat another thing. What time's it?”

“Quarter to seven.”

“That's nice. I got about fifteen minutes yet—if you're not in a hurry? Listen. You heard me the other night. You know I'll make it, don't you?”

“Well, I'll tell you. I'm willing to gamble on it. Here. Here's a century. I'll blow you to a good teacher. When it's gone, remind me, and I'll give you another one. Take it; nobody's looking.”

Her eyes narrowed. “What's this for?”

“That's for being a spunky kid that's going to knock the big town dead. There's no strings on it. I don't do business that way—I can be just the same way as you, I guess. You keep hollering, ‘I'm straight, I'm straight.’ All right. That's your privilege. I can say, ‘All right. Go on, be straight, and see if I care.’ Here's a hundred; that'll buy you some lessons and a few trips down to smell the sea breezes without worrying about Jess McGowan. That's all there is to it. I can be a sucker in my own way, can't I?”

“A sucker,” she said. “You're supposed to be a pretty wise baby. You don't buy me for any hundred bucks. Or all the jack in the world, either.”

“Come on. You're not doing East Lynne back in the old opry house. I heard your story and I didn't say I didn't believe it. Suppose you believe mine.”

She flushed suddenly. “Oh. Now I'm sorry. Sure, I'll take it. I'll give you this back some day, Harley. The day my name is up in lights on Hammerstein's.”

“I should live so long,” he said, but his fat hand whacked down on hers. “You're a sweet kid, Lois.”

As he was leaving, she gave him both her hands.

“Good night, Harley. You'll come to see me again, won't you?” she said. “I don't know how it is, but—but—you got me all cheered up, and I was feeling so blue. Even if you don't come back any more, I'll be so glad you saw me this once. I'm not talking about your hundred dollars; honest I'm not.”

“Kid, I don't think you're any such piker,” he said, and laughed. “I'm no piker, either. I'll be back.”

Sure enough, back he came within a week, and they were seen together pretty frequently that summer. At Churchill's, and Mouquin's, and the Café Martin. At Glen Island, yes, and at Coney Island, too, and at the races.

NOT many people would have believed that they were merely good companions. Perhaps not many will believe it now. How could such an association have been innocent, Lois Lane being a chorus girl, uneducated, uncultured, beautiful, and young, and he being Harley Wilson?

Their own actions did nothing to belie sinister interpretations. Lois seemed to hug and kiss him whenever fancy moved her, and regardless of observers. Harley Wilson's conversation was not restrained in her presence, and hers was only less frank and profane than his. What could you expect of such people?

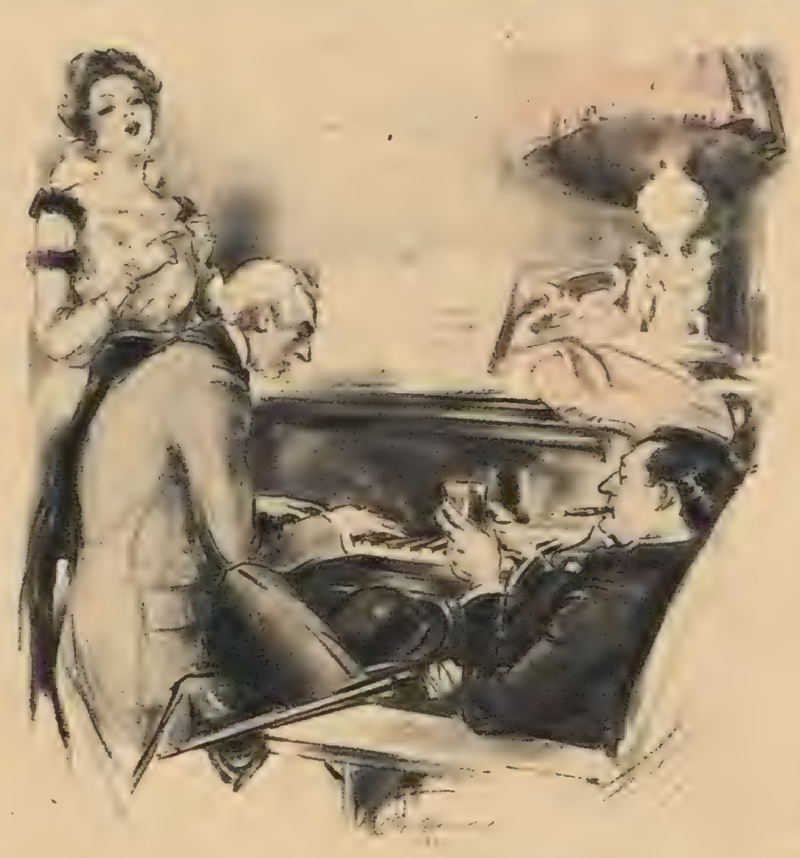
Perhaps he deliberately accentuated his grossness, his coarseness of fiber, his growing tenderness, before his associates, to hide his real solicitude for her. Aside from her beauty, she was as common as a street sparrow, and as brave and as impudent. He'd laugh, and threaten her humorously, and she'd stick her tongue out at him and reply in the language of the great outdoors.

Actually in those early days he was keeping evil away from her. Lending her money, buying her coats and good food. She was protected under the ægis of his bad name. Nobody wanted any trouble with Harley Wilson and they let his girl alone. She never touched a drink of liquor in all the parties that they had together. “Lois doesn't drink,” Harley'd say. “Do you, Lois?” “No, grandpop.”

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

FLYING BIRDS
Continued from page sixty-one

What part her voice had in his infatuation it's hard to say. It was a little odd to see the pudgy, florid Harley Wilson hunched up in a morris chair, a cigar in his face and a highball beside him, while she sang to Strozzi's accompaniments. It was Strozzi who made her voice—Strozzi and Harley Wilson's money. A voice that could have belonged to a baby angel, singing songs which Lois believed were classical: Gray Days Are Your Gray Eyes. Could I? Love in a Mist. You'd wonder how such a voice could ever belong to a girl like Lois Lane. Perhaps she wondered, too, sometimes.



It was Strozzi who made her voice—Strozzi and Harley Wilson's money.

Harley sitting there, ponderous, immovable, his heavy, pouchy eyes riveted on the wall ahead. What pictures were in his mind no one can tell. Pictures as banal, as gross, as stupid as himself, no doubt.

He had his own notions of propriety. He who would let himself be seen romping with Lois on the sands of Coney Island like any truck driver. After he'd known her a few weeks, he broke off his other amours. It didn't cost him nothing, either.

In the course of four months he asked her to marry him.

"Gee!" she said. "Aw, Harley—gee, I do' want to get married, Harley!"

"Got anybody else?" he said.

"No. No, not a soul. Gee, Harley, I couldn't marry you, Harley! I—you're the best friend I got in the world. I'm awful sorry. I'd do pretty near anything for you, Harley. Honest."

"I know that, kid. It's all right. Forget it."

"I—honest, I never thought of you like that, Harley. Look, I ain't even bashful with you. You know what I mean. Look at the things we say to each other. Gee, I—I—"

"You think I'm only an old rounder. You think you'd have to be the first. Is that it?"

"No. It's not that. If I was in love with you, I wouldn't care what you've done. I know you're square. I don't care what anybody says. Look how you've been to me."

"This case was different."

"No. No, it's not that. I know what you're like. I can sing better for you than for anybody, even old man Strozzi. I know I just *hit* you when I sing."

"Well. Well, never mind that."

"You keep tryin' to be so tough. You ain't tough at all. I know that. It's not anything like that, Harley."

"Keep my secret."

"There you go again. Listen, honey. I suppose this is the end of it. Is this the end of it, Harley?"

"No."

"LISTEN, Harley. I do' want you to—to keep on if—I do' want to string you along, keepin' you hopin'. I wouldn't do that. I want to be square; honest I do. I do' want you to go and leave me. I—I like you every way but—but that. I'll never marry you, never. But you're the only friend I got in the world."

"Let it go at that, Lois. It's all right, kid. It—might not last anyway. I don't know. These things don't last. I get tired, you get tired. What's the use? I never had it just this way before that I remember, but—I suppose you always think that. It's all right, kid."

"You got a—I got—you got a handkerchief, Harley? I—"

"Use your petticoat. Cut it out, kid. Forget it."

"Gee, Harley, I wisht you'd beat the head offa me. You're always sayin' you're gonna bust me in the nose. Go on. I ain't got any sense. If I had, I'd grab you. I'd be safe with you."

"Safe, huh? I've been too safe all along. That's the first time I ever made that mistake."

"O-oh! No, Harley. Don't, please, don't go thinking that. I thought, a million times, about that. How I said to you, 'I'm straight,' and you said, 'O. K.,' and treated me like a—a queen. And I could roughhouse around with you and say anything without worryin' about you—because you're just as straight as me, see. I do' care what you've done. No. I didn't mean safe, like that. I meant safe—see?—no more worryin' about makin' Hammerstein's. Quit the racket and stop tryin' to battle—battlin' with me, battlin' with that ham Queenie Morgan, that ain't got any more voice than a cow—"

"I GUESS you can't do that, Lois. Marrying me'd be like going to the Old Ladies' Home, wouldn't it? No; I guess you can't be a quitter."

"That's it! That's it, Harley. I got to keep goin'. I got to knock 'em dead. Maybe—maybe bimeby—"

"No. I don't think I'd ever ask any girl twice, Lois. Come to think of it, this is the first time I ever asked once. Mistake to ask. Impolite. You go to it, kid. I'll help you, same as always."

"I suppose you will. I feel too cheap to say thanks to you. But this is the first time anybody ever asked me to marry him. If you think I don't know what you've just done, you're crazy."

"Well—very fond of you, Lois," he muttered, and touched his lips hastily with a napkin. "Well, now what?"

"Tell you. You send me home in a cab and get ahold of Bill Madden and go on a party with him. That's the best thing, darling."

"You want to go home?"

"Yes, please, Harley. I feel—terrible. I do'—I do' want to bust out cryin' here, in front of everybody. Please, Harley."

Well, eight months afterward, Lois Lane had her name in lights in front of Hammerstein's. "Lois Lane," said the wiseacres, and then drawled "Harley Wilson" out of the sides of their mouths. It was Harley Wilson's money, Harley Wilson's influence, that put her there, that's sure. After her first number, she looked out at him from the wings and kissed her hand to him and nodded. He wasn't quite sober when he came to the theater, and he told Bill Madden, later on that night, "Gonna lose my girl, Bill." "What's that?" said Madden. "Nothin'. I said I got a nice girl. Doncha think so? Hey? Good old Bill." . . .

Lois Lane caught on right from the first.

Harley Wilson had the dope all right. In four months she married a handsome xylophone player, name Bertram Walters. Six months thereafter she caught him two-timing her and divorced him. She's had two husbands since—and there the record ends for Lois Lane.

And Harley Wilson's gone back to the blondes, and the bookmakers, and the making of phony prize-fight champions and of Stock Exchange pools. "It's been a long time since I've been caught holding any bags," is his favorite motto.

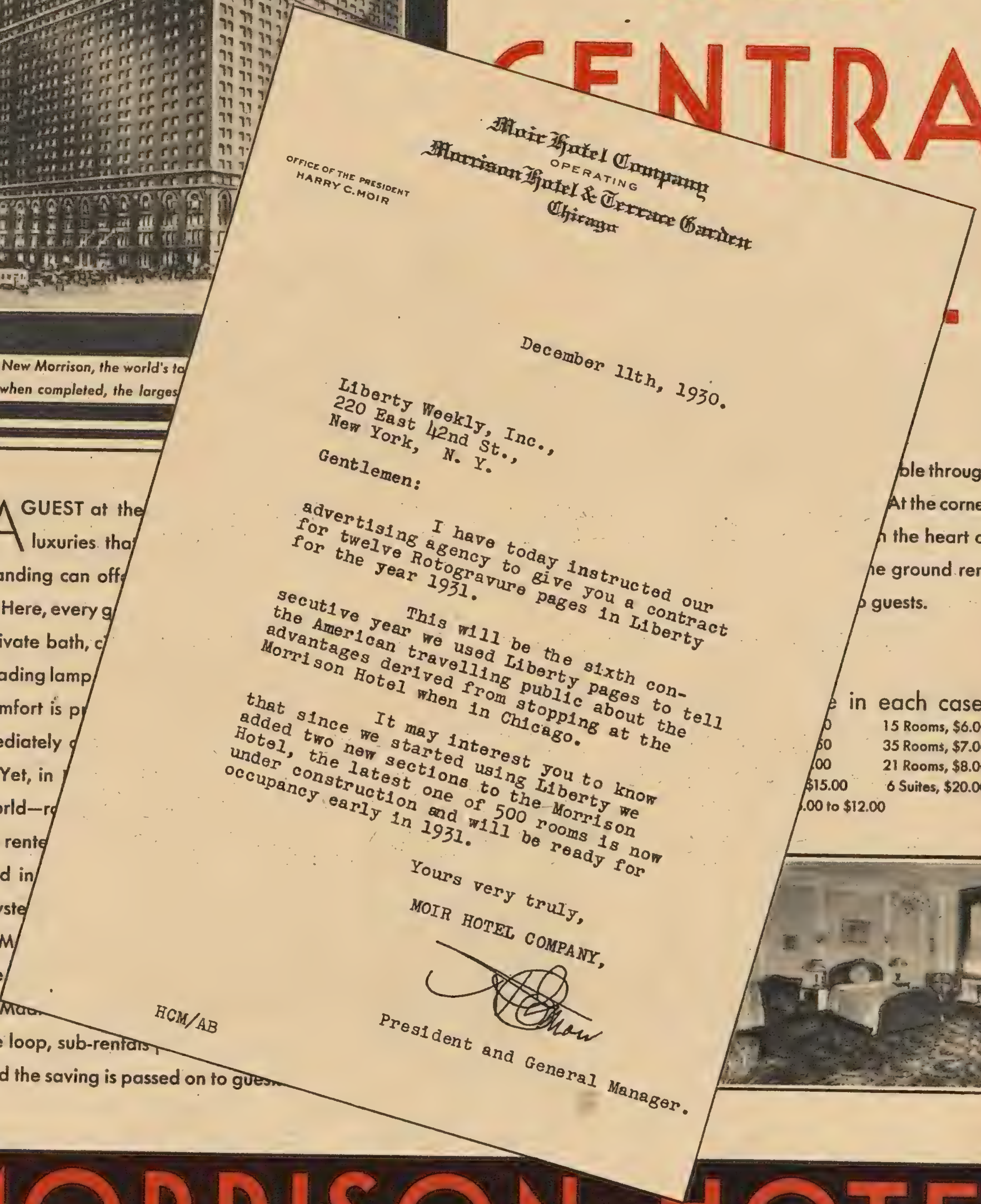
Flying birds. They're gray up close, but in the air they look white. You've got to see them in the air and flying. They look pretty then.

THE END

HARRY C. MOIR
PRES. & GEN. MGR.
"THE MAN BACK OF THE INSTITUTION"

The New Morrison, the world's ta
be, when completed, the larges

CHICAGO'S most CENTRAL
L



OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
HARRY C. MOIR

Moir Hotel Company
OPERATING
Morrison Hotel & Terrace Garden
Chicago

December 11th, 1930.

Liberty Weekly, Inc.,
220 East 42nd St.,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I have today instructed our advertising agency to give you a contract for twelve Rotogravure pages in Liberty for the year 1931.

This will be the sixth consecutive year we used Liberty pages to tell the American travelling public about the advantages derived from stopping at the Morrison Hotel when in Chicago.

It may interest you to know that since we started using Liberty we added two new sections to the Morrison Hotel, the latest one of 500 rooms is now under construction and will be ready for occupancy early in 1931.

Yours very truly,

MOIR HOTEL COMPANY,

President and General Manager.

HCM/AB

A GUEST at the
luxuries tha
standing can off

Here, every g
private bath, c
reading lamp
comfort is pr
mediately

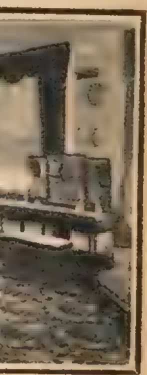
Yet, in
world—r
be rente
had in
Oyste

M
the
of Mad
the loop, sub-rentals
and the saving is passed on to gue

ble through
At the corner
the heart of
he ground rent
guests.

e in each case)

0	15 Rooms, $6.00
50	35 Rooms, $7.00
00	21 Rooms, $8.00
$15.00	6 Suites, $20.00
.00 to $12.00	



MORRISON HOTEL
Corner of Madison and Clark Sts. "In the HEART of CHICAGO"

"Greetings From---"

By
ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by PETER ARNO

(Reading time: 6 min. 33 sec.)

DURING the Christmas and New Year's season there was an ugly rumor going the rounds of the counting-houses and salons *(Note to Printer: Only one "o," please!)* of the town that I was in jail. I would like to have it understood at this time that I started that rumor myself. I started it, and spent quite a lot of money to keep it alive through the use of paid whisperers, in order that my friends would understand why they got no gifts or greeting cards from me. They couldn't expect a man who was in jail to send them anything. Or could they?

I have now reached an age and arterial condition where this business of selection of gifts for particular people throws me into a high fever (102) and causes my eyes to roll back into my head. It isn't the money that I begrudge. I spend that much in a single night on jaguar cubs and rare old Egyptian wines for one of my famous revels. It is simply that I am no longer able to decide what to get for whom. In other words, that splendid cellular structure once known as my "mind" has completely collapsed in this particular respect. (I am finding other respects every day, but we won't go into that now.)

It is not only at Christmas and New Year's that I am confronted with this terrifying crisis. When I am away on my summer vacation, when I go away on a business trip, or even when I wake up and find myself in another city by mistake, there is always that incubus sitting on my chest: "Which post card shall I send to Joe?" or "What shall I take back to Mae?" The result is that I have acquired a full-blown phobia for post-cards stands and the sight of a gift shop standing in my path will send me scurrying around a three-mile detour or rolling on the ground in an unpleasant frenzy. If I knew of a good doctor, I would go to him for it.

On my last vacation I suddenly realized that I had been away for two weeks without sending any word home other than to cable the bank to mind its own business and let me alone about that overdraft. So I walked up and down in front of a post-card shop until I got my courage up, gritted my teeth, and made a dash for it. I found myself confronted by just short of 450,000 post cards.

TAKING up a position slightly to the left and half facing one of those revolving racks, I gave it a little spin once around, just to see if it was working nicely. This brought the lady clerk to my side.

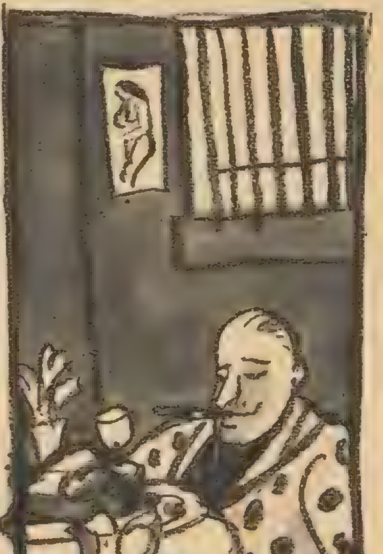
"Some post cards?" she asked, perhaps to make sure that I wasn't gambling with the contraption.

"I'm just looking," I reassured her. Then, of course, I *had* to look. I spun the thing around eighty or ninety times, until it began to look as if there were only one set of post cards in the rack, all showing some unattractive people in a rowboat on a moonlit lake. Then I started spinning in the opposite direction. This made me dizzy and I had to stop altogether. "Let me see," I said aloud to myself in order to reassure the lady that I really was buying cards and not just out on a lark, "who—whom—do I have to send to?"

Well, there were four in my own family, and Joe and Hamilton and Tweek and Charlie (something comical for Charlie)—oh, and Miss McLassney in the office and Miss Whirtle in the outer office and Eddie on the elevator, and then a bunch of kidding ones for the boys at the Iron Gate and—here I felt well enough to start spinning again. Obviously the thing to do was to take three or four dozen at random and then decide later who to send each one to. So I grabbed out great chunks of post cards from the rack, three out of this pack showing mountain goats, six out of this showing a water-colored boy carrying a bunch of pansies (these ought to get a laugh), and seven or eight showing peasants in native costume flying kites or something.

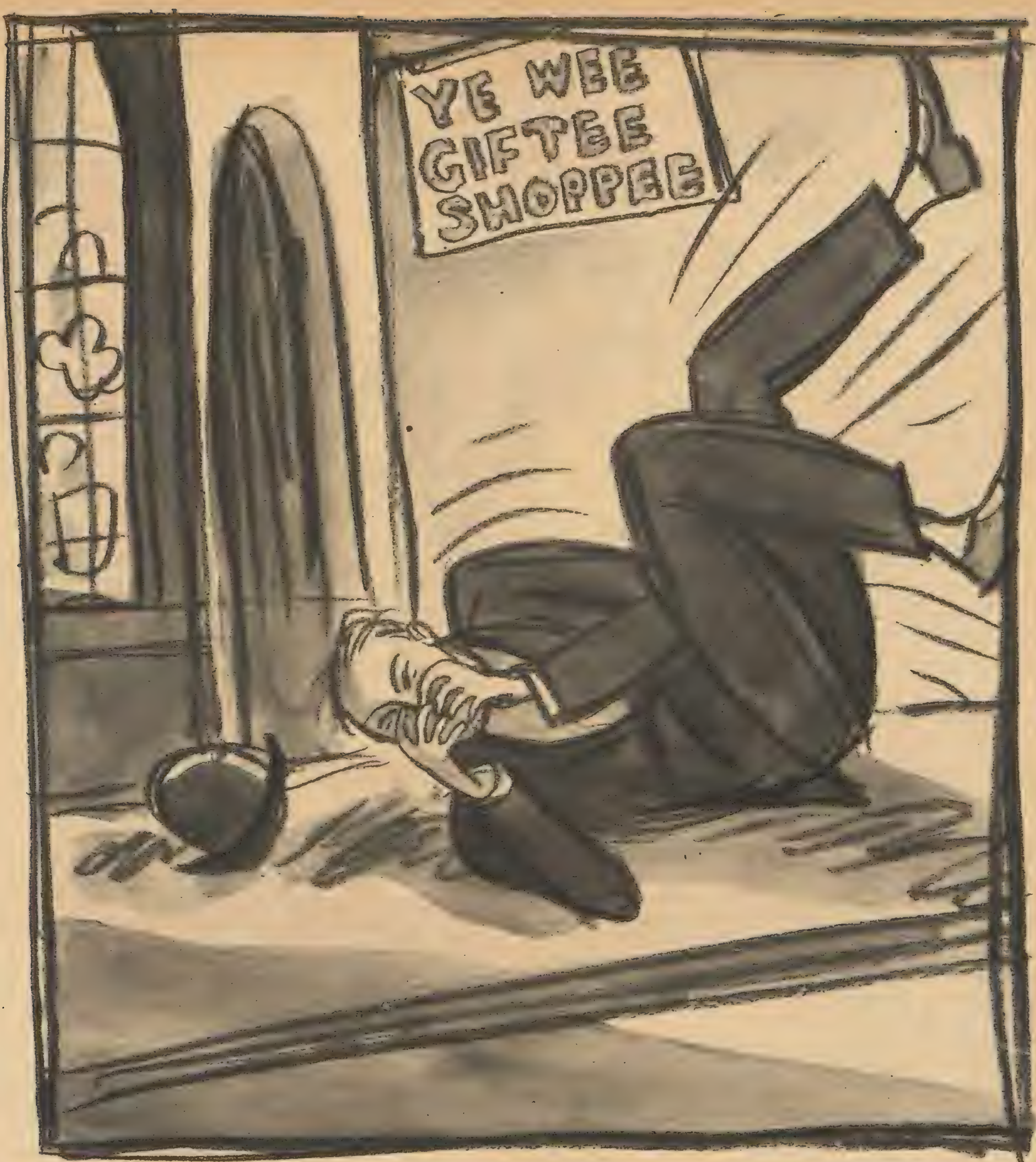
"I'll take these," I said, in a fever of excitement, and dashed out without paying.

FOR four days I avoided sitting down at a desk to write those cards, but at last a terrific mountain storm drove me indoors and the lack of anything to read drove me to the desk. I took the three dozen cards and piled them in a neat pile before me. Then I took out my fountain pen. By great good luck, there was no ink in it. You can't write post cards without ink, now, can you? So I leapt up from the desk and took a nap until the storm was over.



. . . in order that my friends would understand.

It was not until a week later that I finally sat down again and began to decide which cards to send and to whom. Here was one showing an old goat standing on a cliff. That would be good for Joe, with some comical crack written on it. No, I guess this one of two peasant girls pushing a cart would be better for Joe. I wrote, "Some fun, eh, kid?" on the goat picture and decided to send it to Hamilton, but right under it was a colored one showing a boy and a girl eating a bunch of lilies of the valley. That would be better for Hamilton—or maybe it would be better for Charlie. No, the goat one would be better for Charlie, because he says "Some fun, eh, kid?" all the time. . . . Now let's do this thing systematically. The goat one to Charlie. Cross off Charlie's name from the list. That's one. Now the boy and girl eating lilies of the valley—or perhaps this one of a herd of swans—no, the boy and girl to Hamilton because —hello, what's this? How about *that* for Hamilton? And how about the boy and girl eating a herd of swans in a cartful



The sight of a gift shop will send me rolling on the ground in an unpleasant frenzy.

of lilies of the valley on a cliff for Eddie or Joe or Miss McLassney or Mother or Tweek or—

At this point everything went black before me and when I came to I was seated at a little iron table on a terrace with my face buried in an oddly flavored glass of ice. Not having had a stamp, I didn't send even the card I had written to Charlie, but brought them all home with me in my trunk and they are in my top desk drawer to this very day.

The question of bringing home little gifts is an even more serious one. On the last day before I start back I go to some shop which specializes in odds and ends for returning travelers. I have my list of beneficiaries all neatly made out. Here are some traveling clocks. Everyone *has* a traveling clock. Here are some embroidered hand bags. (As a matter of fact, I have come to believe that the entire choice of gifts for ladies, no matter where you are, is limited to embroidered hand bags. You ask a clerk for suggestions as to what to take to your mother, and she says: "How about a nice embroidered hand bag?" You look in the advertisements in the newspapers and all you can find are sales of embroidered hand bags. The stores at home are full of embroidered hand bags and your own house is full of embroidered hand bags. My God, don't they ever think of anything else to make?)

I ROAM about in shop after shop, thinking that in the next one I shall run across something that will be just right. Traveling clocks and embroidered hand bags. Perfumes and embroidered hand bags. Perfumes and traveling clocks. And all of them can be bought at home right down on Main Street and probably a great deal better. At this point, the shops all close suddenly, and I am left with my list and lame ankles to show for a final day's shopping. It usually results in my sneaking out, the first day that I am home, and buying a traveling clock, some perfume, and an embroidered hand bag at the local department store and presenting them without the telltale wrappings to only moderately excited friends.

This is why I pretend to be in jail around Christmas and New Year's. It may end up in my pretending to be (or actually being) in jail the year round.

Further revelations by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

Another Story of NIKKI and Her WAR BIRDS

The Episode of the Happy Ending

By JOHN MONK SAUNDERS

Pictures by GEORGE VAN WERVEKE

(Reading time: 29 minutes 7 seconds.)

CARY LOCKWOOD and Nikki were sitting in the garden lounge of the Ritz Hotel in Madrid (exclusively patronized by the highest Spanish and foreign society) at eleven o'clock, drinking cocktails, when Bill Talbot came in. He was loaded with packages and he was grinning all over the shop. He said he was full of beer. He said he'd found a marvelous place called the Café Vermouth, where they served you an anchovy on a toothpick in a clamshell with your beer.

> This Story Presents—
>
> *NIKKI, an American girl who has found her way into the disordered lives of a group of American war flyers left astray in Europe after the Armistice,*
>
> *BILL TALBOT, all-American halfback,*
>
> *CARY LOCKWOOD, from Minnesota, a Rhodes scholar at Oxford whom the others have been following about on a whimsical treasure-hunt which has come to nothing,*
>
> *And memories of the other flyers—Johnny Swann, Francis, known as The Washout, and Shepard Lambert, all of whom have vanished variously out of preceding narratives.*

"What have you got there?" Nikki inquired.

"S'prizes," Bill said mysteriously.

"S'prizes? For whom?"

"S'prizes for you, Nikki."

"For Nikki? Why, William Talbot! You went and got s'prizes for Nikki?"

"And I had a swell time, too. Well, let's see now, Nikki," said Bill, looking over the packages on the seat of the green wicker bench. "Open that one first." It was a flat, important package labeled Perfumería Gal, Madrid.

With every package Nikki opened, Bill's grin grew broader. Nikki was very excited. In a minute she was surrounded by sheafs of wrapping paper and cardboard boxes and cord, and intrenched behind an array of bottles.

"Bill—you blessed! I've never had any Spanish perfume in my life." She threw her arms about his neck and kissed him. "Why Bill—why Bill—aren't you sweet! How on earth did you know what to choose? 'Flores de Talavera,' she read. 'Trini, Jardines de España, Heno de Pravia.' Why, Bill!"

"Well," Bill said, "I had a fellow with me, and, anyway, I tried 'em all out myself."

He reached into his waistcoat pocket and brought out a half dozen flat, brilliant little bottles. "And I made 'em give me the samples, too."

Nikki arranged them in a shining staggered little line on the table.

"Now," said Bill, "am I getting popular?"

"Popular! Bill, you're—you're too wonderful—" Nikki was lost for words.

"All right then—open that."

It turned out to be a color print—a starry night sky, blue, and a narrow dark street, and rich shadows, and two lovers in costume standing close to each other.

"Why, Bill! This is perfectly stunning!" Nikki cried, as she rolled it up. "I don't know what to say."

"Well, I had a sharpshooter helping me," Bill said, a little sheepishly. "He said it was the best in the place."

"What's that?" Nikki asked, pointing at a large bundle wrapped in yellow paper with the word "Jiminez" printed on it in block lettering.

"Oh, that!" said Bill. "That's just something I got."

"Not for me?" A vague shadow of disappointment fell across Nikki's face.

"Nikki, you're spoiled," Cary said.

"Oh, Cary, how can you say that! Why, I'm so happy with my s'prizes I can hardly talk."

Bill picked up the bundle and put it in Nikki's lap.

"It's for you, beautiful," he said.

She looked at him in quick disbelief.

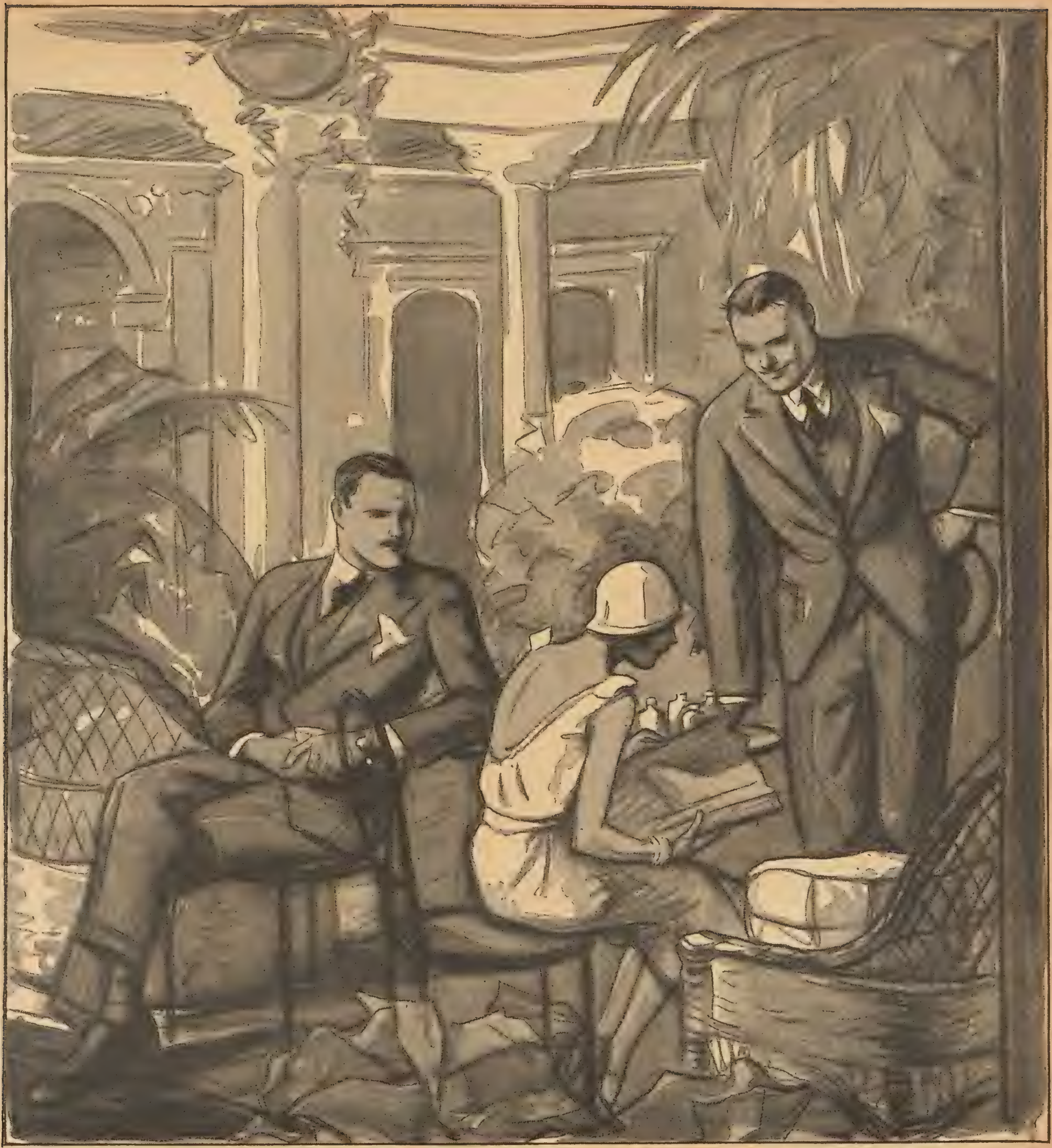
"It's for you. I got it for you."

"Do you mean it?"

"I was only teasing you."

"Bill, you're a wretch!"

Very carefully she untied the yellow cord. "It's so heavy," she said.



With every package Nikki opened, Bill's grin grew broader.

She folded back the wrappings. Then she sat quite still, looking at the heap of brilliant color in her lap; huge crimson, yellow, and blue blossoms worked on to a brilliant white background. She lifted the fringe delicately with her fingers. It was nearly a half meter long.

For a long time she sat staring at the Spanish shawl in her lap. When she looked up the tears were standing in her eyes. She couldn't speak. Then she buried her face in the shawl and wept.

The tears came to Bill's eyes, too. He put his arm clumsily about her shoulders and said, "Now, now, Nikki—" But he couldn't say anything more, either. Cary looked away from them.

After a while Nikki dried her eyes with her handkerchief. "Aren't I silly!" she cried. "I really—" But the tears came to her eyes again and she couldn't speak.

Bill was full of information about the shawl. He'd got it from a very serious house, he said, the Casa Jiminez, at the last price. He'd looked at a green one, and a blue one, and a very, very old one, but this was the shawl for Nikki—white with all that splintered sunlight.

Was it too long?

Nikki stood up and swung the shawl about her hips and shoulders. "She's got the figure for it," Bill declared. He was very proud of his idea.

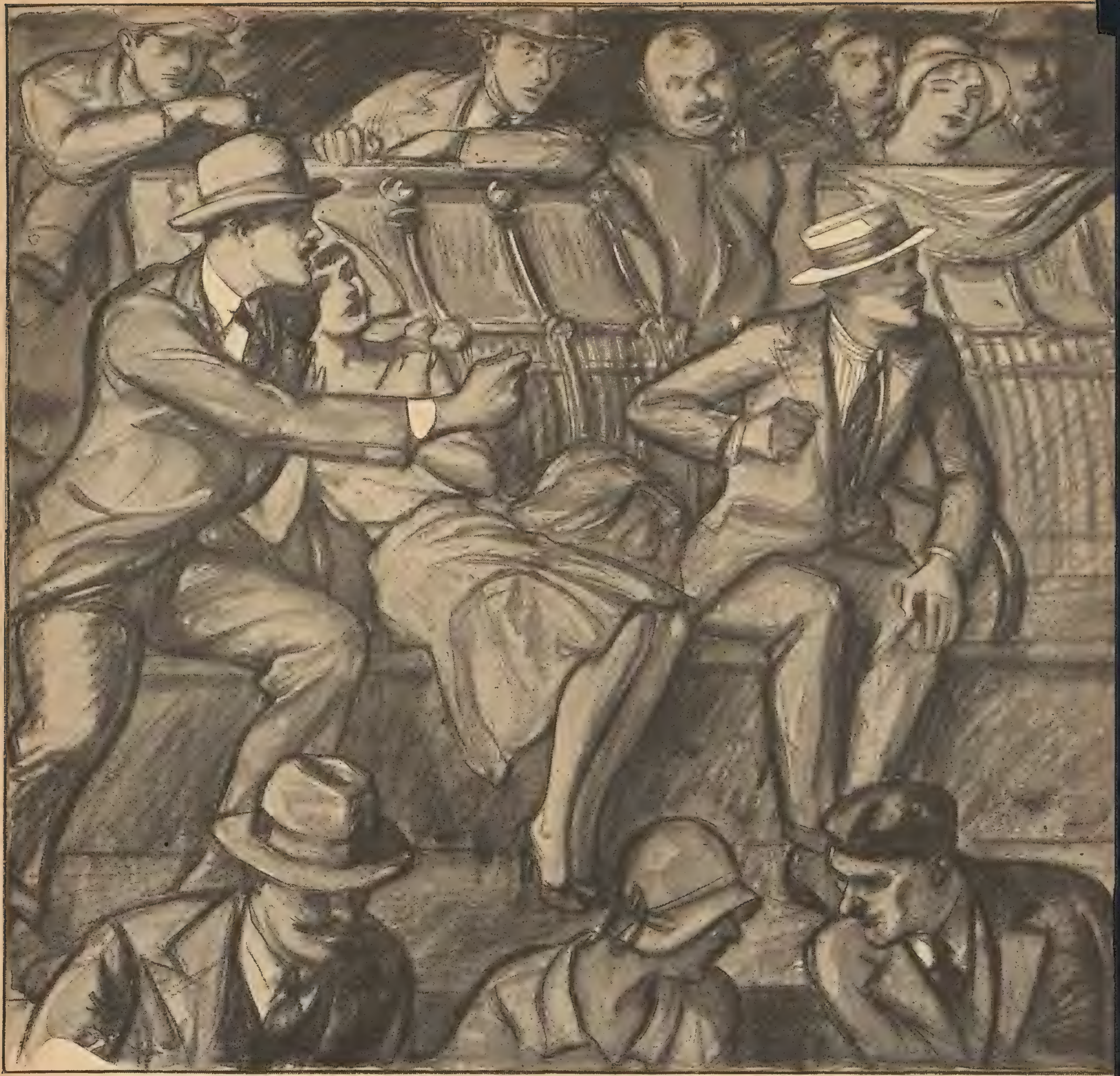
"But this is very expensive," Nikki said doubtfully, examining both sides of the shawl.

"Very expensible," Bill agreed. "Obtained at incalculable expense. It took a lot of old Spanish women a lot of time to make that there shawl."

"Hundreds of years," Nikki said.

"Real silk," Bill said. "I'll show you how you can

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Bill reached over and plucked the program out of Cary's hand

[THE EPISODE OF THE HAPPY ENDING
Continued from page sixty-seven]

tell the difference," he said. Bill had soaked up a vast amount of information about Spanish shawls in the past three hours. "You see, now, if this was artificial silk," he said, taking a single white silk strand of the two-foot fringe and wrapping it around his index finger—"you see, if it's artificial silk, when you take a thread on your finger, it breaks." He gave it a convincing tug and the thread did not part. "If it's natural silk, well, then you cut your finger instead," he explained.

He insisted that Nikki and Cary both test the threads. "You see!" he said triumphantly. "You see."

With all the beautiful crystal bottles in front of her and the Spanish shawl in her lap, Nikki looked as though she might weep again.

"I'll have to go upstairs," she said finally. "You shouldn't take advantage of a poor girl like this."

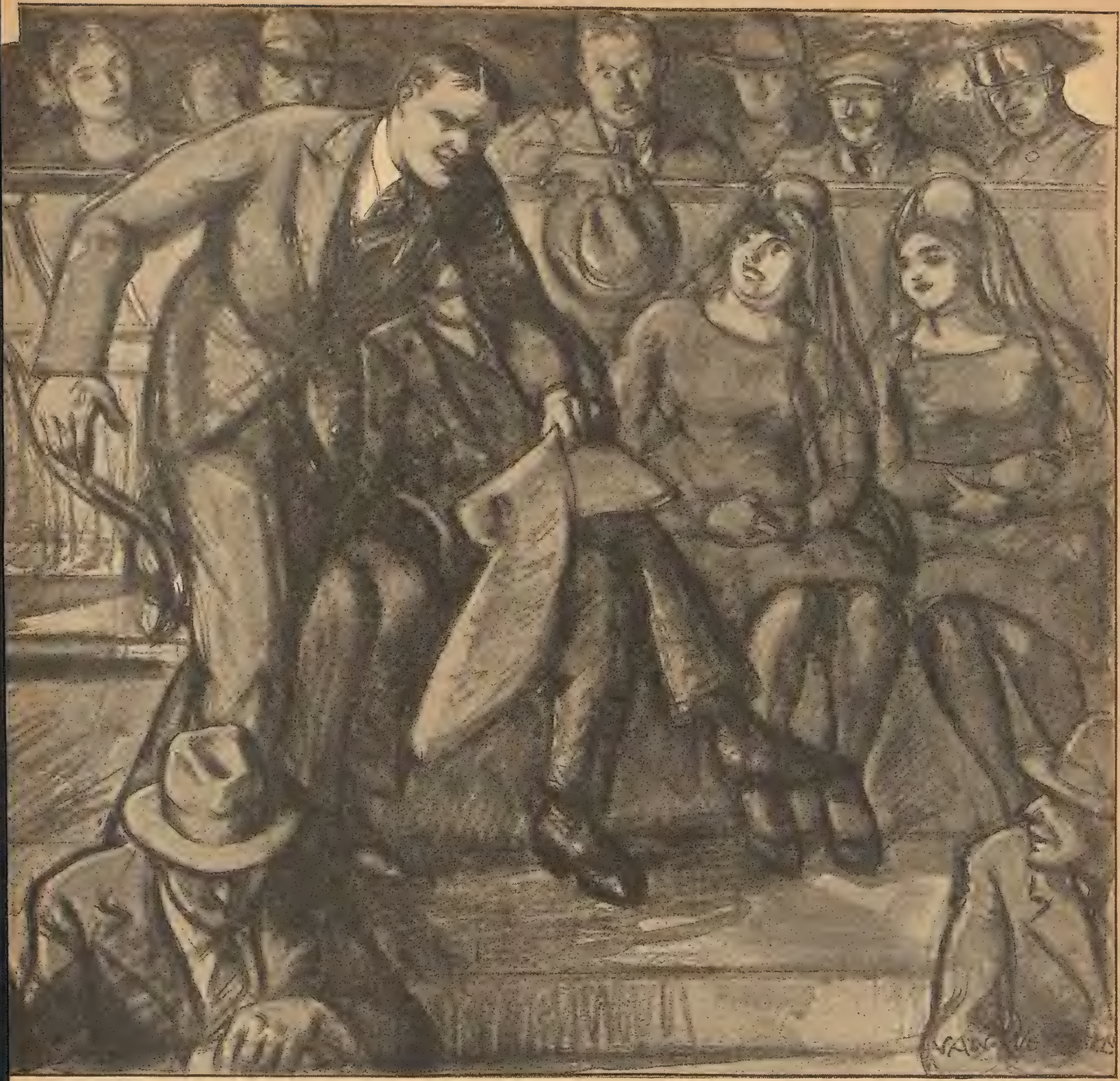
"I'll send for a page," Bill said, "and he can take them up to your room."

"No, no," said Nikki, "I want to carry them up myself."

When Nikki had gone, Cary looked at Bill. "You old son-of-a-gun," he said. He thought it was a little wicked to play up to Nikki's weakness for presents.

Bill was full of information when Nikki came back. "This is Thursday and there are jai alai games and a bullfight. We can see both if we are really nippy. The jai alai begins at four fifteen and the bullfights at five thirty. We can look in at the courts for a half hour or so, and then drive to the arena—not five minutes between them—and we wouldn't even miss the *paseo* at the beginning." Had Cary or Nikki ever seen jai alai? Or a bullfight? O. K. then. How was this for a program for the afternoon: see the jai alai, see the bullfights, and catch the Sud Express for Paris at twenty hours. O. K.? O. K. Bill sent a waiter into the hotel lobby to look for his sharpshooter.

He was an impassive little fellow with a green stone ring and a tie pin. Bill presented him to Nikki and Cary as Pedro Something-or-other, Rasilla, perhaps.



ising from his seat, he slipped into the aisle, ran down the steps.

" I give you my card," Pedro said quickly.

" We haven't any cards. I'm sorry," Cary said as they looked at his.

" Now, listen, Pete," Bill said. " We're going to leave everything to you, because we've got our drinking to attend to. Now, first you better get our rail tickets from the porter and get space for us on the *wagon lits* for Paris—two compartments—then get tickets for the jai alai—include yourself, of course—and then for the bullfights—and then tell the cashier to get our accounts ready—and then you better steer us on to the train, because we may be in a kind of state. You better get a car for us so we can move around."

" *Si, si, si,*" said Pete.

" Do you need any money? "

" No, no. I geeve you my account—after."

" All right, Pete. You do your stuff. And look! We want seats right down in front. Pay premiums if you have to, but we have to be close. Understand? Miss Kansas City here can't see very far."

" I will command the best."

" We'll be right here when you get back," Bill said.

They sat and drank their cocktails. " These sure are beautiful cocktails," Bill said. " Let's order a hundred, anyway."

It was curious how they all felt alike now. They had to keep going, going, going. They dared not stop to think. They dreaded a pause in the conversation. Your mind would go back to Shep and the Portuguese shooting gallery, and you mustn't think about that. You had to stay as far ahead of your thoughts as you could.

Each detected the same fear in the others: it was behind Cary's eyes; a shiver of dread betrayed Nikki every little while; and Bill's agitation showed in his continued, excited conversation.

The three were in the same state that Shep had once tried to explain: they were swimming naked at night in a lake beneath whose black velvet surface lurked invisible monsters ready to pull you under if you should let your

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

8 Inches Off Waistline

"My waistline went from 42 down to 34 inches. It took only 35 days," says E. D. Lane, of Albany, N. Y. "Director Belt got results. I never felt better in all my life."

Director Belt gets at fat and quickly removes it by gentle vibrating action on the abdomen, causing fat to be absorbed and eliminated. Thousands have proved it and doctors recommend it as a natural way to reduce. Stop drugs, exercises and dieting. Try this easy way.

Reduce this waistline to this

Sent on Trial—

Let us prove our claims. We'll send a Director for trial. If you don't get results you owe nothing. You don't risk a penny. Write for trial offer, doctors' endorsements and letters from users. Mail the coupon NOW!

Landon & Warner, Dept. E-15
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part please send me details of your trial offer.

Name_______________

Address_______________

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
142 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

LUCKY TIGER

A Proven Germicide!

For a clean, healthy scalp use Lucky Tiger. Destroys germs—gives to thin, falling hair a new life and lustre. Delicately perfumed and world's largest seller at Druggists, Barber Shops and Beauty Parlors.

TRY IT TODAY!

Become an Artist

EARN $50 to $250 a WEEK

You can quickly learn to draw pictures that sell through a remarkable simple home-study method. Earn money while learning. Our students all over the country are successful. Many now making big salaries. There is room for you in this fascinating profession. Good artists are always in demand and earn from $50 to $250 a week.

Write today for free book. No obligation.

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, Room 37-M
1115—15th St., N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

This Remington Sheath Knife

is just what you need for hunting, fishing or camping trips. It has a 4¼ inch forged blade with strong, durable, keen-cutting edge, bone stag handle and leather sheath. We will send you this knife

FREE

of charge on receipt of only $1.00 for a TWO-year subscription to Hunting & Fishing, a 52 page monthly magazine crammed full of hunting, fishing, camping and trapping stories and pictures, valuable information about guns, revolvers, fishing tackle, game law changes, best places to get fish and game, etc. Clip this adv. and mail today with $1 bill to Hunting & Fishing, 140 Transit Bldg., Boston, Mass.

HUNTING AND FISHING 5

THE EPISODE OF THE HAPPY ENDING

Continued from page sixty-nine

legs down. You had to keep swimming for a far-off, invisible shore.

"Would you *like* to see a Spanish bullfight, Nikki?" Bill asked suddenly. "I never thought to ask you."

"I'd love to see one," Nikki said.

"Good old Nikki! The only thing, I guess," said Bill seriously, "is about the horses. When the bull charges the horse. You won't like that."

"Well, I can turn my head."

The garden lounge of the Ritz Hotel in Madrid is a lovely place, sunny and quiet, with distant Spanish tango music.

After a while they all felt very peaceful. Presently Pedro came in.

"Hello, Pete," Bill said dreamily. "What's the news?"

"Is all arrange'," Pete said.

"Sit down and have a drink with us and a sandwish or something."

"Thank you."

"Now tell us: have you attended to everything—car, tickets, train, everything?"

"Is all arrange'," Pete repeated steadily.

"Good ol' Pete. How soon do we leave?"

Pete looked at his watch. "Ten minoots."

"Ten minoots, hey? Well, drink up, boys and girls. We've got to get agoing." . . .

The jai alai game, they agreed among themselves, was a kind of washout. The gambling was the main idea about jai alai and they couldn't get into that.

The play was fast enough when they played, but the best player was kind of stout and bald-headed—and after every point the bookmakers in their red berets swarmed out in front of the crowd and set up a hell of a clatter, shouting the changes in odds.

THEY left early for the bullfights. Bill began to tingle when their car pulled up in front of the Plaza de Toros.

He got down and looked up at the high, circling wall of the arena.

"You know how I feel?" he said. "Just like I was going into the stadium for the first game of the season. I feel like something's going to happen in there. I'll be all right after the kick-off," he said. "After I tackle somebody or somebody tackles me, I'll be all right. Aren't you excited?" he said.

Nikki said she was all agape.

"Plaza de Toros," Bill said, looking at the lettering cut in stone over the entrance. "Plaza de Toros. I saw that once in Carmen. Oh, boy, this is great!

"Is there a bar or anything inside?" he wanted to know.

"Oh, yes," said Pedro.

Bill's face lit up. "Well, let's go in and have a drink."

The bar was not very crowded and they decided to drink beer on account of it was quite hot and the Spanish beer was very refreshing. Only Nikki wouldn't drink beer—she asked for a vermouth *con aperitivo*.

The man standing beside Bill was very soused. He had a tall glass of beer in his hand and he swayed uncertainly. He was talking drunkenly to his friend, and as he gestured with his right hand he tipped up his glass. The beer poured on to Bill's foot in a golden cascade, filling up his shoe.

"What the hell!" said Bill.

The drunk was all apologies.

Bill took off his shoe and emptied it and put it back on. "Certainly feels squishy," he said. "Hope I don't catch cold in my right ear."

They had quite a few more drinks and Bill bought fans for all of them and they went inside. Bill wanted to get the guide tight, but it was hard to do.

PEDRO had got fine seats for them—the second row, just above the trench, on the shady side. It was like walking into a bowl of sunshine to come into the arena, all golden light and color. Sixteen thousand people in the bull ring.

For ten centimos Bill bought a *Programa Oficial de Espectáculos* printed in bold black type on a single sheet of pink flimsy. Plaza de Toros de Madrid, the program said. *Gran Corrida Extraordinaria.* The bulls, it said, came from the *acreditada ganaderia de D. Antonio Perez, de San Fernando (Salamanca).* There were inked drawings of the bulls, six of them, in two vertical columns of three each, with their names, numbers, and colors. The name of the first bull was Capuchino, *negro, Num. 15.* From his picture he was a jet-black, fierce-looking beast with wide tapering horns.

Josélito, the great bullfighter, Pedro was explaining to them, had been killed in this ring a season or so before, but there were some promising young *novilleros* coming up: Marquez, Antonio Posada, and Nino de la Palma. "Do you know Paolino Uzcudun?" Pedro Rosilla demanded abruptly.

Nobody knew Paolino Uzcudun and Pedro was downcast. Bill wanted to know what about Paolino.

"Boxer," Pedro said. "Some day will be champion. A very strong boy. Strong as a beer."

"Strong as a what?" Bill said.

"Like a tigre. Like a beer. Strong as a beer. Can't hold a lamp chimbly without breaking it. No drink. No smoke. Once at the Lido I saw him. The girls tease him. They pass the drinks right under 'is nose. He don't touch. I was surprise' to see his will power. He dance every dance like a beer."

Pedro was of the opinion that Paolino was too strong for anybody. He said he saw him fight a Belgian in the ring and the Belgian hit Paolino on the nose and made his nose bleed and Paolino got mad and gave such a punch to him he knocked him out of the ring.

Pedro also gave them some of his other opinions while they were waiting for the ring to be cleared.

"The movies tires me a little," he said. "I go to sleep. I am in favor of the theater."

In the afternoon sunlight the parade seemed more resplendent than the one they had seen at night in Lisbon. The black-and-silver-and-orange uniforms of the bullfighters glistened in the slanting rays of the sun. The music sounded more bravely. There was a more lively jingle to the bells on the mules. The procession came directly across the ring. The bullfighters bowed to the King of Spain, seated in an upper box. Nikki studied it all gravely through her glasses.

When the bugle blew for the first bull, Bill, who was sitting on the aisle seat, began to tremble with excitement.

"Is it so dangerous?" he asked Pedro.

"Sure," said Rasillo, "bullfighting is dangerous."

"Is it true," Cary wanted to know, "that the bull is blind when he charges? I've heard it somewhere."

The guide said the bull was perhaps a little blind with rage when he charged the cape. He explained further to Bill that bullfighting wasn't dangerous if you didn't work close and if you ran away when the bull came.

"It takes a little heart to go into the bull ring," he said. He had seen the knees of novices knock together, he said, in their tight breeches on their first appearance in the Madrid arena.

The leaves of the double wooden gate at the far side of the arena swung open. Capuchino came out with a roar, charging across the arena, a huge, black, vicious bull, full of fight.

One of the matadors ran out and pulled the bull back and forth with his cape, vaulting over the fence when the bull charged directly at him.

"Marquez," Pedro said, as a bullfighter stepped out and held his cape for the bull. "It's his bull. He must kill the bull."

MARQUEZ played the bull close to him with the cape. At each charge and pivot the crowd shouted. "Close work," Pedro said. "He work close."

Suddenly the bull caught sight of the gray horse against the barrier across the arena. He charged with the speed of an express train. Nikki did not say a word. She was very pale and she took her eyes out of the arena and leveled her glasses into the crowd.

The bugle sounded again. "This is for the banderillas," Pedro said.

A peon, holding the two red sticks closely together in each hand, skipped across the ring to where the bull stood, and, as the bull charged, planted the barbs in the bull's shoulder, swerving clear of the horns, and continued running to the barrier, vaulting safely inside.

"Fast on his feet," Bill said. "That guy's pretty fast, all right. Ought to do the hundred in about ten two. I bet I could catch him though."

Bill was the most excited about the bullfight. Nikki was silent and a little unhappy. Cary sat with his chin cupped in his hand, carefully following the movements below.

The peons planted four pairs of banderillas in the shoulders of the bull.

From far away came the sound of the bugle again. "Now he must kill the bull," said Pedro. Marquez, holding his sword and his cape before him, walked across the ring and came to attention under the King's box.

"What's he saying?" Bill demanded.

"'E dedicate the bull to the King of Spain," Pedro explained.

Marquez turned and, with the cape in his left hand and his slender shining blade in his right, walked out toward Capuchino, standing with lowered head in the center of the ring. He played the bull back and forth with his cape until finally the bull stood still, his head lower than ever, his front feet apart. Four of the matadors came out and stood behind Marquez, holding their capes.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

EASE IN 5 MINUTES—COMFORT IN 5 HOURS

Mothers—
don't neglect
your child's COUGH or COLD

Try this milder "counter-irritant"

GOOD old Musterole now made milder for babies and small children. So pleasant to use and so reliable—apply Children's Musterole freely to the affected area *once every hour for five hours.*

That's the safe, sure treatment that millions of mothers and leading doctors and nurses recognize and endorse.

Musterole gets action because it is a *"counter-irritant"*—not just a salve—it penetrates and stimulates blood circulation, helps to draw out infection and pain.

That's why this famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful ingredients brings relief naturally.

Keep full strength Musterole on hand for adults and Children's Musterole for the little tots.

CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. MILD

Boys! get a dandy Electric Train Free!

JAM on the throttle. The train jerks . . . starts slowly . . . then gathering speed whizzes around the tracks and in imagination you ride the rails on this scale model of a real train . . . And to think you can get one *free!*

That's not all! You have your choice of hundreds of other prizes—bicycles, skating equipment, sleds—oh, everything.

You get 'em, and money for spending, or a bank account . . . pleasantly . . . conveniently . . . in your own neighborhood. Fellows, send the coupon below and we'll send you a catalog with pictures of the 400 prizes you can get—*free!*

Liberty Magazine, *Boy Sales Division,* L-1-17-31
220 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.
Please tell me how to join your organization of Boy Salesmen. I want to make money and get free prizes.
NAME.................................... AGE........
ADDRESS..
CITY............................ STATE..................
Have one of your parents show approval by signing here.
....

Next to WINGS

Rollfast SKATES

for the feet of kids who are loved

Send 10c for Rollfast Skating Cap

D. P. HARRIS HDW. & MFG. COMPANY
D. P. Harris Building New York, N. Y.

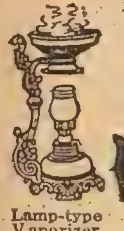
GIVEN DAINTY VANITY CASE

Contains mirror and puff. Sent without charge, postpaid, anywhere in United States *except* Georgia, Alabama, Virginia, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina and Florida—PROVIDED you know any children or young adults with ***Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Curvature*** or ***Hip Disease.*** Send this advertisement with names of parents and complete addresses; must include street and street number, or rural route number. State clearly which one of above afflictions each patient has and their ages. **Positively no vanity case sent unless this ad is enclosed with all information requested.** Offer expires June 30, 1931.

McLAIN ORTHOPEDIC SANITARIUM
903 Aubert Ave., Dept. 836W, St. Louis, Mo.
L1051R2

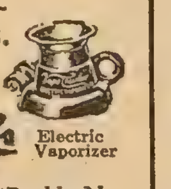
WHOOPING COUGH

Whooping cough quickly soothed with Vapo-Cresolene, vaporized and inhaled direct to irritated membranes of breathing organs. Use tonight and save your child from that wracking cough. The drugless, simple way to relieve Bronchial Asthma and Spasmodic Croup. Your choice of lamp-type or new electric vaporizer. All drug stores.



Lamp-type Vaporizer

Vapo-Cresolene



Electric Vaporizer

Remedial Inhalant for 50 years. Write for Booklet No. 681, Vapo-Cresolene Co., 62 Cortlandt St., New York

Corns

TWO KINDS
for Soft Corns
for Hard Corns

End Corn Pains instantly with Wizard Improved Corn Pads. Cushioned, but not bulky. Oh, so comfortable. Treated with mercurochrome (H.W&D). *Safe.* 10c and 35c package. FREE SAMPLE. Write for it. Send dealer's name-address. Wizard Co. 1629 Locust. St Louis Mo.

Wizard Corn Pads

[THE EPISODE OF THE HAPPY ENDING
Continued from page seventy-one]

Marquez passed his cape experimentally under the muzzle of the bull. Capuchino did not charge. Facing the bull and planting himself directly between the two wide horns, Marquez raised his sword to the level of his eyes, sighted along it, and, rising high on his toes, drove the blade between the bull's shoulders. The long white blade disappeared into the body of the bull, right up to where Marquez held it with his hand. Capuchino lunged, went to his knees, shaking his head. He raised himself, fell back, rolled over on his side. The crowd applauded wildly. "Nize work," Pedro said. "Nize going."

"Hell!" said Bill Talbot. "That doesn't look so tough."

Pedro smiled patronizingly. "No? Well, it takes skill."

"What the hell!" said Bill. "I think I could be a bullfighter myself. As a matter of fact, I think I'll be one anyway."

"You should have started at twelve years of old," Pedro said.

"I'll bet I could start now."

"Is not for you," said the Spaniard.

"You think I haven't got the nerve or something?"

Pedro held up his hands. No, it was not that. Meestaire Talbot was American, no? Well, bullfighting was for Spaniards. It took something else. Technique.

"I'll bet he thinks we're ascared," Bill said.

"He tackled a horse once," Cary told Pedro.

"Is not the same," Pedro insisted stubbornly.

THE glamour, the thrill, the color, the danger of bullfighting had communicated itself to Bill Talbot. He wondered why he'd never thought of it before. Why, this was as good as football, or flying, or fighting.

Watching Bill's face, Cary could see that Bill in his mind had gone through all the steps leading up to his supremacy as the ace bullfighter in the Madrid arena. Right up to the moment when he was dedicating the bull to Nikki.

Bill was asking Pedro if there were no American bullfighters. "I think one," Pedro said. He said he thought the name of the American bullfighter was Sidney Franklin.

There were six bulls in all to be killed, and Bill and Cary and Nikki very soon learned the twenty-minute, four-part routine in the killing of each bull: the release of the bull into the arena, the preliminary runs with the cape; the encounter with the picadors; the planting of the banderillas; the final dispatch by sword. The skilled, graceful technique of the bullfighters made it appear simple and effortless. Between the second and the third bulls Bill said he had to go and sharpen his skates, and asked to be excused. He was on the aisle seat, so he didn't disturb anyone when he went out. But when he came back it was plain to see that he had visited the bar. "Where's your hat?" Cary asked him.

Donoso, a coal-black bull, was let into the arena as Bill sat down. The animal came straight across the ring. Bill followed the course of the bull hypnotically. He seized Pedro's arm tightly. "Is the bull blind when he charges?" he whispered.

"I think he see only the cape."

BILL reached over and plucked the program out of Cary's hand. Suddenly rising from his seat, he slipped into the aisle, ran down the steps, leaped into the trenches, and vaulted like a professional over the *barrera* into the arena itself. Holding the pink flimsy like a cape, he stepped into the path of the bull. The audience, thinking it an unadvertised novelty on the program, cheered and laughed; but Cary and Nikki and Pedro jumped to their feet, white and frightened.

Twice Bill pulled the bull past him with the foolish little sheet of paper. Each time a shout went up from the crowd: Oh! Ah! Hola!

Then Nikki saw that Bill was down, down in the white, hard-packed sand of the bull ring. The bull was on top of him, driving into his body, hooking left and right, short, savage, powerful hooks. Nikki's hand lost its grasp on Cary's arm and she slid silently down between the seats. The matadors ran out from the shadow of the barrier and drew the bull away with their capes.

They picked Bill up and carried him through the gates and out of sight in the dark passageway under the stands.

Cary held Nikki's head in his left arm and fanned her back to consciousness. Pedro led them around to the infirmary. None of them could talk.

Bill was lying on a table under a low brilliant electric light. He looked up and grinned when Cary and Nikki came in. Two men in white surgical uniforms stood at the head of the table. A third was cutting away Bill's white shirt and zephyr with a pair of scissors.

"I slipped," Bill volunteered.

"Too bad," Cary said. "You were going great. You were a big success . . ."

"Wasn't I, though? Oh, Jesus, doc! . . . Know why I slipped, Cary? On account of that beer in my shoe."

"How do you feel?" Nikki asked.

"I don't hurt—yet," Bill said. "Hey, doctor," Bill said, suddenly raising himself up on the table. "What the hell are you doing down there?"

The doctor signaled the man at the head of the table. He placed a gauze cone over Bill's face and opened a can of ether. The doctor jerked his head angrily back at Pedro.

"He wants that we should go right away," the guide said hurriedly.

Nikki caught Bill's hand and pressed it against her cheek.

"I'm glad I wore my new blue shorts," Bill was saying. "I'll be a big success in the hospital . . ."

Cary took Nikki back to the Ritz and then came back to the infirmary. It was an hour before train time when he got back. Nikki was anxiously waiting for him downstairs.

"Is he all right? Is he all right?"

"They took him to the Hospital del Niño Jesus," he told Nikki. "Where they take all the wounded toreadors," he added smiling. "He won't be out for a month or so. He sent you his extra special love and says not to hang about. He said he needed a good long rest anyhow."

"Is he badly hurt?"

"He's got a couple of horn wounds in his left side."

"We can't go off and leave him," Nikki said.

"There's nothing for it," Cary said. There was nothing they could do for the present for Bill in Madrid.

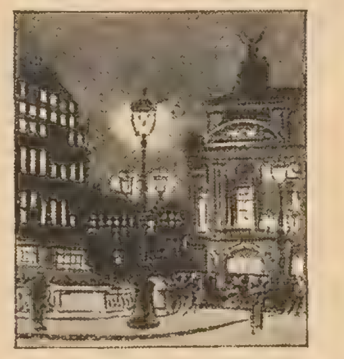
"I know what I'll do," Nikki said. "I'll give Bill my turtles. Then I'm sure he'll be a big success in the hospital."

THE Sud Express from Madrid arrives in Paris at sixteen hours. It was raining and dark outside the great shadowy Gare d'Orsay and the lights were just coming up. Standing on the curb, waiting to get into a cab, Nikki shivered.

"Carlton," Cary told the driver.

"*Carlton. Oui, monsieu'.*"

They recognized the sights and sounds and the smells of Paris. Neither spoke on their way across town.



The doorman at the Carlton was very glad to see them. He saluted and took their bags out of the cab while Cary paid off the driver. Inside the hotel the porter handed Cary the keys to Nikki's and his own rooms, and an accumulation of letters. Cary and Nikki went up in the lift together. They got out on the fifth floor, turned right along the hall, and stopped before eighty-eight. Cary unlocked the door and opened it. Nikki entered first and switched on the light. They were home again in Nikki's sitting room.

Nikki's eyes fell upon the little portable phonograph standing on the table next the door. The mechanism had run down and the needle still sat upon the record. It was Toselli's Serenade. Play me out with music. Play me out with music. She turned away and took off her hat and slipped off her coat. The porters came up with the bags. Cary gave them five francs each and they bowed themselves out. The sitting room was beautifully in order, but it had the empty feeling of an unlived-in room. It seemed so lonely and reproachful. Cary walked across the room and opened the French windows. It was raining harder now. Paris was all alight.

Nikki came and stood beside him at the windows, looking out. Close by, on the left, loomed the great gray stone mass that was the Arc de Triomphe. Far down the Champs Elysées to the right was the Obelisk. On the buildings across were the old familiar signs: Peugeot, Citroen, Apartment à Louer. Nikki shivered at the open window and turned back into the room. Cary closed the windows.

NIKKI opened the door to her bedroom, went inside, and turned on the lights. Cary picked up her bags and carried them in after her. Nikki had opened the doors of her wardrobe and was standing in front of it staring at the rows of dresses on their hangers and the tiers of shoes. Dead. All dead, she said, and closed the wardrobe.

Cary went to the windows and drew the heavy red drapes together. Nikki turned on the night light and switched off the glassy lights in the chandelier. The bedroom glowed mysteriously in red and gold.

Nikki sat down on the edge of the bed. Her shoulders drooped.

"Well," she cried, "we're home."

"Yes, Nikki. We're home."

Cary was standing over by the door, against the wall, regarding her somberly.

Nikki picked the telephone up and called a number. After a long while she got an answer. She spoke for a few moments and then replaced the receiver. She looked up at Cary and tears were standing in her eyes. "The doctor says my poor little dog is dead."

"I'm so sorry."

"Cary, do you mind if I go into the bathroom a minute? I want to wash my face."

"Oh, no," Cary said and started back into the sitting room.

"Please don't go away," Nikki begged. "Don't go in the other room. Stay in here, Cary. Please do."

"All right."

Nikki got some things out of her bag and went into the bathroom. "Don't go away, now." Cary heard the water running.

When she came out, Cary was standing by the door.

"Well," he said, "I think I'd better—"

"No! No!" Nikki cried out, running over to him. "No! No! Cary. Don't say it! Don't say you're going!"

"But, Nikki, I'm afraid I—"

"No!" cried Nikki fiercely. "You're not—"

"But—"

She flung her arms around Cary's

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Colds

No need to take anything risky to relieve colds or the pains and aches of neuritis, neuralgia or rheumatism! A harmless white tablet called Salicon breaks up colds and relieves muscular and nerve pains in half the usual time and yet with no penalties to health. Salicon is the medicine that was selected and used by the Massachusetts State Guard Medical Officers at the official State Camps during the terrible influenza epidemic in 1918. You cannot do better than to profit by the discovery made at that time. Salicon does not affect the heart; does not upset the stomach; is not habit forming. Whenever you have a cold, headache or any pain or ache, let your stand-by be Salicon. You'll get real relief with *safety!* All good druggists sell Salicon in 25c, 50c, and $1.25 sizes. Accept nothing else.

If your local dealer cannot supply you, send coupon with 25c for package of SALICON.

K. A. Hughes Co. Dept. 18-L117
22 Yeoman Street
Boston, Mass.
Enclosed find 25c for package of Salicon.

Name..
Address..
Town.............................State..........

Salicon

Crooked Spines Made Straight

GREATLY BENEFITED OR ENTIRELY CURED

An old lady, 72 years of age, suffered for many years and was helpless, found relief with PHILO BURT METHOD. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance 3 weeks.

We have successfully treated more than 57,000 cases in the past 29 years.

30 DAYS' TRIAL

We will prove its value in your case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photographs show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets.

Every sufferer with a weakened-deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate. Price within reach of all.

Send for Information.

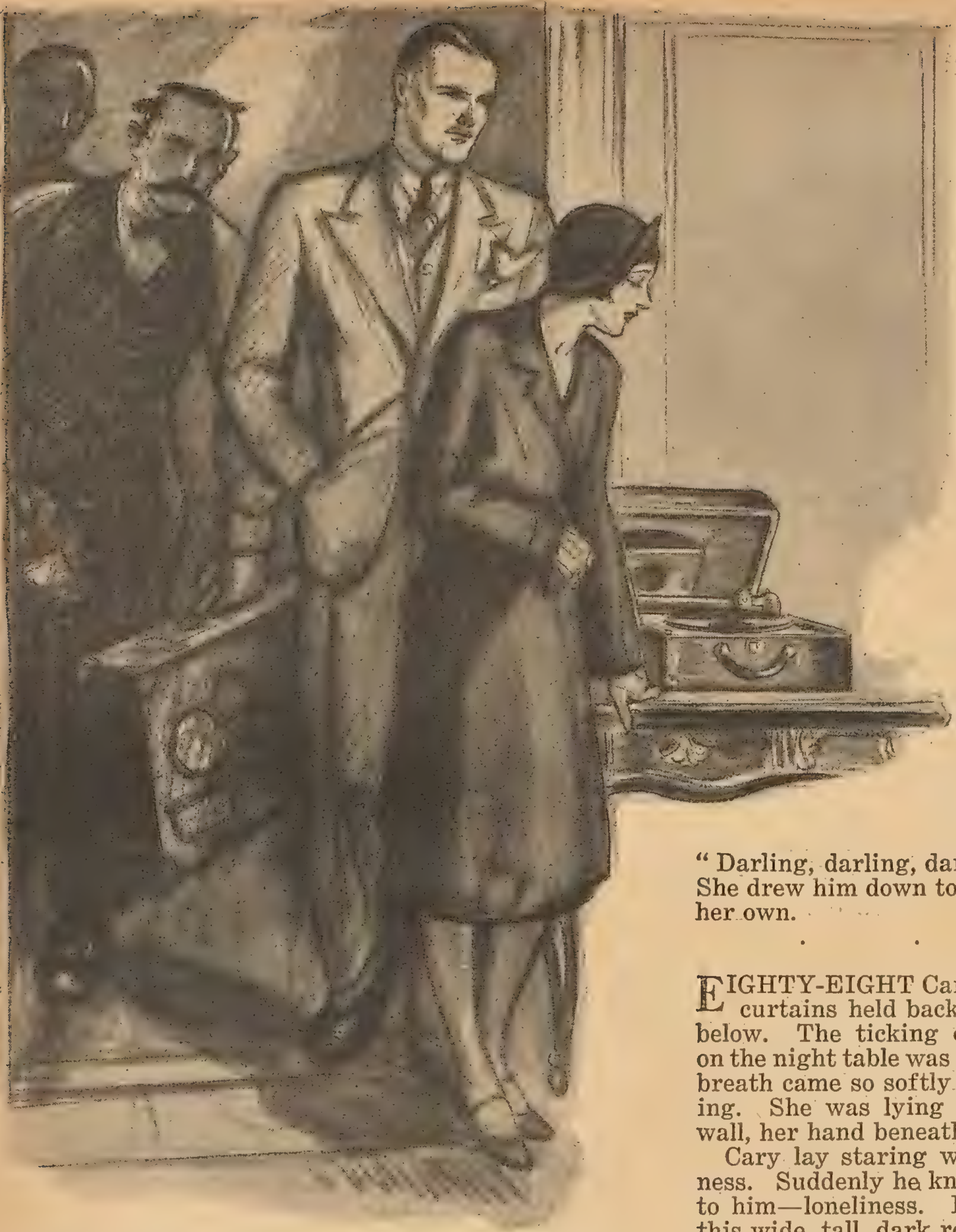
If you describe your case it will aid us in giving you definite information at once.

PHILO BURT COMPANY
339-13 Odd Fellows Temple
Jamestown, New York

SALESMEN WANTED

FOUR $15 SALES DAILY PAY $280 WEEKLY

When green men, just average ability, make $200 to $400 a week, and up, our proposition **must** be worth investigating! World's leading firms among our customers. Fastest selling business specialty in the U.S. Lifetime repeat business, same as from insurance, but bigger profit. Foyer cleared **$4,920 in 3 months,** Walker **$165 first day,** Ferrell **over $400 a week.** Friedman **$1,260 in 23 days.** Write for other mens' records. Customer guaranteed cash return ten times his investment, protected by national organization with bonded affiliations. **Write for full information.** Territory going fast.
F. E. ARMSTRONG, Pres., Dept. 3026-A, MOBILE, ALA.



Nikki entered and switched on the light. They were home again.

THE EPISODE OF THE HAPPY ENDING
Continued from page seventy-three

neck. " Oh, Cary, Cary, don't go," she begged. " Don't go—don't go—"

Cary stood looking down at her uncertainly.

" Don't leave me, Cary. Promise me you won't leave me."

" But, Nikki—"

" Don't you see, Cary? Don't you understand? You can't leave me alone now. I can't be alone. I'm afraid. You will stay with me, won't you? You won't go. Oh, Cary, Cary, Cary—" Hysteria seized her at the thought of being left alone.

Her knees began to give way and she started to slip through Cary's arms to the floor. Very tenderly he picked her up and carried her over to the bed. She would not release her arms from about his neck.

" Cary, you won't go, will you? I'm—I'm so frightened."

" No, Nikki, I won't go."

She searched his face with timid, frightened eyes.

" Cary? "

" Yes, Nikki."

"Cary—don't you like Nikki? "

" How can you ask that? "

" Cary—say something to me. Say something nice to me. You've never said anything nice to me—not once. Be nice to me, Cary. Say something nice to me."

" Did you really want me to? "

" Oh, I've wanted you to so much. I've waited and waited."

" Poor Nikki."

" Haven't I been pretty good, Cary? Don't you think I—"

" Yes, Nikki. You've been splendid."

" Ah, but that's sweet of you, Cary—to say that! You don't know."

She was silent.

" Cary—" she began timidly.

" Yes, Nikki."

" Cary—you won't think I'm bold—or foolish, will you? "

" No, Nikki."

" And you will tell me the truth, won't you? "

" I'll try."

" Cary—Cary," she said, " Cary, do you—do you love me? "

He looked down at her for a long time—at the white face, at her blind, frightened eyes.

" Yes, Nikki, I love you."

Nikki closed her eyes and took a deep breath.

" Darling," she whispered, " Darling, darling, darling—darling, darling, darling—" She drew him down to her, searching for his mouth with her own.

. . . . .

EIGHTY-EIGHT Carlton was still and dark. The drawn curtains held back the gleams from the street lights below. The ticking of the red-leather traveling clock on the night table was the only sound in the room. Nikki's breath came so softly there was no sound of her breathing. She was lying on her side, her face toward the wall, her hand beneath her cheek. She was asleep.

Cary lay staring with wide-open eyes into the darkness. Suddenly he knew the feeling Nikki had cried out to him—loneliness. He was desperately lonely here in this wide, tall, dark room. He wanted Shep; he wanted Bill; he wanted Francis; he wanted Johnny Swann. He wanted the Minnesota farm again and the incense of burning leaves in the autumn. He wanted his old rooms back at Oxford with the half-moon of tulips outside and the sound of the Westminster chimes from Cardinal tower.

He wanted back all the times he had been happy and all the places where he had known happiness.

He would never be alone again. In the darkness he could see the outline of the figure beside him. Nikki stirred in her sleep.

A great wave of tenderness for the sleeping girl swept over Cary. She could not be left alone; well, she would not be left alone now. Not ever.

He raised himself on his elbow.

" Nikki—Nikki, sweet—"

Slowly she turned her face toward his.

" Oh, Nikki," Cary said brokenly, " I'll never leave you. I'll stay with you, Nikki."

" Cary—you're sweet."

" What can I do, Nikki? What can I do for you? What do you want? Tell me! Tell me! What do you want, Nikki? "

" Well," said Nikki, " I've always wanted a pair of Spanish earrings."

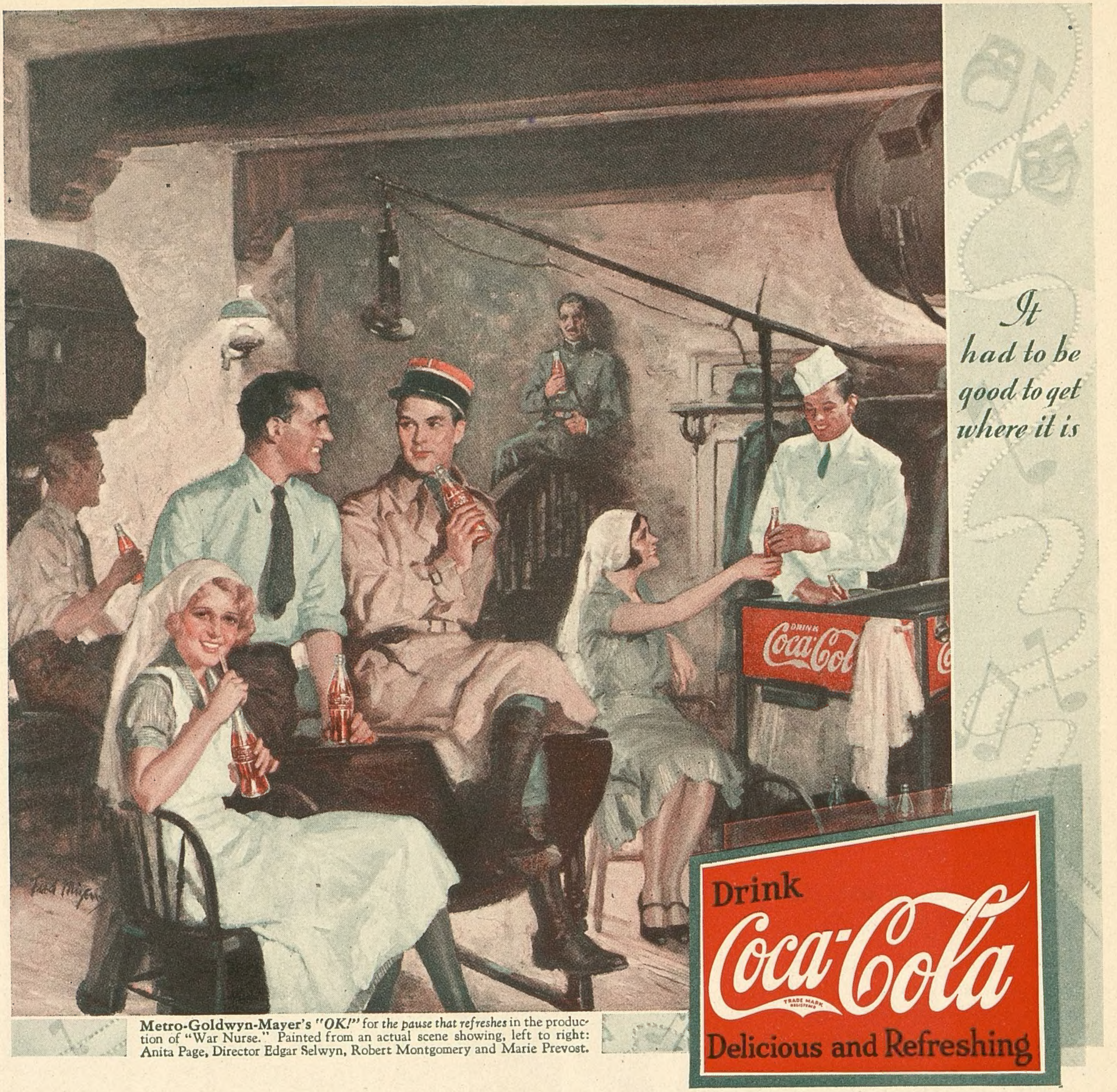
THE END

	S	H	A	D		L	E	M	U	R		S	A	C	S	
S	H	O	R	E		I	N	A	N	E		O	V	A	L	S
A	I	R	E	D		M	I	N	D	S		M	A	R	I	A
A	R	A	■	U	S	E	D	■	R	U	S	E	■	G	E	T
R	E	L	A	C	E	S	■	H	E	L	P	■	P	O	R	E
			P	E	W	■	P	A	S	T	I	M	E			
P	A	L	E	S	■	L	A	I	S	■	N	U	R	S	E	D
A	N	I	S	■	W	E	I	R	■	B	E	L	I	E	V	E
R	E	T	■	S	A	N	D	■	F	A	T	E	■	T	E	N
I	N	E	R	T	I	A	■	R	U	N	S	■	M	O	N	S
S	T	R	E	E	T	■	M	E	E	K	■	S	E	N	S	E
			S	P	E	C	I	A	L	■	B	E	E			
A	B	E	T	■	R	A	S	P	■	B	A	T	T	E	N	S
E	A	N	■	A	S	P	S	■	M	A	R	T	■	R	O	E
A	S	T	E	R		P	I	P	E	S		E	N	A	T	E
S	T	E	L	E		E	L	A	T	E		R	I	S	E	N
	E	R	I	A		D	E	T	E	R		S	P	E	D	

Answer to the puzzle on page 56

S	L	A	V		P	A	T	E	N		A	M	I	D
L	O	D	E		A	W	A	R	E		C	O	D	E
O	T	A	S		T	A	C	I	T		R	O	L	E
T	O	M	T	I	T	■	T	A	T	T	E	R	E	D
			A	R	E	A	■	S	E	R				
C	R	■	L	A	R	G	E	■	D	O	R	C	A	S
R	O	T	■	N	E	A	R	S	■	T	E	R	S	E
O	B	O	E	■	D	I	N	E	R	■	P	A	I	R
S	O	U	L	S	■	N	E	W	E	R	■	W	A	G
S	T	R	I	N	G	■	S	E	N	O	R	■	N	E
				A	R	T	■	D	O	T	E			
P	E	R	S	P	I	R	E	■	V	E	N	T	E	D
A	B	U	T		M	A	L	T	A		D	A	T	E
T	O	N	E		E	M	M	E	T		E	L	O	N
S	E	E	M		S	P	A	D	E		R	E	N	T

Answer to the puzzle on page 57



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *"OK!" for the pause that refreshes* in the production of "War Nurse." Painted from an actual scene showing, left to right: Anita Page, Director Edgar Selwyn, Robert Montgomery and Marie Prevost.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN HOLLYWOOD

..."OK!" means *the pause that refreshes*

"INTERLOCK!" commands the Director » » Silence » » Cameras turn » » Microphones record » » No sound but the actors' voices » » A cough or a sneeze would wreck the picture » » Tense moment on top of tense moment » » Then at last the voice from the Monitor Room says: "OK!" And in Hollywood this means *the pause that refreshes.* Everybody sighs relief. Ice-cold Coca-Cola is served. Stars, directors, camera men and extras—all taste its tingling deliciousness and relax with a cool after-sense of refreshment. Thus they *come up smiling* for the next set. And (because all the world's a stage) *so can you* in the part you play in a busy day.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own glass and in its own bottle: The crystal-thin Coca-Cola glass that represents the best in soda fountain service. The distinctive Coca-Cola bottle you can always identify; it is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight without the touch of human hands, insuring purity and wholesomeness. The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

LISTEN IN ~ Grantland Rice ~ Famous Sports Champions ~ Coca-Cola Orchestra ~ Wed., 10:30 to 11 p. m. Eastern Standard Time ~ Coast to Coast N B C Network ~

OVER NINE MILLION A DAY

Take a glass of Sal Hepatica in the morning!

YOU needn't feel dull, sluggish, half-sick to take a glass of bubbling, sparkling Sal Hepatica in the morning! Though there's certainly nothing like it when you wake up feeling "rocky".

But for men who want to stay fit and women who want to be spirited and lovely, there's nothing like the *regular* use of Sal Hepatica—at least once a week.

This is what Sal Hepatica does for you. A spoonful or so in a glass of fresh water—when you get up—and your digestive tract is promptly, gently, thoroughly cleansed of all toxins and wastes.

But that isn't all!

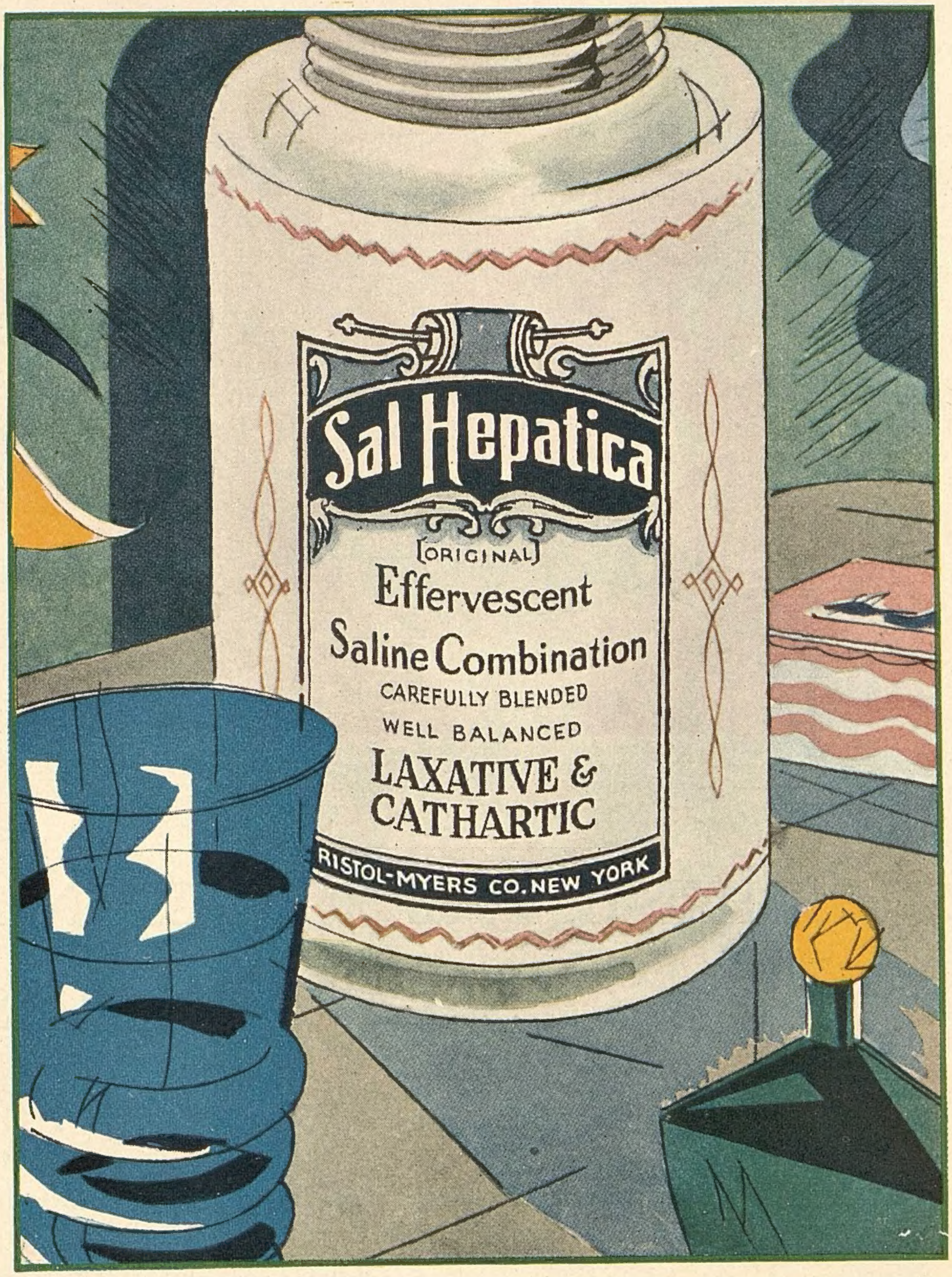
Sal Hepatica is more than a prompt laxative!

Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of the health springs of the famous European spas, which year after year are thronged with the rich and titled of the continent come to "take the cure".

Sal Hepatica, like the famous health waters of Wiesbaden, Aix and Carlsbad, is a *saline.* In addition to being a prompt and excellent laxative, *it tones the entire system to new vigor, to new health, because it purifies the entire bloodstream.*

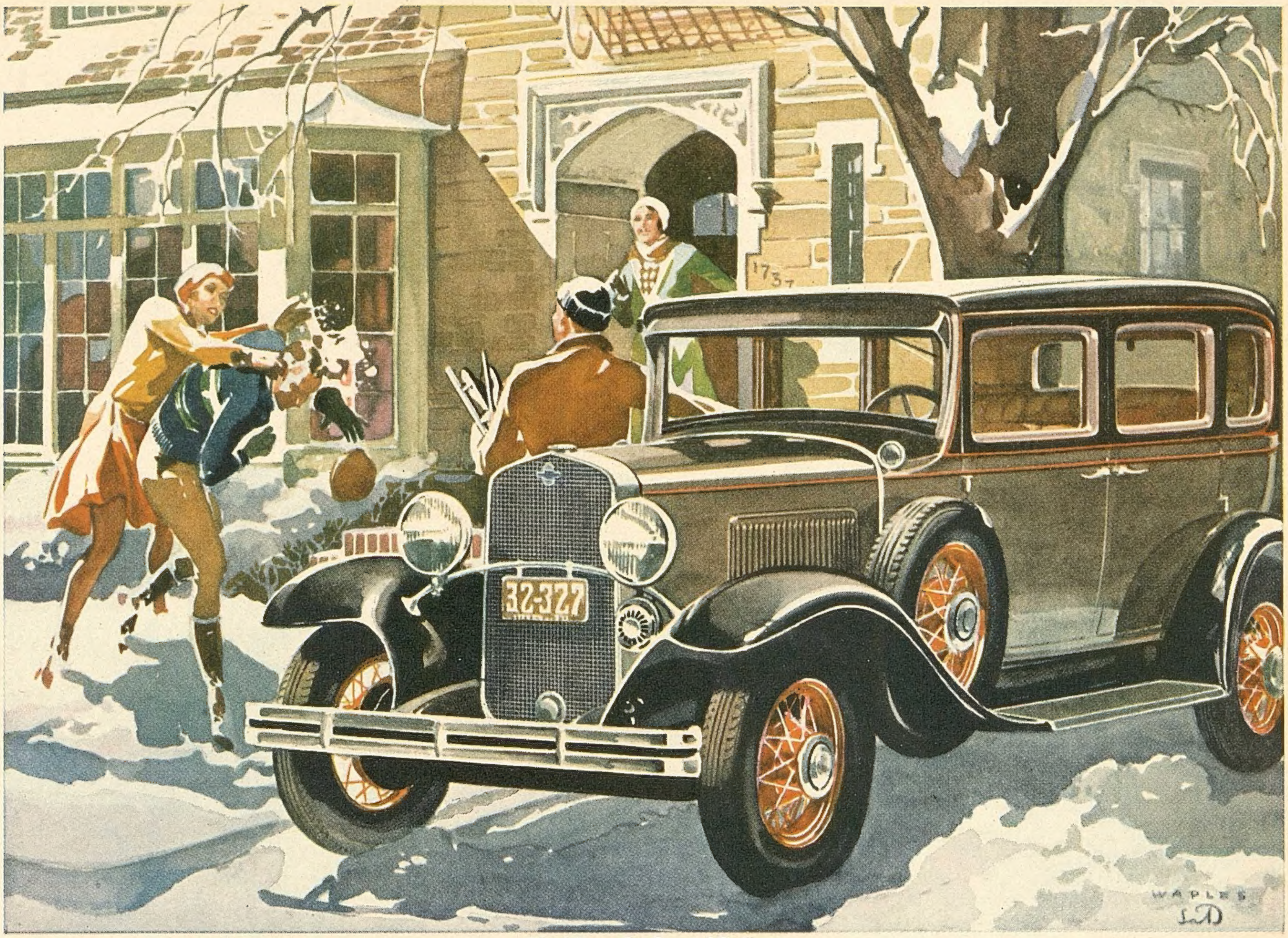
Its saline contents free you from headaches, colds, constipation, rheumatism, digestive ills. And, in addition, they tone up the system and clear the complexion of sallowness and blemishes.

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica for the bathroom shelf. Tomorrow morning, begin using it regularly, once a week. Notice how much better, how much keener you feel. And watch your *skin.* It takes on a new freshness, a new clarity—and that healthy complexion is indicative of a purified bloodstream, of a system which is functioning perfectly.



Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's
30¢, 60¢, and $1.20



The Chevrolet Special Sedan

engine. In fact, wherever finer materials and advanced design could add to the pride, satisfaction and economy of Chevrolet ownership, improvement has been made. Yet this fine six is as economical to own and operate as any car you can buy. And it sells at new low prices that stamp it as *the Great American Value.*

NEW LOW PRICES

THE PHAETON	$510	THE COACH	$545	SPORT COUPE *with rumble seat*	$575
THE ROADSTER	$475	STANDARD COUPE	$535	STANDARD SEDAN	$635
SPORT ROADSTER *with rumble seat*	$495	STANDARD FIVE-WINDOW COUPE	$545	SPECIAL SEDAN	$650

Special equipment extra
Chevrolet Trucks from $355 to $695 *All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan*

Features of the new Chevrolet Six—*Longer wheelbase . . . Roomier, smarter Bodies by Fisher with broadcloth or mohair upholstery . . . De luxe wire wheels . . . More efficient radiator with new lines . . . Special chrome-plated radiator grille on sport models . . . Stronger full-length frame . . . New, easy-turning worm-and-sector steering mechanism . . . Improved clutch and transmission . . . Sturdier front axle . . . Fully-enclosed four-wheel brakes . . . Insulated front compartments . . . 50-horsepower six-cylinder engine . . . Four semi-elliptic springs . . . Four hydraulic shock absorbers Safety gasoline tank . . . Air cleaner with flame arrester . . . Adjustable driver's seat . . . Fisher non-glare VV windshield with improved vision . . . Liberal Owner's Service Policy.* Chevrolet Motor Co., Detroit, Mich., Division of General Motors.

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

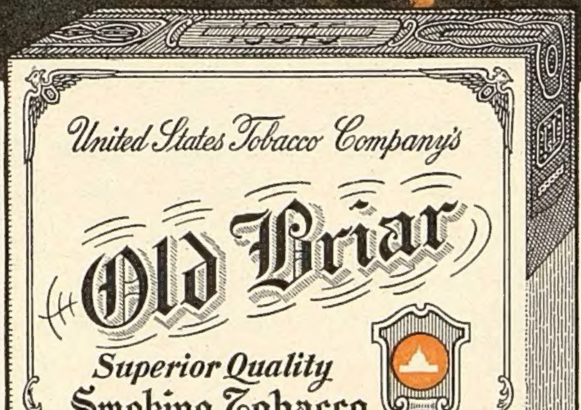
It's wise to choose a Six

Serene in simple dignity—steadfast and friendly—its character shines out like its guardian beam. So, too, character distinguishes the flavor and imparts a sense of life and friendliness to

Old Briar

TOBACCO

WALTER
WHITEHEAD
1930


United States Tobacco Company's
Old Briar
Superior Quality
Smoking Tobacco

MEN may choose **Old Briar** because of its rich quality. They may praise it and recommend it to their friends because of its mildness, its fragrance, its full flavor. Many blends have some of these qualities in some degree. But no other tobacco you have ever smoked combines all of these qualities with the gratifying life and sparkle that gives **Old Briar** its inimitable friendly character.

15 cent SIZE

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY, RICHMOND, VA., U. S. A.